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ARIS SONIS FOCISQUE

Aris Sonis Focisque

BEING A MEMOIR OF
AN AMERICAN FAMILY

THE HARRISONS OF SKIMINO

AND PARTICULARLY OF
JESSE BURTON HARRISON
AND
BURTON NORVELL HARRISON

Je ne sais pas très bien ce que c'est que le monde,
Mais je chante pour mon vallon, en souhaitant
Que dans chaque vallon un coq en fasse autant.

Chantecler

Nothing is more becoming, in my
opinion, to a true gentleman, than
to inform himself about an honor-
able ancestor.

CARLETON HUNT.

EDITED BY FAIRFAX HARRISON FROM MATERIAL COLLECTED BY
FRANCIS BURTON HARRISON, AND PRIVATELY PRINTED FOR THEM,

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ARIS SONIS FOCISQUE

ARIS SONIS FOCISQUE

CHAPTER I

THE PLANTER FOREBEARS (1600-1771)

JESSE BURTON HARRISON and Burton Norvell Harrison, his son, came of a race of Virginia planters. All of their ancestors, Harrisons, Jordans, Bates, Burtons, Hudsons, Whitlockes, and Bacons, were landowners in the adjoining counties of York, James City, and Charles City, and across the James River in Nansemond, from the middle of the seventeenth century, and later in Henrico, and all were of purely English stock. They had come with the first swarming of the English industrial hive; later than the earliest adventurers, but before the Cavaliers and the convicts. They were prototypes of the English colonist who has since spread over the earth.

“Even from an economic point of view, it is important to know that the great body of men who sued out patents of public land in Virginia were sprung from the portion of the English Commonwealth that was removed from the highest as well as from the lowest ranks of the community, and which, while in many instances sharing the blood of the noblest, yet as a rule belonged to the classes engaged in the different professions and trades, in short, to the workers in all the principal branches of English activity. With those principal traditions animating them, the traditions of race and nationality, blending with the

traditions of special pursuits, they had also that enterprising spirit which prompted them to abandon home and country to make a lodgment in the West."¹

The Harrisons of Skimino came of a family widely spread through the eastern counties of England, and got their name and an infusion of viking blood from the Danish invaders of the ninth century.² The Essex branch of this family, which contributed Richard Harrison and his kinsman, Dr. Jeremy Harrison, to Virginia early in the seventeenth century, bore arms which are described in Burke's "General Armoury" as "Azure, two bars ermine, between six estoiles or, three, two and one."

The records left by these immigrants are meager enough, but they are more than sufficed for Cuvier to reconstruct his antediluvian mammals, and the material found in Mr. Bruce's "Economic History of Virginia in the Seventeenth Century," collected from the remains of this and other contemporary planter families, enables one, with the aid of the philosophic fancy,

¹ Bruce, "Economic History of Virginia in the Seventeenth Century," Vol. II, p. 131.

² Captain Shirley Harrison of Upper Brandon, who came of the family of that ilk which has contributed two Presidents to the United States, used to maintain stoutly that, because of the prevalence among them of such names as Benjamin and Samuel, the Harrisons must all be Jews! But there can be no doubt of the Danish origin of the name, because it is found in England almost exclusively within the limits of the Dane Law, and in its original form, Arysen, is still met with in Scandinavian countries. In the Dictionary of National Biography there are recorded thirty Harrisons who have been of note in England, and it is curious to observe that one third of them have been known chiefly by their piety, and mostly as nonconformists; but there are also lawyers, architects, and mathematicians. Perhaps Cromwell's regicide general is the best known. Appletons' Cyclopædia of American Biography records twenty-one of the name in America, having their origin in all the colonies, North and South. There were several distinct families of the name in Virginia, the colonial records being full of them. In the United States, according to Appletons', they have been known chiefly as lawyers and educators.

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to picture the planter Harrisons and their manner of life.

We know that Richard Harrison (1600-1664), the immigrant, was born in St. Nicholas Parish in the town of Colchester, Essex, but when and under what circumstances he came to Virginia we do not know. The earliest record of him in Virginia is of his paying tithes in 1634 in respect of a patent of land on Queens Creek, in Middletown (afterward Bruton) Parish, York County. His plantation lay within the limits of Skimino Hundred, and for nearly two hundred years the name Skimino spelled Home to his family.¹ That he was a man of substance is indicated not only from the estate which he left to be divided after his death, but by the fact that, in addition to himself and his wife, Elizabeth Besouth, he brought into the colony eight persons. On December 29, 1662, the York County records show that a "certificate is granted to Richard Harrison for five hundred acres of land for the transportation of Tenne persons into this colony, vizt: Richard Harrison, Elizabeth Harrison, John Mecorpent, Peter Plumer, Thomas Shaw, James Boen, William Dickes, James Besouth, Nicholas Hull and Nanne Morgan, a negro woman." James Besouth² was Richard Harrison's

¹ The name is variously spelled Scimminoe, Skimmino, Scimmino, but the most approved usage seems to be the simplest, Skimino.

² James Besouth, after the death of his brother-in-law Richard Harrison in 1664, served as the guardian of his minor children. He was prominent in church matters, and was one of the original vestry of Bruton Parish in 1674. In 1678 James Besouth headed the list of contributors to the foundation and erection of the subsequently famous Bruton Parish Church, in Williamsburg. He died in 1681. It is worthy of note that Richard Harrison's son-in-law John Kendall was also a vestryman of Bruton Parish, in 1694, and that Richard Kendall, the grandson of Richard Harrison, succeeded his father in that important office in 1710. Catharine, the widow of James Besouth, left a legacy for the purchase of a "suitable piece of plate for the use of Bruton Parish," which was duly presented by Richard Kendall in 1712.

brother-in-law, and the other names, in addition to the negro slave, are doubtless those of indentured "servants" from England who were the laborers on his plantation.

Richard Harrison's close kinsman, Dr. Jeremy Harrison, settled near him on Queens Creek. He was a picturesque character who had been in the East India service, and it is some evidence of the political opinions of the family that his wife was a Whitgreave of Moseley and came out of the very household which sheltered Charles II after the battle of Worcester in 1651.

There has survived among the family records a statement of the division of Richard Harrison's personal property among his widow and children, which is an interesting document as showing the equipment of a Virginia plantation in the middle of the seventeenth century:

This is the Devision of the Estate of RICHARD HARRISON decd., of Middle Towne of the County of York, by Mr. Napier & Mr. Lyman, accordinge to the order of Corte held the 20th of December, 1664.

THE WIDDOW'S third is thus sett downe: It (is) thus ordered: That the widow take fully into her possession the man servant & the horse, wch is one third; & the boy servt, & the mare colt, wch is another third; and the mare, wch is the next third, which third that belongs to the widow is the boy & the maire-colt; and for the other two parts the widow is ordered to be Debtor to her children (in) the sume of thirty foure pounds sterlg. The widow is further to stand indebted to the children twenty shillings for their parts of the house furniture, wch makes the sum in all thirty five pounds, to each child a like portion. *Beddinge*: The widow's part of beddinge is her owne fether bed: (&) sheets, with the Furniture belonging to itt: The widow's part of the

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sheetes is three sheetes, & for Table linen, it is ordered by the deviders that the widow doe enjoy itt all, & be accomptable to her children the value of two napkins apiece, which is their full due. The widow's third of the Pewter is two dishes and small Basin, three plates, 4 pint potts, 1 ladle cupp,—1 salt seller, 2 purringers, 1 saser, 10 spoons, 1 skimmer, 1 Bastinge Ladle. *Iron*: The widow's third is the middle pott, 1 greate skillett, iron kettle, one frying pan, 1 pr. tongues, 2 prs. pott hooks, 1 wedge, 1 pestle, 1 chest, 1 gunn ould. The widow's third of these things following is this: 7 milk trays, 1 cheese fatt & cover, 1 pr. bellows, 1 hand sawe, 1 pair of hinges, 1 new hatchett, 1 grubbing hoe new. More to the widow: 3 paire shoes, & 2 paire hose. *Cattle*: "Nightingale" & her calfe, "Mopus" & her calfe, Lady Gentle, 1 Black Steare; 8 hogges with no marks but the eare marke. This is all the widow's thirds.

JOHN HARRISON'S parte is this: 2 three year old heifers, 1 cowe yearlinge of a browne couler, & 2 bull calves, 3 hogges with 3 marks, 1 flock bed with the furniture & 1 sheete; 2 napkins, 3 pewter dishes, 1 great candlestick, 1 tanker, 1 plate, 4 spoons, 1 new gunn, 1 frying pan, 1 pestle, 3 trays, 1 adz, 1 stock-lock, 2 paires of hookes and hinges, 1 ax, 1 pre. of shooes & stockings.

WILLIAM HARRISON'S parte: Old & young "Primrose" & 1 pied heifer, 3 hogges with 1 marke apiece, 1 flocke bed wth the furniture, 1 paire of sheets & 2 napkins, 1 pewter dish, 1 greate Basin, 4 spoones, 1 qrt. pott with new lid, 1 paire of andirons, 1 skitt, 1 pott & pothooks, 3 trays, 1 chaire, 1 paire of shooes & hose.

JAMES HARRISON'S¹ parte: 1 Young & 1 old steare,

¹ James Harrison, the youngest son of Richard, the immigrant, was a robustious person. In 1678 he had a lawsuit with one Isaac Godding over some land which he had leased to Godding, and this gave rise to a quarrel which came to a head eight years later. On February 24, 1686, James Harrison was haled before the governor, Lord Howard of Effingham, on a charge of breach of the peace, preferred by Godding. Susanna Betts and John Berry then made depositions as follows:

"That about the last of Jany. last past yor. depots. was att ye house of Isaac Godding, and there James Harrison came in the prsence to

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3 hogges with 5 marks, 1 flocke bedd with the furniture, 1 sheete, 2 napkins, 1 pewter dish, 2 plates, Beane Bole, 1 candle stick, 4 spoones, 1 great old chest, 1 great iron pott, 1 fire shovell, 1 paire of tongues, 1 old brass skillett, 3 trays, 1 leather chaire, 1 paire shooes & hose.

ANNE HARRISON: Bess & the heifer with calfe & 1 Bull, 3 hoggs with 4 marks, a feather bed with the furniture, which is between her and her sister Ellena; 1 sheete, 2 napkins, 2 pewter dishes, 1 Brass mortar & pestle, 2 porringers, 1 plate, 4 spoones, 1 dramm cupp, 1 greate brass kettle, 2 wedges, 1 pestle, 3 trays, 1 froe, 1 auger, 1 ax, 1 paire shooes & stockings.

ELLENA HARRISON: Younge Modesty & mother, 2 napkins, 1 grizzled throated heifer, 3 hoggs wth 2 markes, 1 ffeather bed between her sister and she, 1 sheete, 1 pewter dish, 1 great pott, 1 plate, 1 porringer, 1 salt seller, 1 dramm cupp, 1 saser, 4 spoones, 1 great chest, 1 dripping pan, 1 pott and potthooks, 1 chafing dish, 1 little pott, 3 trays, one wooden chair, 1 paire shooes & hose.

This is all the childrens' parts

{PAT. NAPIER,
JOHN LYMAN.¹

borrow a rundlett of the said Godding, and the said Godding tould him that he had never a one but a 2 gallon Rundlett, and if that would serve him he should have itt. Then he said Dam the Rundlett, itt is not fitt for my use. Then did abuse said Godding and called him Rogue and Newgate Burd, and his wife's life lay att his mercy, and hawles him a pritty distance from his house, and tould him he would maule him as never Rogue was so mauled. And whenever he did meete him by night or day he would doe the same. Then the said Godding tould him—'James, my hands are tyed to keep the peace' and the said Harrison replied and said 'God dam the peace,' and further yr. deponts. saith not."

James apparently was so annoyed that he forgot the maxim, "Profanity is the unnecessary use of profane language." The governor took this view, and James was fined "500 lbs. tobo. & cask to our Sovn Lord the King for contemptible words & threats against Isaac Godding, constable." Godding's office in the commission of the peace indicates why he felt that he could not defend himself.

¹ A contemporary copy (as evidenced by the chirography) of the above document was taken across the Ohio by William Harrison ⁴

THE PLANTER FOREBEARS

It is difficult for one who has seen York County at the beginning of the twentieth century, with its melancholy ranges of exhausted, sandy land grown up with tangled coppices of stunted oak and chestnut, and its general appearance of decrepitude and misery, to imagine the York County of the middle of the seventeenth century, which Richard Harrison knew. Perhaps the most characteristic feature of the tide-water Virginia of that time was the forest, now gone with the Indian who once inhabited it—the wonderful primeval forest of great trees, laved by frequent and copious streams: walnut, cypress, ash, locust, and tulip poplar all so nobly interlaced as to form a canopy of high boughs. As a consequence, there was no undergrowth, and “the trees stood so far apart that a coach could have been driven through the thickest groups without danger of coming into contact with trunks and boughs, and yet so deep was the shade that it furnished the amplest protection from the rays of the meridian sun in the hottest day of summer.” The original cedars of Virginia were justly compared with

(fourth of the name) in 1817. In 1910 it is still extant, in possession of William Jordan Harrison of Mount Pleasant, Ohio, the son of Jordan Harrison, who emigrated with his father, William Harrison,⁴ and it corresponds exactly with the above transcription from the York County records. To this copy are appended the receipts for their several portions given by the children of Richard Harrison to their mother Elizabeth, his executrix, who before 1670 had married again one David Dunbar, e.g.:

“I, WILLIAM HARRISON, son to Richard Harrison, deceased, doe by these presents acknowledge to have received of my mother, Elizabeth Dunbar, formerly Harrison, all my parte in the Devision made of my father's estate according to his will, and do hereby aquit my mother, Executrix to my father, deceased, from all debts, dues and demands due to me by virtue of my father's will. Witness my hand this 10th of March, 1670.

“WILLIAM HARRISON.

“Witness: the mark of
 JOHN + HARRISON,
 JAMES BESOUTH.”

those of Lebanon. Here and there through this forest were open glades into which the sun poured with checkered shadows: there the spontaneous grass grew luxuriantly, and there were pastured the planters' cattle, surrounded by borders of flowering dogwood, redbud, haw, and alder.

In this forest the colonists cleared their plantations and began the cultivation of the light, friable, alluvial soil underlaid with a deposit of decaying sea-shells, which was for a time so marvelously fertile, but had so little heart that it soon became exhausted. The agricultural system of the Virginia planter in the seventeenth century was based upon clearing the land of trees, and this act was the badge of his civilization. He boasted of his prowess, and he taught his son how to do it most effectually and with the least labor by "girdling," and so killing, the mighty giants, thus removing the forest canopy and opening the land to the sun and the rain; he left the tall skeleton stumps to be removed at leisure as they rotted down—a practice which can still be seen on the cotton-plantations along the Gulf of Mexico to-day. So much a part of pioneer life was this that it is not difficult to understand the slow progress of the attempt to educate the descendants of the pioneer, even after two hundred and fifty years, in the principles of "conservation" of the now fast-disappearing forests of America. The first lands so cleared were along the watercourses, where the most fertile soil was found, such as the three principal creeks which drain York County into York River—Skimino, Queens, and Kings; and the wasteful practice was to clear fifty acres (the head-right unit), plant it with tobacco year after year, without compensation of manure, without rotation, and without even the restorative influence of legu-

minous crops (of which even the seventeenth-century planter might have learned the value from the Roman agricultural wisdom of centuries before him), until the greedy tobacco-plant had eaten all the humus out of the soil, and the beneficent soil bacteria (of which neither the planter, nor even old Cato of the "*De re rustica*," had ever heard) had fled before the deadly plow. Then the planter cleared another fifty acres, and so proceeded until he had exhausted all his land and was compelled to patent and take up a new plantation on the widening western frontier, and move himself and his family to another home.

There was no stone in the peninsula between the York and James rivers, but in the very nature of the civilization there was an abundance of lumber; and for the same reason that the contemporary Englishman built his house of stone and brick because of his scarcity of lumber, the Virginia colonist built his house of wood, at first of logs, but soon of frame. So cheap was lumber esteemed as compared even with the nails which held the planter's house together, that when he came at last to move on to take up new virgin soil, it was his practice to burn the old house so as to be able to gather the nails it contained and carry them on for use in building again on the new land.

From surviving records we can reconstruct in imagination those seventeenth-century planter homes, such as harbored Richard Harrison and his family on Queens Creek. The house stood in a grove of lofty walnut-trees under a cypress-shingled roof. It was of one story and attic construction, forty by eighteen feet, with a brick chimney and a one-room wing at each end, the main roof running down over a deep veranda. There was a wide hall through the house, to catch the summer breezes, and this was the living-room.

There were four or perhaps six sleeping-rooms, in which stood the feather and flock beds and their furniture—an encompassing set of red linsey-woolsey curtains supported on rods, with a valance of drugget. In the bedrooms stood also the “great chests,” of which Richard Harrison had two, where were stored the linen as well as the unseasonable clothes. The sheets were of osnaburg, the blankets of duffle. Worsted yarn rugs were on the floors, and the windows were hung with printed linen. The tableware was pewter, of which Richard Harrison had an ample supply. He had, too, a leather chair, an unusual luxury, and doubtless that was his own throne before the deep, resounding hearth what time he and his children gathered by the clear light of the myrtle candles, giving forth an exquisite incense, to tend the domestic altars—“*aris sonis focisque*”—from which “Harrison and his folk” have derived their punning motto.

The kitchen and outbuildings were near at hand within the palisade of the house-yard, and adjoining was the garden, where grew vegetables—peas, sweet and Irish potatoes, and Indian corn—with pumpkins, simlins, and melons between the rows; and fruit—grapes, plums, and figs; all bordered with the well-beloved flowers of England—thyme, marjoram, and phlox, on which murmured innumerable bees. Strawberries grew wild in such abundance that it was considered unnecessary to cultivate the plant. Near by was the genius of the house—the spring, which was the reason for its location—with a cool dairy-house. Upon a tall pole in the yard towered the box house for the bee-martin, who boldly protected the poultry from the forays of hawk and crow. An apple-orchard was always set out. There was no ice-house, and so no means of keeping fresh

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meat, but in the immemorial smoke-house hung the bacon and hams, which were probably more delicious, in those days of deep mast-beds surrounding every plantation, than even the boasted product of Smithfield to-day. But there was no lack of other meat for the carnivorous English colonist. He had not yet learned to subsist upon preserves, "hog-meat," and corn bread, like so many of his descendants. He had abundance of poultry of the dunghill, and the teeming forests were filled with wild turkey, growing at liberty to the bulk of the comfortable, dough-fed domestic gobbler of to-day; then there were wild fowl in the river and swamp in quantities to make the modern sportsman sick with envy—goose, swan, canvasback and redhead duck, plover, and snipe. "On the Bay and River feed so many wild fowl in winter time they do in some places cover the water two miles," says Glover in 1676. The woods were literally filled with wild pigeons, there being recorded flights which in a dark cloud required three and four hours to pass, like that which presaged disaster to Bacon's Rebellion. When the pigeons roosted, they were so thick as to break down the limbs of the trees, like the apples of a prolific orchard.¹ Oysters the planter had in plenty from the near-by York River, and fish of the best

¹ This was the American passenger-pigeon, now supposed to be extinct, and is distinct from the dove still found in great numbers in southern Georgia to-day. Burton N. Harrison, who loved birds and spent many vacation hours in the woods and on the sea-shore, observing them, remembered the flights and the extraordinary slaughter of the wild pigeon during his boyhood in Kentucky. Audubon, in "The Birds of America," Vol. V, p. 25, paints a fascinating word-picture of the marvel of the wild pigeon as he observed it in Kentucky in 1826. He says: "The multitudes of wild pigeons in our woods are astonishing. Indeed, after having viewed them so often and under so many circumstances, I even now feel inclined to pause, and assure myself that what I am going to relate is fact. Yet I have seen it all and that, too, in the company of persons who, like myself, were struck with amazement."

—sheepshead, shad, bream, and bass. Walnuts, chestnuts, hickory-nuts, and hazel-nuts were stored to stuff the turkey withal, and honey there was of course; every planter had a row of “sleps” in his garden. Nor was he without liquid cheer: “Where now only the meanest brands of whisky can be bought, Madeira, sherry, Canary, Malaga, muscadine, Fayal, and other foreign wines were offered for sale. Had there been no popular demand for them, they would not have been imported. Descended from a race of hearty and liberal drinkers, the English, it would have been remarkable had the Virginians of the period shown no strong tendency to indulge in liquor.”

When Richard Harrison died, there were 20,000 white people in Virginia and about 1500 slaves. The first cargo of negroes had been landed at Jamestown in 1619. In 1662 Richard Harrison owned a negro woman, and when he died, two years later, he owned a negro man and a boy. He left a horse, a mare, and a mare colt at a time when there were only 268 horses in all York County; when a gelding fifteen years old had been appraised at £13 sterling; when a mare and foal were considered the equivalent in value of eight cows. There were many neat cattle in the colony. Richard Harrison had twenty-two—a bull, eight cows, six heifers, three steers and four calves—and he had twenty-three hogs. In 1659 cows were valued in Virginia at £2 5s., or, allowing for the diminished purchasing power of money, about their value to-day.

There is small wonder that, under such conditions of ease of subsistence and a fertile soil, easily cultivated with large returns, in a genial climate, the planter life at the end of the seventeenth century promoted hospitality and—sloth. The degeneration of the hardy adventurer who had immigrated was inev-

itable in his descendants unless they engaged in trade or pushed forward with the frontier to cope with the same experiences in home-building in the wilderness which the immigrant himself had known.

On Richard Harrison's plantation, lying on Queens Creek in Skimino Hundred, about five miles northeast from the town of Williamsburg, he and his immediate descendants from father to son cultivated tobacco for five generations and one hundred and eighty-five years. They all married in the neighborhood. The descent, beginning with the son of Richard Harrison, the immigrant, was William 1 (1648-1713), who married Mary Hubbard, daughter of Matthew Hubbard, one of the most successful planters of his generation; William 2 (1675-1727), who married Ann Ratcliffe; William 3 (1705-1771), who married Margaret Maupin; and William 4 (1740-1819), who married Margaret Jordan. Between Richard, who had the spirit to come to Virginia, and William, the Quaker, who had the spirit to emigrate farther west, they were eminently respectable but quite unnecessarily uninteresting. Their individual careers, as indicated by the county and parish records, may be summed up in the statement that they were born, married, begot, paid taxes, and died; meanwhile planting tobacco, like their neighbors, at first with the labor of white "redemptioners" and afterward with negro servants, in such fashion as to exhaust their land and steadily diminish their patrimony. In respect of them it is perhaps sufficient to rest upon the Chinese principle that high deeds ennoble one's ancestors.

CHAPTER II

THE QUAKER FOREBEARS (1600-1767)

IN 1768 the Harrisons of Skimino became Quakers, and by the marriage of William Harrison, fourth of the name, with Margaret Jordan there was blended in the blood of his descendants an inheritance of the vigorous and manly character of the Jordans of Nansemond and the Bates of Skimino, who since 1660 had been leaders among the Friends in Virginia.

Quakerism was essentially an expression of dissent—dissent from political regulation as well as dissent from religious limitation. It has been well remarked that when reading the Declaration of Independence it should be remembered that Jefferson was brought up in the midst of Friends and that many of his first cousins were members of that Society. Patrick Henry, who embodied successful revolt against aristocratic government in Virginia, was justly called “a real half-Quaker.”¹ The Society had its origin in one of the many evangelical movements in which in all ages the Anglo-Saxon seems to take peculiar satisfaction, but to call it nonconformity would be to give a pale name to a flaming fact. Voltaire pointed out in the *Dictionnaire Philosophique* how remarkably the

¹ In a letter of Roger Atkinson to his brother-in-law Samuel Pleasants, who was of a well-known Quaker family, the Virginia members of the first Congress are described graphically. Of Patrick Henry he says: “He is a real half-Quaker—your brother’s man—moderate and mild and in religious matters a saint; but the very devil in politics, a son of thunder.” Cf. Bishop Meade, Vol. II, p. 220.

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Quakers accorded with the usages of the primitive Christians; and it may be observed that at that time Christianity itself was dissent. The least common denominator of much early Protestantism is human idiosyncrasy: if opposed and persecuted, it flourishes; if ignored, it withers. In 1689, when the Toleration Act ended religious persecution in England, there were estimated to be 40,000 Quakers in England; to-day, after more than two centuries and a great increase in population, there are not more than 20,000 in all Great Britain. In America the Society of Friends had special opportunities for development, and if the followers of George Fox had stood for more than mere dissent, their society should have flourished like the green bay-tree and have numbered its members by millions, as the followers of Wesley do to-day. Not only was it the faith of the governing majority in the colonies of West Jersey and Pennsylvania, but in the South, where there were many Puritans among the earliest adventurers, Quakerism was for a time the only form of dissent from the moribund Established Church which was available to those of purely English race; and toward the middle of the eighteenth century dissent from the Established Church was becoming almost an act of colonial patriotism. Bishop Meade recognized this. "Dissent from various causes was now spreading through the Commonwealth," he says in his "Old Churches, Ministers, and Families in Virginia," "dissatisfaction with the mother country and the Mother Church was increasing, and the Episcopal clergy were losing more and more the favor of God and man; . . . the War of the Revolution was approaching, and with it the downfall of the Church." The religious establishment was identified with the English government in the minds of many aggrieved

Virginians. The parish church offered nothing on the spiritual side to afford an outlet to the natural piety of the average planter family, while the Quakers practised a sincere and consistent Christianity. In the time of their greatest vogue the Friends alone offered spiritual solace, but with the incoming of the Scotch-Irish, new forms of religious practice made appeal to the Virginia planter, while the personal eccentricities of the Quakers alienated many people whose hearts, avid of religious emotion, might otherwise have been opened to their preaching, and gave rise to a resentment which did not rest upon their doctrine so much as upon their stiff-necked social inconvenience. On their political side also the Quakers lost ground. So long as the Revolutionary spirit was in the ascendant, the Quaker opposition to the laws they deemed unjust was tolerated by the community and indeed attracted converts to the Friends' meeting-house; but, when once the government established by the people themselves was settled and became strong, the law was respected by the majority, and obedience to it was required by public opinion as well as by the executive power. During the early years of the United States, dissent from the law thus fell into disrepute, and with it Quakerism. Despite this prejudice, Quakerism nobly prolonged its vitality by maintaining, in the teeth of personal sacrifice of fortune and convenience, the propaganda of a great moral issue—opposition on principle to slavery. It has been demonstrated that opposition to slavery at the North became vigorous only when the slave-trade ceased to be profitable to Northern ship-owners; but the Virginia Quakers were mostly planters and themselves slaveholders, depending, in many cases, on the institution for their very living. They proved their principles by acting on them, and emancipated their

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slaves as soon as they lawfully could. They did not, however, hide their light under a bushel. Their resistance to government may have been passive, but on the slave question they were clamant. It has been well said that they admitted no weapon but the tongue, and used that unsparingly. They made themselves so disagreeable to the comfortable slaveholding Cavaliers of Virginia that their descendants to-day resent the very name of Quaker. But in their attitude in respect of slavery, the Virginia Quakers, beyond all cavil, rendered a noble service to mankind, for they undoubtedly accelerated public opinion on the moral side of that great question. Yet even this high impulse did not enable Quakerism to endure: before slavery ceased to exist, Quakerism practically disappeared in the South. The statement that they had migrated to the West in protest does not furnish a convincing explanation: thousands who were not Quakers migrated at the same time, and the Society of Friends is to-day a negligible religious quantity in the whole country. The fact is that when active opposition to them ended their *raison d'être* ceased. The Methodists, the Baptists, and other evangelical sects, which make another and more convincing appeal to the human heart, have swallowed the Quakers of the South as the lean kine swallowed the fat kine in Pharaoh's dream.¹

It was no light decision, the becoming a Quaker in

¹ That the Friends are no longer a vital force among the American people is apparent from the statistics. In 1909 there were reported a total of 33,897,507 members of religious denominations in the United States, of whom only 118,527 were Friends, including those Orthodox, Hicksite, Wilburite, and Primitive. There are as many Dunkards and even as many Christian Scientists. At the same time there were 6,825,971 Methodists and 5,435,074 Baptists. In sixteen years the Baptists increased over 52 per cent. and the Friends only 6 per cent. The Quakers to-day are like the Democrats—they need an issue to reinvigorate them. As it is, they are merely an interesting historical survival.

eighteenth-century Virginia. Even after criminal prosecution for mere opinion had become no longer a risk, the political consequences were as serious as conviction of a felony. In Webb's "Virginia Justice" (1736), the hornbook of contemporary magistrates,¹ the law of the period respecting the disabilities of Quakers is stated as follows: "No Quaker shall be permitted to give evidence in any criminal cause, or serve on Juries, or bear any Office or Place of Profit in the Government. *Stat 7 & 8, W. 3 and 10 Annæ, cap. 2.*" It was not until Jefferson's bill for religious liberty became law in 1785 that these disabilities were removed. So we must respect the sturdy renunciation of those men of education and opportunity who, for an idea, deliberately renounced the ambition of political preferment, which is as deeply rooted in the heart of the Anglo-Saxon even as his religion.

One of the first of the planter families to become Quakers in Virginia were the Jordans, from whom so many Virginia families are honorably descended.

Samuel Jordan was one of the pioneer adventurers to Virginia. One likes to think he was the S. Jourdan who was of Sir George Somers's company in the *Sea Venture*, cast away on the Bermudas in 1609, and who subsequently wrote "A Discovery of the Barmudas, Otherwise Called the Ile of Divels"; this was the first account of that notable adventure published in London, and doubtless inspired Prospero's bidding to Ariel "to fetch dew from the still-vex'd Bermoothes."

¹ In the library at Belvoir, in Fauquier County, is the copy of this book which was once used in administering the law at Belvoir-on-the-Potomac. At the sale of the effects left in America by George William Fairfax in 1773, this volume was purchased by General Washington. From Mount Vernon it went to Mr. Justice Bushrod Washington, and was acquired in 1896 by Burton N. Harrison from Lawrence Washington of Alexandria.

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Jordan reached Jamestown in 1610, and during the same year the tract was hawked in the London streets, "The Tempest" being first produced in November, 1611. Samuel Jordan was the owner of the plantation which, with agreeable humor, he called "Jordan's Journey" (now Jordan's Point), on the James River; there he fortified his house, "Beggar's Bush," and drove off the Indians during the massacre of 1622, and there he is recorded as residing when the Virginia census of 1623 was taken. He was an important man in the colony, being a member of the House of Burgesses of 1619, which is especially interesting as the earliest representative assembly convened in America.¹ He had two sons by his first wife in England, both of whom came to Virginia. The story of his second wife and youthful widow, Cicely, has been well told by Alexander Brown.² As it contributes a note of comedy to the earliest Virginia records, and is the record of the first breach-of-promise suit in America, with the man in the rôle of plaintiff at that, it is worth quoting in full:

Late in March, 1623, Captain Samuel Jordan, of "Jordan's Journey," died. Three or four days after the Rev. Grivell Pooley came to see Captain Isaac Madison touching a match with Mrs. Jordan, and entreated Madison to move the matter to her. "At first Madison was unwilling to meddle in any such business, but, being urged, finally consented; and broached the subject to Mrs. Jordan, who replied that she would as willingly have Mr. Pooley as any other, but she would not marry any man until she was delivered." This was all that a man in his mind ought to have asked; but Pooley could not wait, and soon went to see her himself. He reported to Captain Madison that he had contracted himself

¹ For a sympathetic note on Samuel Jordan, the Founder, cf. Alexander Brown's "Genesis of the United States," p. 933.

² "The First Republic in America," p. 563.

unto her, and desired Madison to go with him and be a witness to it. Madison went with him, and when "Mr. Pooley desired a dram, Mrs. Jordan desired her servant to fetch it; but Pooley said he would have it of her fetching or not at all. Then she went into a room; Madison and Pooley followed her, and when Mr. Pooley was come to her he told her he should contract himself unto her, and spake these words: 'I, Grivell Pooley, take thee, Sysley, to my wedded wife, to have and to hold till death us do part, and thereto I plight thee my troth.' Then, holding her by the hand, *he* spake these words: 'I, Sysley, take thee, Grivell, to my wedded husband, to have and to hold till death us do part.' But Madison heard not her say any of those words, nor that Mr. Pooley asked her whether she did consent to those words; then Mr. Pooley and she drank each to other, and he kissed her and spake these words: 'I am thine and thou art mine till death us separate.' Mrs. Jordan then desired that it might not be revealed that she did so soon bestow her love after her husband's death, whereupon Mr. Pooley protested before God that he would not reveal it till she thought the time fitting." He failed to keep his promise, however, and told of his good luck. Mrs. Jordan resented this, then contracted herself to Mr. William Ferrar before the Governor and Council, disavowing the former contract and affirming the latter. On June 14 Mr. Pooley "called her into court" and instituted against her the first breach-of-promise suit in English America. The case came up before "the Council of State" (the Court), Governor Wyatt, Sir George Yeardley, Mr. George Sandys, Roger Smith, Ralph Hamor, and Mr. John Pountes. They were unable to decide, however, and continued it to November 27, when Mrs. Mary Madison and her servant, John Harris, were examined before the Governor and Secretary Davison. Neither of these witnesses was present at the supposed contracting, but both had heard Mrs. Jordan say that "Mr. Pooley might have fared the better had he not revealed it." "The Council in Virginia (not knowing how to decide so nice a difference, our devines not taking upon them pressily to determine whether it bee a

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formal and legall contract) referred the case to the Company in England, desiring the resolution of the civil lawyers thereon and a speedy return thereof." And, to prevent the like in the future, the Court issued the following proclamation:

"Whereas, to the great contempt of the majesty of God and ill example to others, certain women within this Colony have, of late, contrary to the laws ecclesiastical of the realm of England, contracted themselves to two several men at one time, whereby much trouble doth grow between parties, and the Governor and Council of State much disquieted; To prevent the like offense to others, it is by the Governor and Council ordered in Court that every minister give notice in his church to his parishioners, that what man or woman soever shall use any words or speech tending to the contract of marriage though not right and legal, yet may so entangle and breed struggle in their consciences, shall for the third offense undergo either corporal punishment, or the punishment by fire, or otherwise, according to the guilt of the persons so offending."

The dissolution of the Virginia Company, ensuing soon afterward, ended the proceedings; Mr. Pooley married another lady and was killed with his wife in the Indian massacre of 1629. The triumphant Cicely married her preferred William Ferrar and lived happily ever after!

Thomas Jordan ¹ was born in England in 1600, and came to Virginia in the ship *Diana*. He was a son of Samuel Jordan of "Jordan's Journey," and is recorded in the Virginia census of 1623 as a soldier under Sir George Yeardley. He settled in Isle of Wight County, which he represented as a burgess from 1629 to 1631-2, and in 1635 was a patentee of lands. His son, Thomas Jordan ² (1634-1699), lived at Chuckatuck, in the adjoining county of Nansemond, and became a Quaker, "receiving the Truth" in 1660.

This was the year of the death of James Nayler, which marked the climax of the "ranter" spirit among the early Quakers, and was eight years before William Penn became a Friend. Thomas Jordan² endured for his faith all the persecution which was visited in Virginia as in England upon Quakers before the Toleration Act. "His sufferings date from September, 1664. He was imprisoned six months for being taken in a meeting at his own house. He was released by the king's proclamation. He was taken a second time at a meeting at Robert Laurence's and bound over to court; he refused to swear, was sent up to Jamestown, and was a prisoner ten months. The Sheriff took away three servants and kept them nine weeks; he took by distress beds and other goods amounting to 3907 pounds of tobacco; he took also a serving-man and ten head of cattle, valued at 5507 pounds of tobacco."¹

In 1659 Thomas Jordan² married Margaret Brasseur, daughter of Robert Brasseur, a Huguenot immigrant who had settled in Nansemond and had also become a Quaker, and they had ten sons, Thomas,³ John, James, Robert, Richard, Joseph, Benjamin, Matthew, Samuel,² and Joshua. In the Society of Friends

¹ Weeks, "Southern Quakers and Slavery," p. 26.

² This Samuel Jordan (1679-1760) married Elizabeth Fleming, daughter of Colonel Charles Fleming of New Kent County, and became the father of Colonel Samuel Jordan, who "settled at 'the Seven Islands' on the south side of James River, in the present county of Buckingham, where he owned a considerable body of land. He also owned 5250 acres on Jordan's Creek, in Halifax County, and 4699 acres in Albemarle. He was a justice of the peace for Albemarle 1746-1761; a captain in 1753; sheriff 1753-1755; presiding justice of the peace and county lieutenant of the new county of Buckingham in 1761. The records of this county having been destroyed, I have but little material to base a sketch upon. He is said to have been a burgess from Buckingham 1761-1766. He was certainly a burgess from that county

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“Record Book” of Lower Virginia Meeting, which was begun in 1673 by the motion and order of George Fox, and is still preserved in Baltimore, appears the testimony of Benjamin Jordan, the seventh son, concerning his father and mother :

THOMAS JORDAN of Chuckatuck, in Nansemond County, in Virginia, born in ye. year 1634, and in ye. year 1660 had received of ye. truth and abode faithful in it & in consequent unity with ye. faithful friends thereof, & stood in opposition against all wrong and deseafull spiritt, haveing suffered spoiling of his goods & ye. imprisonment of his Body for ye. Truth sake, & continued in ye. truth unto the ende of his dayes, Beloved of us his dear wife & children above Ritten. He departed this life ye. 8th Day of ye. 10th month in ye. 6th of ye. weeke about the 2nd. hour in the afternoon, and was buried ye. 12th day of the said month on the 3d. of ye. week in ye. year 1699.

MARGARETT JORDAN the Daughter of Robt. Brashore was borne in the 7th mo. in the year 1642, & was convinced of the Truth about the 16th year of her age, from wch she lived an exemplary life in all conversation untill the day of her death, & was a sufferer with my father both by confis[ca-tion] & alsoe the spoyling of their Goods by the Adversaries of Faith, for the obed[ience] of their conscience in the worship of God. Her days were Given up in the services of Truth, according to her Ability. Shee was a good wife and a tender & careful mother, a good mistress & a kind neighbour. And aboute the 63 year of her age, shee was taken with an indisposition [of] boddy wch contained near 3 year, in wch time shee was much weekened by Reason of her distemper. A little time before her death some Friends came to see

in 1767 and 1769,” says Alexander Brown in “The Cabells and their Kin.” Mr. Brown apparently did not know from what nest his ancestor Samuel Jordan came. Colonel Jordan’s daughter, Margaret Jordan, married Colonel William Cabell in 1756. From that marriage is descended the numerous family of Cabells, including the Breckinridges of Kentucky and the Rives of Albemarle.

her, to whome she signified her content, & talked to them much of the Goodness of God to her, & said she questioned not of her salvation. And upon a first day of the weeke, being the 5th of the mo., shee spoke to me & said that there was a time for her to die, and that was her time, & itt was come. And on the 3d day of the weeke, as I was standing by her to see her last, she called me by my name and said "I am gone." I answered & said I thought shee would go to God. Shee answered with a cheerful & a smiling countenance, "I doe not doubt that" and said "Remember my love to all friends & unto my children, and tell them that they fear God, and love one another, & keep to meetings, and then it will be well with them." And she had mee send for my Eldest Brother's wife, to whom when shee came, and several of my Brothers, shee said to them that they weare come now to see her last end. And att 6 of the clock att night shee died in Remarkable quietness, the 7th of the 10th mo. in the year 1708—having lived about 66 years, & survived my father 9 years lacking 18 hours—and was buried 11th day of the afores'd mo.

Apparently all of the sons of Thomas Jordan² and Margaret Brasseur continued faithful Friends except the eldest son, Thomas Jordan,³ who allowed his worldly ambitions to lead him out of the narrow path which his father had trod. In 1696 he was a burgess for Nansemond, and subsequently he became high sheriff; but his brother Robert Jordan (1668–1728) may fairly be considered to have made good this dereliction, for he became a pillar among the Friends and contributed 580 pounds of tobacco to the cost of the Buffkins Meeting-House, which was the earliest meeting-house at Chuckatuck and perhaps in Virginia.

In 1698 there came to America Thomas Story, a follower of William Penn, who had discoursed, with modest confidence in his opinion, on the respect due to the temporal power of princes to the Czar Peter

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the Great when that potentate was in England, and was highly esteemed among the Friends as a missionary. His progress among the Virginia planters was most successful, and he made many conversions. In his "Journal" Story records that on the occasion of his first visit to Virginia in 1698 he had lodged with Thomas Jordan² at Chuckatuck, and seven years later he makes an interesting entry about Thomas Jordan:³

. . . [*May 27, 1705.*] That night we lodged at the Old Widow Jordan's. On the 28th, I went to visit Thomas Jordan, eldest son of Thomas Jordan of Chuckatuck, (who had ten sons, all Men, and living at the same Time) now gone off from Friends into the World, the Way of Truth becoming too narrow for him, as his Desires after the Way of the World increased: Upon my reasoning the case with him, he could not say anything against the Way of Truth, in which he had been educated, but had taken occasion against the Behavior of some of his Brothers, and some Friends; who, thinking he did not strictly come up in the Testimony of Truth, in his Behaviour, were so unkind to him, as openly to refuse him their Hands, with some such like other Excuses; and yet was very respectful to me, and took my visit kindly. That evening I returned to his Mothers. On the 29th we had a Meeting at the Western Branch of Nansemond; which was pretty large and very open; and that night we returned with Robert Jordan over Nansemond River.

Robert Jordan,¹ the sturdy and faithful Friend who thus returned over the river with Story from the visit to the recusant Thomas, married, on July 7, 1690, Mary Belson, daughter of Edmund Belson of Nansemond, and had by her nine children, of whom three sons and a grandson became Quaker preachers celebrated far beyond the boundaries of Virginia. Robert Jordan² (1693-1742) began to preach in 1718, and

visited Maryland, Carolina, and New England in 1722. In 1723 he was imprisoned for refusing to pay tithes—"priests' wages," as the Friends contemptuously called them. His account of this experience, contained in the "Memorials of Deceased Friends," which was published in Philadelphia in 1787, is singularly lucid and well written :

Being committed to prison, I was first placed in the debtors' apartment, but in a few days was removed into the common side where condemned prisoners are kept, and for some time had not the privilege of seeing any body except a negro, who once a day brought water to the prisoners: this place was so dark that I could not see to read even at noon, without creeping to small holes in the door: being also very noisome, the infectious air brought on me the flux, that, had not the Lord been pleased to sustain me by his invisible hand, I had there lost my life: the Governor was made acquainted with my condition and I believe used his endeavor for my liberty: the Commissary visited me more than once under a show of friendship, but with a view to ensnare me, and I was very weary of him. I wrote again to the Governor to acquaint him of my situation: for so after a confinement of three weeks, I was discharged without any acknowledgment of compliance, and this brought me into an acquaintance and ready admittance to the Governor, who said I was a meek man.¹

In 1728 he preached in England, Scotland, Wales, Ireland, and the Barbados, and in 1734 was again in England. In 1740 he again visited the Barbados, and in 1741 was once more in Boston. In 1732 he removed his residence from Virginia to Philadelphia, where he died.²

Joseph Jordan (1695-1735) accompanied his elder

¹ The Governor was Hugh Drysdale, and the Commissary, James Blair.

² See a sketch of him in Appletons' Cyclopædia of American Biography.

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brother Robert on many of his journeys and preached with him, going independently to Holland. His grandson, Richard Jordan (1756-1826), was in turn a preacher, and was said to have visited in his ministerial capacity every Yearly Meeting of the Society in existence. He left an autobiography, "The Journal of Richard Jordan," which was published in Philadelphia in 1849.

The youngest son of Robert Jordan,¹ and another preacher of the "Truth," was Samuel Jordan (1711-1767) of Nansemond. By his marriage another strong strain of Quaker blood was introduced into the family. The Bates were prosperous planters in York County, living on Skimino Creek, near neighbors of the home of the Harrisons on Queens Creek. Their immigrant ancestor was John Bates ¹ (1598-1666), who was a resident of Middletown (Bruton) Parish at the time of his death. His son, George Bates of Skimino (1625-1677), left two sons, James Bates (1650-1723) and John Bates ² (1655-1719). It was at the house of John Bates ² at Skimino that Thomas Story held one of his earliest meetings in Virginia:

On the 11th of 12th month (1698) we set sail in the long boat for Queen's Creek in York River, where we got with some difficulty, and were made welcome at the house of our friend Edward Thomas;¹ had a meeting with the

¹ This Edward Thomas was constantly in trouble with the authorities by reason of his vigorous dissent. The York County records illustrate by his example how the Quakers were dealt with:

"1683-4 1/24 . . . Whereas the foreman of the Grand Jury presented Edward Thomas for that the said Thomas ye 25th day of July last did entertaine & suffer Quakers to preach in his house—which being made appeare by the oaths of Mr. Jerom Ham & Mr. Robert Harrison, he is therefore fined accg. to Act of Assembly—And the said Edward Thomas is fined 200 lbs. tobo. & cask for working & mauling of loggs upon Christmas day."

"1685 9/24. Edward Thomas presented for not coming to the parish church."

"1685 12/14. Whereas Edward Thomas was presented to this Court,

family, and a few of the neighborhood, who, though not of the Society, were several of them much tendered; which was the first-fruits of our ministry in that country, and good encouragement. We went from hence to Warwick River, Martins' Hundred and Bangor House, and had meetings to satisfaction. At Scimmino in York County, at the house of John Bates, we had a meeting appointed, where no meeting had been before, and though he was not a Friend by profession, yet very forward to provide seats; saying, his House, he feared, would be too small for the meeting, but had room sufficient in his Heart. The people were generally tendered and humbled, and we comforted in a sense of the love and visitation of God . . . it was upon my mind to say, in the Spirit of prayer, . . . And at that instant both John Bates and his wife were convinced of the truth, and from that time professed the same with us.

The brothers James and John Bates² both became Quakers under Story's influence, and James Bates later took to preaching himself, visiting England and Ireland about 1717.¹ In York County Court is an inventory of his library, made on June 15, 1724, after his death. It consisted of "One large Bible, one pocket ditto, One Concordance, Ellwood's History of Old and New Testament in 2 vols., 4 vols. of Plutarch's Lives, Seneca's Morals, a parcel of old books, etc."

Hannah Bates, the daughter of James Bates of Skimino, married Samuel Jordan of Nansemond on January 3, 1738, and thus became the mother of Margaret Jordan, who married William Harrison.⁴

for that he out of non-conformity to the church, hath totally absented himself from the same, & from hearing of the common Prayer, Preaching & other Devine Services for about the space of one whole year; who (being) present in Court & not anywaies denying the same; & the said Thomas being formerly fined as being a reputed Quaker, and . . . Sheriff to take him into custody to give bond for his good behaviour & that he be fined acc: to Stat: 23d Elizh in such case," etc.

¹ Chalkley's "Journal," p. 192.

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There were several other intermarriages between the Bates and the Jordans and their descendants, which shows the strong infusion of Quaker blood in William Harrison's family circle.

John Bates³ (1685-1723), the son of John Bates² of Skimino, married Susanna Fleming, daughter of Colonel Charles Fleming,¹ of New Kent County, and his son, Fleming Bates (1710-1784), married Sarah Jordan, daughter of Benjamin Jordan (1674-1716), the seventh son of Thomas Jordan² of Chuckatuck, whose testimony concerning his father and mother has been quoted. Of the large family of Fleming Bates, two sons, Edward Bates and Elisha Bates, married daughters of William Harrison,⁴ and two daughters, Mary and Sarah, married sons of Elizabeth Ratcliffe, who was William Harrison's sister. Thomas Fleming Bates, another son of Fleming Bates, was the father of the Hon. Edward Bates of Missouri, Attorney-General in Lincoln's cabinet, and of George Bates, who was Governor of Missouri.

The Jordans are an interesting race, strong, stiff-necked, and upstanding, but with a skill and grace with the pen, a turn for good literature, and a generally cheerful disposition cropping out in all their descendants who reproduce their characteristics. Had they not early become Quakers, there is little doubt but that they would have been one of the politically dominant families in the Commonwealth. They were, moreover, a prolific race, and reproduced not only their qualities but their names in every generation of the steadily increasing lines of their blood, to their own pious satisfaction, no doubt, but to the despair of

¹ Another of Colonel Charles Fleming's daughters, it will be remembered, married Samuel Jordan, the ninth son of Thomas Jordan,² who is the ancestor of the Cabells.

the genealogist. For example, Samuel Jordan of Nansemond, from whose daughter Margaret the Harrisons of Skimino are descended, was first cousin to Colonel Samuel Jordan of Buckingham, from whose daughter Margaret the Cabells are descended. Each also had a daughter Mary, from whom the Anthonys and the Winstons are respectively descended.¹

¹ Most of the genealogical facts in this and the preceding chapter were collected from the Virginia county records by Captain Wilson Miles Cary of Baltimore, which is the best certificate of their meticulous accuracy. With this learned and ardent student of Virginia family history Burton N. Harrison's sons are proud to cultivate an inherited friendship, which goes beyond the instinct of kinship.

CHAPTER III

WILLIAM HARRISON OF SKIMINO (1740-1819)

WILLIAM HARRISON, fourth of the name, was born at Queens Creek in 1740. He had a sport-loving, easy-going father, but his mother, Margaret Maupin, who was the young widow of "Matthew Buck, Gent., of York," when, in 1730, she married into the Harrison family, contributed a strain of quicker-stirring blood to invigorate her son withal. William Harrison, like his forebears, was bred conventionally in the Church of England, and obtained in the Bruton parochial school that customary, sound, if elementary, drilling in the Latin and English classics for which the ante-Revolution Virginia clergy should be forgiven many of their sins.¹ Considering contemporary history, according to Bishop Meade, attendance at Bruton Church in Williamsburg during the last half of the eighteenth century was more a matter of social observance than of conscience, but William Harrison came into contact with a family of strong spiritual force when he sought in marriage Margaret Jordan, the daughter of Samuel Jordan of Nansemond.

In 1765 Mistress Margaret Jordan, a motherless maiden of twenty, was practically an orphan, as her father was constantly absent on his preaching missions. Margaret was left to the guardianship of her

¹ J. Burton Harrison lamented, in his "Discourse on the Prospects of Letters and Taste in Virginia," the absence of even this faint reflection of English university training in the Virginia of the next century, and rehearsed the effect of it, and of the lack of it, on men in public life.

cousin, Robert Jordan, in Nansemond, and was held by him to the strictest observance of the customs of the Friends. But, while on a visit to her grandmother Bates at Skimino, she met William Harrison, then a handsome man of twenty-six. He wooed her, and it was merely a question of religious practice that kept them apart, as William Harrison wooed ardently and won the lady's heart. Robert Jordan was obdurate; no Jordan could wed any man not a Friend, and he soon forbade William Harrison to come to his house. Thereupon William Harrison penned to Cousin Robert a letter of protest, which, Mistress Margaret asserted in later years, was so beautifully writ, so well expressed, so full of manly forbearance yet earnest supplication, that the guardian in reading it aloud to his wife, when he thought that Margaret was not within hearing, was melted. Margaret, listening unseen to them, heard him remark: "In good sooth, this young man is so fine a fellow, so sensible and so well educated, I do hardly see my way to assuming the responsibility of further interference." This sufficed for Margaret. She flew to her William, and they were wed without delay, but, on William's insistence, in the Church. The result was that Margaret was disciplined by dismissal from the Friends' Meeting. The records of the Monthly Meeting at White Oak Swamp, August 2, 1766, assign the reason for this "paper of denial," as it was called, "for her marrying a man, by a priest, not of our Society," for that assembly was of sterner stuff than Cousin Robert and his wife. William Harrison took his wife home to the old Queens Creek house, for his father was then living on other property in James City County, and there for two years William and Margaret lived in open practice of the Church of England. Then a yearning came

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over her to go back into the fold that had sheltered her in childhood, and she applied for reinstatement. An entry in the minutes of White Oak Swamp Women's Meeting shows that she was made welcome:

10th Mo., 1st, 1768. Margaret Harrison did some time ago petition this meeting to be taken under the care of Friends, which has lain for consideration, and now having received an account from Skimmino Friends of her orderly life and conversation, she is at this time received into membership and recommended to the care of the Friends of Skimmino Meeting.

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Being a woman of dominant character as well as charm, Margaret Jordan pleaded with her husband till, for her sake, he consented, rather than part from her even in religious practice, to go with her into membership in the Friends' Meeting.

William Harrison became a devout and active member of his adoptive church. In 1783 he was one of the overseers of Skimino Meeting, in succession to Fleming Bates, and in 1787 he served on a committee to formulate a plan for schools; in the same year he was appointed an elder by the Quarterly Meeting. As soon as it was legally possible he emancipated his servants. Prior to the Revolution, slaves might be emancipated in Virginia only for meritorious services proved to the satisfaction of the court, and the law was that all slaves who should otherwise be set free might be seized by the church-wardens and sold into new bondage. For this reason the slaveholding Quakers nominally retained their title to their slaves, but when, by a law of 1782, it became possible to emancipate at will, they proceeded to record a legal liberation. In William Harrison's note-book, which has been preserved, is the following entry in his hand:

*June 16, 1783.*¹ I went to York Court and emancipated a negro woman, Hannah, a girl named Bridgett, a boy named Samuel Smith. Benjamin Bates and his son Edward Bates were witnesses thereto. Wm. Russell acted as clerk at that time.

But, although he was willing, according to the injunction of George Fox, to "quake before the Lord," he was not willing, despite the tenet of non-resistance, to quake before the king. There is a tradition that in the heat of the Yorktown campaign in 1781 General Washington, General Lafayette, and their staffs stopped one day to drink of the deep well on the Queens Creek plantation, which was famous for its cool, potable water; and that when Washington, with grave courtesy, thanked him and wished him and his family well, William Harrison replied: "if fight one must, sir, thine is a noble cause." He carefully preserved for many years the box out of which General Washington's horse had eaten the corn supplied from the Queens Creek crib on this occasion.

In a utilitarian age, it is ground for regret that William Harrison was a Quaker, because the memory which survives of his character and abilities indicates that had he been of any other faith he might have taken some effective part in public affairs during the critical period of American history in which he lived. But, in listening to the preaching of John Woolson, he had peace, and that is something of which a utilitarian age has small store. He was blessed, furthermore, by a charming and devoted wife and sincerely affectionate children, as is shown by the family corre-

¹ The court records of York County show that the emancipation took place on May 24, 1783. William Harrison's sister Elizabeth, and her husband, William Ratcliffe, joined the Friends in 1769, and they also emancipated their slaves.

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spondence of the period. His two sons who went out into the world constantly wrote to him, consulting about their business ventures, and confiding to him their successes and failures. When they made money they always sent him presents; when they lost money they invited his sympathy and his blessing. It was a relation as admirable as it is unusual, and illustrates the old man's character as nothing else could. Both the sons Samuel and William left the Society of Friends, as was almost inevitable in view of their touch with the larger world of affairs; but they always treated the faith of their father and mother with tender respect, though they could not refrain at times from a little good-natured teasing of the Quaker prejudices. Letters addressed to their father as "Esq." or "Mr." would arouse a storm of protest, only to be followed by affectionate apology. How great was the old man's distress at the worldliness of his sons, but how sincere was his respect and regard for them, is well indicated by his letter to Samuel Jordan Harrison on his joining the Freemasons:

York County 5 Mo. 12. 1794.

Dear son Samuel:

I Rec'd thy letter p. Moses Embree, dated 11 Mo. 93. from Q. M. & also the money sent, but have not been able as yet, to get the work done having, several times, been disappointed, by the workmen I choose to imploy, have only the frame got, which has been done a considerable time, shall Endeavour to get the business done as soon as I can make it convenient.

Thy kind Favour I desire to make due Acknowledgement for.

My dear Son I Rec'd thy letter p. Thos. Ladd, dated at Richmond 3 Mo. 94. as also 2 letters from thy Bro'r Will'm enclos'd, & was glad to hear of your healths &c.

And dear Son, to my very great sorrow, I find by thy

letter thou art become a Mason, tho' cautioned against it by me some considerable time past, when in conversation on the subject, at which time thou told me, I need not make myself uneasy, for thou had no intention that way, therefore I did not Suspect anything of the kind had taken place in thy mind, when thou wert Last down. It is a very great grief to thy Dear Mother, & myself likewise, but to her in a very peculiar manner, for She is at present reduced very low & weak in body & much troubled in mind, On reflecting on the Inconsiderate Conduct of her Dearly Beloved Son, in whom, from thy tender & dutifull demeanor towards her, she had promised herself great comfort & sattisfaction in her old age.

And dear Son I am heartily sorry, for thy unguarded conduct in Joining thyself with a Fraternity of men, whose principles, in the Opinion of all men but themselves, are altogether Repugnant to all Good, except that of Benevolence to each other, & however thou may please thyself at present with the thoughts of the Nobility of the Institution, & think thou hast made a great Bargain, even to a tenfold purchase yet be assured thou hast Acted very unwisely & Quite contrary to the principle of Divine Truth, & tho' they with whom thou hast Joined thyself, may be esteemed by the world, men of Understanding, yet I am told their Meetings are all Crown'd with Riot & confusion, which Indicates no good. Thy Mother & myself, are altogether dissatisfied & uneasy on thy Acc't, & greatly desire to see thee as soon as possible, & hope thou'l find cause to Omit the Attendance of the Masons Lodge, in future & again cleave to thy former Friends, whose principles, if obediently follow'd, will lead out of darkness, & all confusion, into Stillness & Quietude, where peace & comfort is only to be witness'd & Rec'd.

Now dear Son, I desire thou'l inform me whether thou feels Quite easy & Sattisfied, with thy new Associates, that required thee to break our blessed Lords command, to qualify thee for their Society, for I am told there is greivous & Bitter Oaths required of all who are Initiated & Rec'd by them.

Thy Mother desires me to add part of a Dream she had

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some little time before our Last Q. M. concerning thee. She Dream'd she just Rec'd a letter from thee, but could not read it, nor make out any thing in it; the letter being tyed at every corner so with ribbands, & superfluity of different sorts & kinds, so that she cou'd not get it open; this gave her some uneasiness, & when Friends Returned from the Q. M. she was told thou was seen Marching to the Masons Lodge, dress'd with more Ribband than ever the Friend saw on any man before, & that after the meeting of the Masons broke up, he saw thee at a Tavern Reveling & carousing with them. Now dear son Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth, & do not Sport away thy precious time in Mirth & Jollity, for as sure as thou lives, thou must die, & give an acc't of thy deeds done in the body. Come and see Us as soon as may be convenient, my heart is exceeding tender towards thee, at this time, & my eyes ready to overflow with tears on thy Acc't, while I am writing this, fearing lest thou shou'd get into a profligate state, & become abandoned to all good by Associating with some of the wickedest sort of men in the world, tho' rich & great, but that will add nothing in a trying Season.

I observed in the conclusion of thy letter thou says, thou art as much as ever Our truly Affec'nt Son & I hope thou art, for thou art tenderly beloved by Us, & I trust we may never have cause to suspect thy sincerity to Us, yet I have a fear, unless thou shou'd be favored to see thy Error & Repent & forsake the attendance of the Masons Lodge & frequent the Assemblies of those who profess Faith in the true God, again.

Now concerning what thou says about thy Bro. Wm., I can give no Instructions, at present, but think nearly as thou does, Respecting him, tho' shall say nothing at this time about it, as I expect him down at Q. M., or soon after, & chuse to see him myself. If I live before any proposals are made, I desire thou may promote his coming down, all in thy power directly by writing to him & urging him to it. Thy Sister Bates had a Son Born yesterday morning, which they call Edward, & she as well as can be expected in her case. She sends her love to thee, as does thy dear Mother, & Sisters, &

Brother Jordan. So in much tenderness & love, I conclude thy Sincere & Affectionate Father till Death.

WM. HARRISON.

The decline of tobacco-planting and the exhaustion of the York County soil through the methods of cultivation which had always obtained in tide-water Virginia are apparent from the history of the Queens Creek plantation. It had yielded rich returns to Richard and his son; William Harrison¹ is recorded in York County Court as having killed a wolf in 1696, but apparently his grandson, William Harrison,³ was not so successful in keeping that kind of beast from his door, for he sold off a part of the Queens Creek plantation and mortgaged the rest, and although he owned and at the end of his life lived on another plantation in James City County, the beginning of the nineteenth century found William Harrison⁴ living with his youngest son, Jordan Harrison, upon 130 acres on Queens Creek, which then constituted the remnant of the patrimonial property. The Southern Quakers were at this time beginning deliberately to shake the dust of the slaveholding States from off their feet. "About 1800, when their protest against slavery took the form of migration, they left their old homes in the South by thousands and removed to the free Northwest, particularly Ohio and Indiana."¹ William Harrison⁴ and the faithful members of his family who dwelt about him in the strict practice of the usages of the Friends felt, from economic necessity, the force of this impulse as much, if not more than, from principle. The old home in which William Harrison and Margaret Jordan had reared and educated eleven children was cheerful but not affluent.

¹ Weeks, "Southern Quakers and Slavery," p. 1.

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In October, 1806, William Harrison⁴ summoned all his family in council to discuss what, for the ensuing eleven years, was known in the family as the "Ohio project," nothing less than an emigration of the entire Queens Creek flock across the Ohio River to fresh woods and pastures new. The prosperous eldest son, Samuel Jordan Harrison, drove "down" from Lynchburg in state in his carriage. All the family were on hand except one son, William Harrison,⁵ who, in the greeting he sent, gives a pleasant picture of the gathering:

Now, when you are all together by the comfortable fire-side [he wrote on October 12, 1806], enjoying that satisfaction which I know will be derived from the company of each other, and the jocund laugh is going briskly around, think sometimes of me; remember there is one lacking to make the number compleat, one too who longs to be with you and who sincerely loves you all.

It was determined that the migration should be made. There was some opposition due to natural inertia, but perhaps the question was settled when Samuel Jordan Harrison archly suggested that in the new environment his younger sisters would have better opportunities to make satisfactory marriages! Harrison Ratcliffe, a son of William Harrison's sister Elizabeth, was despatched to reconnoiter; at length Elisha Bates, the son-in-law, was persuaded to look over the ground; finally, in 1816, a tract of land was purchased near Mount Pleasant, Jefferson County, Ohio, a house was erected to receive the family, and Jordan Harrison went ahead to prepare for the reception of his parents. Samuel Jordan Harrison financed these explorations, furnishing a "prime horse" to Elisha Bates for his journey,

and to his father he wrote: "You will be furnished by me with a light waggon for you, my dear Mother and family, and a large waggon for your goods and chattels, which I suppose will do for your family." In 1817 William Harrison⁴ sold the Queens Creek property, and, although he was himself then seventy-seven years of age, he and his wife set out¹ on the long journey of over five hundred miles, in wagons, across the mountains, by the great Cumberland Road, then not yet completed to Wheeling; and, after four weeks of toilsome wayfaring, finally reached their destination near Mount Pleasant.

The following journal of the expedition, written by William Harrison's daughter Deborah, who subsequently married Elisha Kirk in Ohio, has survived:

A JOURNAL OF OUR JOURNEY TO OHIO

A farewell to the girls of my particular acquaintance, written a little while before we set off:

"The time is drawing near at hand
When I must bid adieu
Not only to my native land
But my dear girls to you."

The 27th of the 5th Mo. 1817 was a trying day to me being about to remove far away from the place of my nativity—the spot first known to me—much loved and ever to be remembered by me—to leave, yea and to leave it forever—to seek a mansion in a distant land— Farewell dear home— adieu ye pleasant shades—ye valies of pleasure and delight

¹ The route they followed to Cumberland was the main north and south highway through Virginia, as it appears on the 1818 edition of Madison's Map of Virginia. At Winchester it crossed the "Great Waggon Road" between Philadelphia and the Carolinas.

farewell—adieu old Virginia, and to old Skimmino farewell—although I leave you, although I shall remove far beyond the mountains,—never, perhaps to visit or behold you more—you will always be dear to me.—And the recollection of the many happy moments spent by me in sweet enjoyment, whilst I have sometimes wandered o'er your pleasant valies and plains and through your delightful shady bowers, will never be erased from my memory; and sure I am, that I shall never forget this morning ever memorable to me, when I bid a final adieu to the humble, but venerable dwelling that sheltered my childhood, and afforded me a pleasant and happy abode until the present day.

Fourth day, the 28th— We stayed at Edlows last night having travelled eleven miles from the old mansion and met with very good accommodation.

Fifth day, the 29th— We were highly entertained last night with all necessary accommodations, in the house of a private family by the name of Boyd in New Kent County. They treated us with the utmost civility, and on parting wished us a good journey. We felt ourselves under many obligations to them for their politeness and hospitality, which will no doubt be recollected by us all with gratitude.

One o'clock— We have just now taken a hearty repast on the road and are about to proceed on our journey. Though my mind frequently travels back to the place of my former abode, and for a moment views and reviews those delightfull scenes to which I have so long been accustomed, I very soon recollect however, that I am engaged in endeavouring to press forward to a new home which is already prepared and where I trust we may be favored to arrive safe and well. We arrived at Hanover Court House about 9 o'clock— miles from Boyd's; the evening was very rainy and our accommodations were very bad.

Sixth day, the 30th— We left Hanover Court House after breakfast and travell'd 18 miles to Todds where we arrived a little before sunset in pretty good health and spirits—though a good deal fatigued: here we met with very good entertainment. We have passed through James City, New

Kent and Hanover Counties and are now in the County of Caroline.

Seventh day, the 31st— Since taking a sweet nights rest we all appear to be very much refreshed: it is a fine morning and the birds sing sweetly.

First day, the 1st of the 6th mo. We travelled 19 miles yesterday to Battles, where we had very agreeable entertainment. We breakfasted at that place and have travelled to-day 23 miles through the towns of Fredericksburg and Falmouth and the Counties of Spottsylvania and Stafford to the house of one Blackburn who has received us very civilly, and where we have taken lodging for the night.

Second day, the 2nd— We set out from Blackburns and travelld 20 miles over some of the roughest road that we have seen at all— we have now been travelling six days and a half and came in sight of the mountains the past afternoon—they have the appearance of a dark cloud just rising above the Horison. We arrived at Germantown about sunset—at the house of one Verone (the only house in town) Verone for that was the name of the landlord was not at home on our arrival, but however his lady gave us admittance, and when he came home from court he said he would rather, as old as he was and that he was 65, maul rails at 2/ a hundred than to keep publick house at the rates he does to take in moving families— but for all that we staid all night. This morning being *3d of mo.* very rainy, we willingly would have staid all day but Verone was not willing that we should do that, for what reason I don't know, so after preparing our breakfast we left the house of old Verone and although it continued raining we began to prosecute our journey.¹

¹ Germantown was the settlement in Fauquier County (about eight miles south of Warrenton, near Midland Station on the Southern Railway) to which in 1721 the Germans removed from Germanna Ford in Orange County, where Governor Spottswood's iron industry had been established and failed. Cf. *Virginia Historical Magazine*, Vol. XIII, p. 368. The hospitality of Germantown in 1817 was fairly matched by that of Germanna in 1715, when John Fontaine visited it: "The Germans live very miserably. . . . We would tarry here some time, but for want of provisions we are obliged to go. We got from the minister a bit of smoked

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The roads were very wet and muddy—surpassing anything that ever I saw before, yet we made our way through all and came on 9 miles to the town of Warrenton, Fauquier Courthouse, and are now at the house of one William Warters; here we have met with capital fare. The man and his wife appear to be very accommodating indeed (much more so than old friend Verone) and I am in hopes that we shall not lodge at such another place as that old Verones while we are on our journey. We are now getting among the mountains and have them in view every day—the weather however is very dark and cloudy and prevents our having such a clear prospect as if it were fair.

Fourth day, the 4th— The weather continues very unlikely indeed and some of our company appear to have taken some cold but they all seem in pretty good spirits; it continued raining all day and we staid at our friend Warter's untill this morning the *5th day of the week and Moth* when we set out again and travelled some very rough roads indeed.—We have the mountains fully in view before us and many very fine scenes all around us; we were taken in a very hard rain which however did not continue long, but it filled the roads very full of water in some places and there are rocks in other places which makes it a little disagreeable travelling.

Fifth day We travelled 18 miles from Warrenton to Ashes¹ where we met good entertainment and this morning being the *6th of the mo.* we crossed Goose Creek and Crooked Run and are just beginning to ascend the mountains.

After crossing the Blue Ridge² we crossed the Shan-

beef and cabbage which were very ordinarily and dirtily drest. We passed the night very indifferently, our beds not being very easy." Journal of John Fontaine, in "Memoirs of a Huguenot Family."

¹ On the journey from Warrenton to Ashes (the settlement now known as Asheville, near Delaplane) the Harrisons of Skimino passed over the old stage road which runs in sight of Belvoir House, where one of their descendants resides. The same scenery is still to be admired, and, alas! the same muddy and rocky roads are still to be endured, in 1910 as in 1817.

² They crossed Goose Creek at Delaplane, and joining the Alexandria turnpike at Paris, crossed the Blue Ridge at Ashby's Gap.

doah river in the evening and lodged at the house of one Hesser 12 miles from Ashes.

Seventh day, the 7th— This is the most delightful morning that we have had since we set off; the prospect is very beautiful all around us, hills and vales, fields and woods succeed each other in every direction. After taking breakfast we left the house of G. Hesser and travelled 8 or 9 miles and dined on the road. We have a full view of the mountains that we have left behind and those we have now to cross begin to make their appearance. It is very unlike the country that we have left behind for tho there are many beauties that are interesting to behold, yet the face of this country is very rough and the fields that are in cultivation have a number of large heaps of rock that are heapt for the convenience of those who have to work; there is scarcely any growth of pine. Here and there we meet with some of the spruce pine but very seldom and that but small. From Hessers we came to Winchester 16 miles where we lodged. The town did not answer my expectation entirely. Tho. it very far exceeded any of the towns that we have passed through, for we have come through several which I have not named, for if I were to note every little place of that sort—curiosity or strange sight, it would fill a volume— I shall therefore only notice things that are the most remarkable.

First day of the week and 8th of the Moth We came on from Winchester to the house of one Rodamun Enunnamus, a Dutchman, where we were very well accomodated; the old man is 87 years old and looks well and hearty.

Second day morning and 9th of Moth This morning is very rainy indeed.

Third day morning and 10th of the month. It continues very unlikely, and we rested yesterday on account of the weather which still continues very wet, but we left the house of Enunnamus after breakfast and came on 13 miles of the worst road that I have ever seen before—rocky, muddy and very mountainous indeed. Still we got along, and crossed the Big Capen and North River and reached the house of John Mecormick where we staid all night—we had good fare here.

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And this being the *11th of 6th Moth* we set out again. The road has been very rough today but not as much so as it was yesterday. We crossed the Potomack about sunset and lodged at the house of one Lavender at Old Town in Maryland.

12th of the Moth This was a fine morning and we have had better roads than we have had for several days; we travelled on the bank of the Potomack all the evening— It was very interesting to me to behold the wonders of nature which seemed to encircle us on either hand; the large mountains that were around seemed to be composed entirely of rock—the appearance of which I had scarcely ever formed any idea of before. It is indeed a very grand prospect to view the mountains at a distance and the beautiful level greens that come on in succession after them. We reached Cumberland in pretty good time 12 miles from Old Town and lodged at the house of one Ryon where we were well accommodated.

Sixth day the 13th of the Moth We left Cumberland about half after eight o'clock and entered on the turnpike; this is a very nice road and the prospect before us still continues very beautiful.

We came on 23 miles on the turnpike. It is very good road but very rough. We lodged at Tomlinsons. We are now crossing the Allegany mountains.

Seventh day 14th. This is the warmest day we have had since we have been travelling and about 4 o'clock in the afternoon a great storm came on but we were notwithstanding exceedingly favored—having reach'd a house just as the cloud was up. We staid there until it was over and then came on 3 miles further. We observed marks of a great wind all the way on the road as far as the cloud extended—large trees blown down and many limbs split and twisted off and thrown across the road, we could but be thankful that we had been favoured to get into a house before the storm.

First the 15th This morning was very Cloudy and damp; we staid at the house of one Gaither last night; the people were very kind and civil to us at this house indeed. We came a mile and a quarter to what are called the Big Cross-

ings in the Yoaghiogeny River and of all the sights that I have ever seen, I think *that* exceeded any. The river was very deep and rappid and rising very fast, pouring over the rocks in torrents from side to side. There were a number of men at the river, who were very kind in assisting to get the carriages through and helping us to get over.

There is a very elegant Bridge building at this place and we crossed the river by walking partly on the planks and partly on the rocks which had been lain for that purpose. It was very dangerous crossing the river in this manner as the Bridge was quite in an unfinished condition and it will no doubt be a long time before it is compleated. But after it is done I think it will be a grand acquisition to the road indeed. When we reached the shore on this side it was raining very fast, still *I* could not refrain from taking a view of the sublimities of nature which encircled us. The wonderful mountainous prospect all around us appeared delightfull beyond description. We travelled a few miles further on the turnpike, and after turning off that we had some terrible road indeed full of Rocks and mudd, rather worse than any I have yet seen. We however got along and about sunset reached the house of one Clark where we were very badly accomodated.

Second day the 16th. This morning fine weather and good health was very great encouragement to us, and indeed had it not been for these and the best courage and strictest perseverance to press forward the appearance of the road was sufficient to have made us shrink at the idea of undertaking it for it seemed next to impossible for us to get along, however all of us except the carriage drivers walked, and they made their way on pretty well. We reached the house of B. Freeman in the evening where we put up for the night having travelled only *six* miles today.

We met eleven waggoners since we dined; the waggoners tell us we have seen nothing like a bad road yet compared with what we shall see, but I think it is next to impossible that there can be much worse road than that which we have pass'd today.

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Third day 17th We passed today some dreadful roads on Laurel hill, and are now quite over the Allegany mountains. The prospect from the top of Laurel hill is the most beautiful of any that I have seen. The Red Stone Country for a number of miles in full view before us and the Mountains of the majestic Allegany that we have passed in full view behind us, discovered at once the most sublime and beautiful scene that I have ever witnessed, and I have often thought that the hills and vales, the rocks and mountains and mighty waters had to me an awful appearance; and I have many times been as it were lost in wonder and astonishment, whilst viewing those delightful scenes.

Fourth day the 18th. We lodged at the house of one Brownfield last night, in Uniontown and have travelled today 10 miles from that place to one Wiggins's 2 miles east of Brownsville; at this house we met with good accomodations.

Fifth day the 19th The roads yesterday were [better than] we have had for some [time.] [We came] on today through the town of Brownsville and crossed the Monongahala river a little this side of the town; we reached Serjants in pretty good time 14½ miles from Wiggins's.

Sixth day the 20th We came on from Serjants thro Washington in Pennsylvania a very handsome place to the house of one Forner; we were well entertained at their [house] within half a days ride of our [destination.]

Seventh day the 21st A very unlikely [misfortune] some of our company a good deal indisposed. There came on a very heavy rain which detained us several hours. Our friend Charles Osborn came by the house we lodged at last night and spent some time with us which was very pleasing to us indeed. We came on today six and a half miles through very wet slippery road (occationd by this rain) to Middletown, where we staid all night at the house of one Lindsey; the people at this house were very polite and obliging.

[*First day the 22d.*] We came [in sight of the] River Ohio and the State of [Ohio on the] evening of this day— Now this is [the goal] we have been aiming for, four [weeks] ever since we left our former residence. We have been very

much favored in getting through every difficulty which we have had to encounter on the way, for which I think we ought to be very thankful. We lodge tonight at the house of John Flien in Charlestown which is situate on the eastern bank of the River Ohio in Virginia.

Second day morning and 23rd of the 6th Moth This is a fine morning and we are all filled with peace. We have crossed the river safe and well and expect to come in sight of our abode about four o'clock in the evening. We have been four weeks on the road and have come upwards of 500 miles. Amen.

At Mount Pleasant, in the midst of a settlement of Virginia Friends,¹ William Harrison, in the phrase of the heralds, "seated himself" for the remainder of his life, and there he died March 13, 1819. His wife, Margaret Jordan, survived until 1831, and died in Ohio in her eighty-sixth year. Joining thus, like his great-great-grandfather Richard, in the western movement of a race, William Harrison became in his old age a child of the nineteenth century, a link with the past. From the serene quiet of an old plantation in tide-water Virginia, he experienced the alarums and excursions of the modern world. One

¹ That the Jordan and Bates faith was handed down to the family in Ohio appears from the fact that Elisha Bates, who married Margaret Jordan's daughter, Sarah Jordan Harrison, became the leader of the Mount Pleasant Meeting, and Jordan Harrison its clerk. Having become involved in the Hicksite schism, they published together at Mount Pleasant in 1824 a learned and pious tract entitled "Doctrines of Friends," a copy of which is in the Congressional Library. In William Hodgson's history of "The Society of Friends," p. 246, it is recorded:

"Elisha Bates, a minister of Mount Pleasant, Ohio, through unwatchfulness, was caught with the new views, and going to England in the year 1833, and again in 1836, greatly strengthened this innovating spirit, by joining with those who were openly repudiating some of our fundamental principles."

It is an interesting evidence of the fact that Quakerism had run its course, that Elisha Bates became a Methodist in 1838.

can picture him gazing curiously at the crowded traffic of the Cumberland Road, at "those who passed over its stately stretches and dusty coils, at stage- and mail-coach drivers, express carriers and wagoners, and the tens of thousands of passengers and immigrants who composed the public which patronized the great highway. This was the real life of the road, coaches numbering as many as twenty traveling in a single line; wagon-house yards where a hundred tired horses rested overnight beside their great loads; hotels where seventy transient guests have been served breakfast in a single morning; a life made cheery by the echoing horns of hurrying stages; blinded by the dust of droves of cattle numbering unto the thousands; a life noisy with the satisfactory creak and crunch of the wheels of great wagons carrying six and eight thousand pounds of freight east and west."¹ The same journey over substantially the same route from Williamsburg can be taken to-day in fifteen hours in the comfort of a Pullman car, and in doing it one cannot but feel a thrill of admiration for the spirit and vigor of that old man's emigration.

In 1889 Mrs. Lucy Harrison Webster, a daughter of Elisha Bates, then in her eighty-fourth year, recorded her recollections of her grandparents William Harrison and Margaret Jordan in their old age and new home:

When a child, I spent weeks and months at grandfather—or as we used always to say—*grandmother* Harrison's. With me, as I presume it is with all very aged persons, a great many of the scenes and incidents of my life are clean gone from my recollection, but the memory of the happy days spent at grandmother Harrison's, fresh and vivid, has

¹ A. B. Hulbert, "Historic Highways of America—The Cumberland Road," p. 119.

outlived the years. Of grandfather, almost every trace, as to his personal appearance, has passed from my mind. The shadowy image of him which I yet retain in memory, is that of a man rather above the medium height, of dark complexion, silent, and with a manner which did not encourage familiarity—at least in children.

On the occasions of my visits at grandmother's, it was my duty to wait upon her,—to do her bidding in all things, a duty which always gave me the greatest delight. In imagination, I can even now seem to hear the sound of her loved voice, to see her, as she sat in her accustomed seat at the fireside, busy with her knitting needles—to feel her tender caress, or the gentle pressure of her hand, as she held my own, while we strolled in the garden, or walked together to the spring—her favorite recreations.

Grandmother, as I remember her, was a small woman. Her hair, originally light in color, was soft and silky, and almost snowy white. Her eyes were bright, her features strongly marked, especially a prominent nose—and her countenance expressive of great intelligence. Her disposition was affectionate and her manner very pleasing and attractive. Although she was very aged as I remember her, yet she was the sole mistress of her household, controlling and directing all its affairs. Yet she ruled by love. I have no remembrance of anything like sternness or severity in either her words or her manner. She was revered by the entire family, and waited upon devotedly by every member of it. She was a great reader—especially of the Bible, and writings of the Friends. No day passed that she did not read to us one or more chapters from the Bible.

CHAPTER IV

SAMUEL JORDAN HARRISON OF LYNCHBURG (1771-1846)

SAMUEL JORDAN HARRISON, the eldest son of William Harrison, the Quaker, was born on the Queens Creek plantation at Skimino, March 26, 1771. His brother-in-law, Edward Bates, had established in York County a school for Quaker children, and there Mr. Harrison and his brothers received a training in good English. Both William⁵ and Jordan gave evidence of this by their facility with their pens and the imagination which dictated their letters,¹ but their older brother's style is more that of an unemotional man of business, yet he had a wit which was at all times lambent.

The only record of his earlier adventures is contained in the entries in his father's note-book:

April 14, 1783. To 1 slate for Sammy at 0. 1.3.

Decr. 20, 1783. Paid for watch and breeches for

Sammy 0.16.0.

May 5, 1784. Bought 1 hat for Sam'l at 0. 3.0.

August 1, 1785. Sent my son Samuel to school to Edward Bates.

December 10, 1785. Paid Edward Bates 3 shillings 8 pence for teaching Samuel J. Harrison one and one half months.

¹ Prior to 1786 the Harrisons of Skimino had written few letters, because they lived surrounded by their friends and family connections; but from the time that the sons of William Harrison went out into the world they were diligent correspondents, with the result that there survives to-day, in the possession of Mr. William Jordan Harrison of Mount Pleasant, Ohio, a record of their comings and goings and of their daily life and interests in Virginia, contained in letters, covering the period from 1786 to 1819, when the head of the family died.

He was strictly held to the usages of the Society of Friends so long as he remained under his father's dominion, and on his twenty-first birthday, March 26, 1792, is recorded in York Court as emancipating a slave, "Edw. Taylor, aged 25," in the presence of his father and Edward Bates, but he later became a slaveholder again. At eighteen Samuel Jordan Harrison left Queens Creek and set out into the world to carve his own fortune. His father records: "My son Samuel J. Harrison left home to go to live with Joseph Anthony, Merchant in Lynchburg, the 27 of 8 mo. 1789." While his own immediate family had remained behind, seated on their inherited acres, many of his kinsmen had, throughout the eighteenth century, steadily pushed a way up the Virginia peninsula from York and James City, and thence along the Chickahominy into Henrico, leaving their records in the parish registers as they went. "Without haste, without rest," they obeyed the race instinct, the immediate quest being virgin soil whereon to cultivate the rites of the great Virginia god, "Tobo."

When Samuel Jordan Harrison left the parental nest, it was to go still farther west, to follow the valley of the James to the foot of the Blue Ridge. Here on the waters of the branches of the James, Rivanna or North River and Fluvanna or South River, was one of the most interesting parts of Virginia. Captain Christopher Newport had explored the James as far as where "this river devyds itself" as early as 1608, and in 1612 William Strachey described the country, rehearsing the Indian statement that from the top of the Blue Ridge, which Strachey did not reach, a salt sea was visible to the west; but it was not until the eighteenth century that the country was settled. The historian Alexander Brown describes the settlement

as within the span of the life in Virginia of Dr. William Cabell, the immigrant of that name, from 1724 to 1774:

When he arrived in Virginia, the settlements generally were within easy reach of tide-water. When settled on Licking-Hole Creek, about 1726, his home was on the frontier. Westward to the mountains was an almost unknown region, a wilderness of wild woods filled with wild animals, wild Indians, and wild legends. When he died, this forest was a fairly settled country. The old Indian war-path through the Rockfish gap of the Blue Ridge, and the buffalo trail along the Buffalo Ridge, had become public roads, and the Indian himself was "a memory and no more." Much of the preliminary and rough work of society for this section had been done. The lands were generally occupied. Many plantations were settled and partially cleared. Necessary buildings, including mansions of more or less comfort, had been erected and roads opened for public and social intercourse. The country exhibited flocks and herds, fields of grain and tobacco gardens and orchards. A foundation had been laid for a respectable and advancing society. And that society, inhaling the free air of the mountains, was even then preparing to assert its own independence.

What gives peculiar interest to the region is the diverse character and races of the settlers. Natives of Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania here met immigrants direct from England, Scotland, and Wales, and even some Huguenots and Germans. The region thus became one of the first nests of the modern American—the man of diverse nationality:

These settlers came by different routes, one stream coming up James River, a second up the York and its tributaries until it joined a third coming down Piedmont Virginia on the east side of the mountains; while a fourth stream came down the Valley, west of the mountains through Wood's

(now Jarman's) and Rockfish gaps. These streams met and mingled their breeds along the waters of the two branches of James River, and scattered their race from Kentucky to California.¹

On the south bank of Fluvanna was a trading-post for Scots merchants called New London, which, in 1746, was made the county-seat of Lunenburg.² Here concentrated a considerable commerce, and induced John Lynch,³ the son of an Irish immigrant who had taken up a large body of land in this vicinity, to establish a ferry on his property in 1757. Lynch's Ferry was the head of the bateau navigation by which the trade with the lower country was conducted, and after New London had been destroyed by Colonel Tarleton during the Revolution, there grew up a new settlement about the ferry. In October, 1786, it was enacted by the General Assembly:

that forty-five acres of land, the property of John Lynch and lying contiguous to Lynch's Ferry, are hereby vested in John

¹ Alexander Brown, "The Cabells and their Kin," pp. 66, 67.

² New London is known to Virginia history chiefly as the scene of Patrick Henry's discomfiture of the Tory, John Hook, whom he defeated in the collection of a just debt by forensic tactics similar to those employed by Portia against Shylock. Cf. W. W. Henry's "Patrick Henry," Vol. II, p. 482.

³ It was a brother to John Lynch, the founder of Lynchburg, who gave his name to "lynch law." During the Revolution the depredations of the Tories in Piedmont Virginia were so brutal, and police law was in such abeyance, that a group of patriots under the leadership of Colonel Charles Lynch undertook to arrest, try, and punish the Tory marauders, trusting to the rectitude of their intentions for their justification; and this they obtained in 1782 by act of the General Assembly. Cf. J. E. Cutler's "Lynch Law" (1905) and an interesting controversy on the subject in *Notes and Queries*, 10 S., xi, xii. The "law" which was so summarily administered under a tree said to be still standing, near New London, has since been practised in many doubtful cases; it belongs to the limbo of that "unwritten law" which has disgraced the modern jurisprudence of Virginia.

SAMUEL JORDAN HARRISON OF LYNCHBURG

Clarke, Adam Clement, Charles Lynch, John Calloway, Achilles Douglass, William Martin, Jesse Burton, Joseph Stratton, Micajah Moorman and Charles Brooks, gentlemen, trustees, to be by them, or any six of them, laid off into lots of half acre each with convenient streets, and to establish a town by the name of Lynchburg.

The first meeting of these trustees was held on May 8, 1787, and thereafter the new town was formally laid off and urban life began. Tobacco warehouses were built, and a flourishing trade in that staple was at once opened with the surrounding country, and this, with flour-milling, continued with ever-increasing importance to be the chief business of Lynchburg until the end of the nineteenth century; in 1830 it had become the largest tobacco "inspection" in the United States, then handling from fifteen to eighteen thousand hogsheads annually. The planters "rolled" their tobacco into the town warehouses in revolving hogsheads drawn by horses; there it was "broken" by licensed inspectors, graded, and sold to professional buyers, who shipped their purchases down the James to tide-water at Richmond. Until the James River and Kanawha Canal was opened in 1839, these shipments, like the earlier shipment of ore described in Jefferson's "Notes," were made in bateaux, boats adapted to the shallow river, which were from 40 to 50 feet in length, 4 to 5 feet wide, and 2 feet deep. They were manned by three boatmen and took a week to make the voyage to Richmond, and ten days to return with their loads of merchandise.¹ Dr. Bagby, the editor of the *Southern*

¹ It is of interest to note that the freight rate was \$1 per 100 pounds, while the rate of the much-abused railroads to-day for tobacco in car-loads between Lynchburg and Richmond is 17 cents per 100 pounds, to say nothing of the saving in time and insurance.

Literary Messenger, has described the picturesque features of these voyages:

If a man ever gloried in his calling, the negro bateaman was that man. His was a hardy calling, demanding skill, courage, and strength in a high degree. I can see him now striding the plank that ran along the gunwale to afford him a footing, his long iron-shod pole trailing in the water behind him. Now he turns, and after one or two ineffectual efforts to get his pole fixed in the rocky bottom of the river secures his purchase, adjusts the upper point of the pole to the pad at his shoulder, bends to his task, and the long but not ungraceful bark mounts the rapids like a sea-bird breasting the storm. His companion on the other side plies the pole with equal ardor, and between the two the boat bravely mounts every obstacle, be it rocks, rapids, quicksands, hummocks, what not. A third negro at the stern held the mighty oar that served as a rudder. A stalwart, jolly, courageous set they were, plying the pole all day, hauling in to shore at night under the friendly shade of a mighty sycamore to rest, eat, to play the banjo, and to snatch a few hours of profound, blissful sleep.

Quakers from the tide-water families had been among the earliest settlers of the region watered by the branches of the James. In 1739 a meeting-house was constructed for their convenience on Cedar Creek, in Hanover; ten years later another was established near the Sugar Loaf Mountains at Stony Point, in the present Albemarle County; and in 1757, at the instance of John Lynch, who was a Quaker, South River Meeting was established on the Fluvanna, some three or four miles south of the site where Lynchburg subsequently became a town. One of the chief men in South River Meeting was Christopher Anthony, who had married Mary Jordan, a sister of William Harrison's wife, and as early as 1786 there was an inter-

change of visits between the Queens Creek plantation and Christopher Anthony's house in the smiling Piedmont country, within sight of the towering blue spires of the Peaks of Otter. So, when Samuel Jordan Harrison set out from home to seek his fortunes, it was natural that he should establish himself near his Anthony cousins, and we find him enrolled in South River Meeting February 6, 1790. He entered the employ of Joseph Anthony, a brother to his uncle Christopher Anthony, and after a brief service at Lynchburg was sent out to take charge of Joseph Anthony's stores on Goose Creek and Seneca River in Bedford County. He exhibited a business ability from the first and carefully saved his meager wages; so that after several years he was enabled to set up in business for himself at Lynchburg, where a growing trade promised the largest measure of business opportunity. Despite the proximity of South River Meeting, Lynchburg was then considered a godless place. "In 1800 there were 500 inhabitants, but not a church in town; almost the only persons who claimed to be Christians were the few families of Quakers."¹ The existence of Freemasonry in the town was a direful portent to the Friends.² Under a charter received November 8,

¹ Christian, "Lynchburg and its People," p. 29.

² Mrs. Cabell writes: "The old Masonic Hall of Lynchburg stood on the spot where the new one now rears its head. It was a common two-story building, without device or ornament to distinguish it from the surrounding houses; yet it was held in great awe by the children, who generally avoided that side of the street under the firm impression that his Satanic Majesty was kept chained in the cellar below, and it was also believed that up-stairs there were piles of coffins and horrors sufficient with tolerable economy to have lasted Mrs. Radcliffe through at least one romance. Yet Masonry flourished in Lynchburg, processions were numerous, and as they generally paraded Church Street, the sound of wind-instruments, by which they were always preceded, was hailed with joy by the numerous candidates for learning who sat within the

1793, a lodge was organized under the name Marshall Lodge No. 39, A. F. and A. M., and early the following year Samuel Jordan Harrison became a Mason and secretary of the lodge. He must have realized that this step, dictated by a natural exuberance of good fellowship, would give pain to his father and mother and involve discipline by the Friends, but he deliberately burst the shackles of Quaker prejudice. The letter which his father wrote him on this occasion has been quoted, and the records of South River Meeting show that that society took action also :

South River, 15th of 3rd month, 1794. A complaint was brought into this meeting from the preparative meeting against Sam'l J. Harrison for joining and associating with those called Masons, who appeared in the exercise of swords and musical instruments. Micajah Davis, John Lynch and William Pidgeon are appointed to visit him and report to this meeting.

What this committee reported to South River Meeting is not recorded, but the incident resulted in Mr. Harrison's definite withdrawal from the practices of his father's faith. He was known thenceforth among the Friends as a "Hickory," and when he married in 1801, it was not in a Quaker family.

At Lynchburg, Mr. Harrison established himself in business as a merchant, but he soon concentrated his business upon a wholesale handling of flour, which in turn gave way to the even more profitable tobacco; and in this pursuit he achieved substantial success. In a few years he became and long continued the purchasing agent in Virginia of the French government

different schools of that section, . . . and they would return to their labors refreshed by the pleasing sight of the whole Masonic fraternity marching two and two with blue scarfs and Mason's aprons."

régie. Late in life he established a tobacco manufactory in Lynchburg and shipped his product all over the country. His specialty was the finer grades of tobacco. In 1811 his younger brother, William Harrison,⁵ who had followed him to Lynchburg, wrote home to Queens Creek on "4 mo. 7":

Not much Tobacco has been inspected for a week or two past, and what has been is vastly inferior, in fact the quality of the crop is much below what it was last year. The little really fine that comes in sells high and falls chiefly into the hands of Brother Samuel, who has the most decided preference among the Planters, indeed every description of men among them appear to believe that the whole business is dependent upon him and that his influence governs all—as the prospects have been and still continue to be so bad he has this year acted pretty much on the defensive, so as not to suffer that which is really fine to pass out of his hands, and I suppose there scarcely ever was so good a parcell as he now holds; of a little upwards of Two hundred hhds.

In September, 1794, Mr. Harrison was in Philadelphia on business, and there had an experience which came near being his last.

During the last ten years of the eighteenth century, Philadelphia was desolated by malignant yellow fever. The worst epidemic was in 1793, when, during a period of 101 days from August 1 to November 9, there were 4031 burials from this cause, among a population of 25,000—one sixth of the living had been swept away by the terrible plague. The population was panic-stricken. "Every notion for relief that an erratic imagination could devise was tried: some constantly smoked tobacco, even women and children did so; others chewed garlic; no one ventured abroad without a handkerchief or a sponge saturated with

vinegar to apply to the nostrils; no one ventured to shake hands."¹

Dr. Benjamin Rush (1745–1813), the signer of the Declaration of Independence, was the leading physician in Philadelphia in 1793, as for many years thereafter. He put into practice a method of treating yellow fever—which he derived from a manuscript of Dr. John Mitchell of Urbana, Virginia, narrating experiences in a similar epidemic in 1741—based upon copious bleeding of the patient. Dr. Rush is said to have saved 6000 lives by this method, but his principal service was that to science in the deduction that yellow fever is not contagious, but is indigenous. Although Dr. Rush received the recognition of medals and decorations from several foreign potentates, the extremity of his methods of treatment made him many enemies, and William Cobbett, who was editing a newspaper in Philadelphia at the time, attacked him so violently as to warrant a suit for libel in which Dr. Rush recovered a verdict for \$5000 damages, which he distributed among the poor; the result being to ruin Cobbett and drive him back to England. Mr. Harrison's letter to his father and mother, describing his personal experience with Dr. Rush in 1794, is an interesting human document in the history of this scourge, and would seem to justify almost anything "Peter Porcupine" could have said:

Richmond, Novr. 14th— 1794.

I wrote you about the 1st of Sepr., which I suppose you have recd.

I proceeded on my way to the North and arrived safe in Philadelphia, in good Health But was unfortunately taken with the yellow fever that prevailed there last fall— I was

¹ Life of Stephen Girard, National Cyclopædia of American Biography, Vol. VII, p. 11. Samuel Jordan Harrison, writing to his father

advised by my acquaintances there to employ Dr. Rush who was said to be the most eminent Phisician among the whole—He waited on me for three weeks, tho' my illness only continued violent for thirteen days, during which time he bled me Twelve Times, Ten oz. ea. Time & gave me forty-eight blisters. On the 13th day, I was given out for a dead man & several Doctors called in to consult, who all pronounced me gone, but one,¹ who took me in hand & made use of the most desperate means I suppose that ever were practised on a man Before—which was putting of Blisters on me and Rubbing a Spoonfull of mercury on my teeth, which threw me in a most violent salivation, which the Doctors say was the only thing that saved me—the disorder being thought very infectious. The Doctor ordered a coffin to be made ready which was done so that you may guess how far I was gone, especially when I tell you I did not for the 13 days (which was the time violence of the fever lasted) eat or drink one spoonfull of anything under the sun—and notwithstanding I have been a month recovering I now can hardly go about, have had several little relapses, & have been obliged to turn out as soon as I could well creep, to see about my business, fatigued many times into a fever & forced to bed for several days together—and riding here in the stage was a great task indeed. I arrived on the 7th Inst. at this Place—I think with the most Polite Treatment from Sam'l Pleasants, dined with him as many as half a doz times by invitation—and Bought about £800 worth of goods of him—and notwithstanding I have been unfortunate in getting sick, I have been very fortunate in transacting all my business to advantage—I have bot. a most excellent assortment of goods to the amount

on September 28, 1783, from Lynchburg, where the epidemic was feared, said: "We burn tar and flash gunpowder in our houses to keep off the infection if possible." It would seem that these precautions were not altogether foolish, as, under the now accepted theory of the cause of yellow fever, they are tended to act as mosquito fuges.

¹ The physician who prescribed the mercury treatment was undoubtedly Dr. John Redman (1722–1808). He practised in Philadelphia and advocated bleeding in yellow fever, but with a difference. "He employed mercury freely," say the books of reference.

of £2500 on Better Terms than I ever bot. in Virginia & have no doubt of doing well with them.

I fully intended to have given you a call this time, But my business kept me here & its being now so late, that it would just ruin me to be one week from Home; & having been lucky enough to send on all my goods to the store & expect to leave this tomorrow myself. I shall be down this Winter, when I hope my situation will not be as pressing as now.

My expenses during my illness were one hundred dollars, besides Board. One thing I will not omit which I think extraordinary that of keeping the whole time in my perfect Senses. I am in great haste and hardly time to turn around, hope you are well & will excuse me for not calling. I shall be glad to hear from you soon. Please to make my respects to all my Relations.¹

¹ Christopher Anthony of Lynchburg, who for many years was one of the leaders of the Virginia bar, and was first cousin to Samuel Jordan Harrison, underwent a similar experience with Dr. Rush in 1798. His daughter Mrs. Cabell says, in her "Sketches and Recollections of Lynchburg":

"During this visit, Mr. Anthony was seized with a tedious intermittent fever, and, being attended by Dr. Rush, he nearly fell a victim to the disease, or to the remedy, which was a preparation of arsenic, then recently introduced into the medical world, and administered for ague and fever. Dr. Rush intrusted to the landlady a phial containing this medicine, but she, misunderstanding his prescription, instead of administering it in small portions, gave him the greater part of it at once; and, in consequence of this mistake, Mr. Anthony received for some weeks the personal attention of Dr. Rush, deriving from his friendship and acquaintance pleasant impressions which remained with him through life."

Mrs. Cabell records another of Mr. Anthony's reminiscences of this visit to Philadelphia:

"He found the city in commotion; the piracies on the high seas, the threatened war with France, and anticipated troubles with England, had so excited the public mind, that every apprehension was felt that our country would soon be again involved in war, both by land and sea. Public amusements were discontinued, the theater was nightly opened to vacant boxes; the benefit night of a favorite young actor approaching, Judge Hopkinson was induced by his persuasions to write something patriotic, to be sung on that occasion, as nothing short of an absolute novelty could procure an audience. Accordingly, the song 'Hail, Columbia!' was written, and its announcement drew a crowded

SAMUEL JORDAN HARRISON OF LYNCHBURG

Lynchburg was incorporated by act of the General Assembly on January 10, 1805, and the first corporation court was held May 6, 1805. It is indicative of the position which Mr. Harrison then held in the community that he was chosen as one of the four aldermen who, with the mayor and recorder, organized the municipal government, and two years later he was promoted to be recorder.¹ These were the only public offices he ever sought or held; though he always took a lively interest in politics, he was too keenly absorbed in his assured business to venture into that restless and uncertain sea.

About this time he began an agreeable acquaintance with Thomas Jefferson, which was to have a potent influence upon the career of his son. In 1809 Mr. Harrison purchased from the former President some land in Bedford County, a part of Mr. Jefferson's Poplar Forest estate, lying west of Lynchburg. Some complication in the title having developed, Mr. Harrison hesitated about paying the third and final annual instalment of the purchase-money until he should be indemnified, with the result that he received a despairing letter from Mr. Jefferson, which painfully illustrates the financial difficulties which were to embitter the philosopher's old age:

house. The scruples of the young Quaker being removed, he attended the theater on that night, and he often spoke with gratification of the impression produced by hearing this song sung for the first time. The enthusiasm of the audience knew no bounds, and the song was called for again and again."

Joseph Hopkinson (1770-1842), the author of "Hail, Columbia!" wrote the song in the summer of 1798 for the benefit of an actor and former schoolmate named Fox. He was a lawyer and was counsel for Dr. Rush in the libel suit against Cobbett.

¹ Christian, "Lynchburg and its People," p. 31. His grandson, Samuel Jordan Harrison, son of William Harrison,⁶ is recorder of the city of Hannibal, Missouri, in 1910.

Monticello Apr. 2. 12.

Sir:

Your letter of Mar. 13. was not received till yesterday. It has given me the deepest concern. Engagements to make payments founded solely on your bond, which I deemed as good as a bank note, are now immediately falling due, and I have no resource, on so short warning, but that, to cover me from the mortification, and the consequences of failure. I cannot yet but persuade myself that, on reconsidering this case, you will perceive that the grounds you alledge for withholding payment are such as neither law nor equity will warrant; that it is impossible it can be just or lawful for you to hold both the land and the price, and that, sensible of this, you will yet comply with your engagement, and relieve me from the distresses, into which the failure will throw me. That Scott may have brought a suit against you and myself is possible, altho' I doubt it, because it has been long said, & yet no proofs has ever been served on me; however it would be quite in the character of the man, so well known to you, and which no one to whom it is known would consider as justifying the least presumption of right. It is not every frivolous pretension of claim from a third person which authorizes the purchaser of property to refuse payment: it must be a plausible, and even a probable claim: were it otherwise, what a door would be open to breach of engagements, as there cannot exist a title against which unfounded claims may not be set up. Is it possible to urge a more frivolous one than that of a subsequent, against a prior grant? and in a case too where two juries, an ordinary one of 12 men, and a grand inquest of 24, had found it so groundless that they would not even retire for consultation. Again, whatever his pretensions were, you knew them, you were present at the inquests, heard them explained and exposed, witnessed the abandonment of them by Scott's counsel, and their undertaking that I should have no more trouble from them, on my agreeing not to institute any prosecution against Scott: so

palpable was all this, that after the verdict of the jury, you accepted the deed, and the possession, made payment, on the ground, of the first £400 and after a year's further consideration, made a second similar payment. Had then Mr. Scott's pretensions been much more plausible, your knowledge of them at the time, your conclusion of the bargain with your eyes open, your receiving the title & possession with a full view of them, were a bar to your refusing full execution of the contract on your part: your entering into it with a complete knowledge of all these circumstances amounted to a covenant to execute it without regard to them, and to rely, for ultimate security, on my general warranty against all persons whatever. That covenant of warranty still exists, and a consciousness of my own circumstances persuades me that a Chancellor could not be made to believe that if you should pay me the remaining £400 I should not be able to repay it on any eviction of the title, and yet this is the only ground on which he would interpose a suspension. These positions will, I am persuaded, be confirmed to you by any lawyer, of science in his profession, whom you may consult. I hope therefore that, on a review of all these circumstances, you will feel the justice of going through with your contract, and of considering mine to warrant your title a sufficient security, as you considered it at the time of accepting the deed; and the rather as I put you into possession of the title papers which prove it all but impossible that any other person can have a title paramount to mine. However, if you really apprehend that, even in the case of my death, my property would not be good for such a sum as £400, I am ready to remove that fear. Name the portion of my lands at the Poplar Forest which you shall deem a sufficient security, and name your own trustees, and I will convey it to them with a power to sell it the moment a decision shall be given in favor of Scott's title. Or, if you prefer personal security, I will give you as good as the State can furnish. If you think neither of these propositions would sufficiently secure you, then let us put the case at once into legal course, and settle it without delay: that is to say,

let a writ be issued on the bond in my name; apply yourself to the Chancellor with a bill of injunction, which I will answer on the spot, and if the Chancellor gives an injunction, I, of course acquiesce. All this can be done in the course of one fortnight. Some one of these three propositions will I trust be acceded to by you. I shall be at the Poplar Forest within about a fortnight from this date, within which time a just revision of the subject will I hope have corrected your first views of it, and dispose you, by doing me justice, to enable me to fulfil my engagements to others, and relieve me from the distressing situation into which a continuance of the refusal will place me. Accept the assurance of my esteem & respect

TH. JEFFERSON

Mr. Samuel J. Harrison
Lynchburg

This business complication was fortunately solved to the satisfaction of both parties. Mr. Jefferson gave security, got his £400, and continued for the remainder of his life to cultivate the most cordial friendship with Mr. Harrison. The author of the Declaration had built a curious octagonal house at Poplar Forest; and thither he used to journey every spring and autumn with two of his granddaughters to escape the turmoil of visitors who were then wont to make Monticello a hotel. He received his Bedford neighbors with kindly hospitality, among them Mr. Harrison. "On such occasions," says one of Jefferson's granddaughters, "we dined about three, and . . . he liked to sit over his wine, though he never took more than three glasses and these after, and not during dinner. His conversation was at this time particularly pleasant, easy, flowing, and full of anecdote."¹ It was the morning after such an afternoon that the following letter was written:

¹ Randall's "Jefferson," Vol. III, p. 343.

SAMUEL JORDAN HARRISON OF LYNCHBURG

Poplar Forest, Sept. 18, '17.

Dear Sir:

As you expressed a wish to have a note of the wines I mentioned to you yesterday, I make one on the back hereof. I can assure you that they are esteemed on the continent of Europe among the best wines of Europe, and with Champagne, Burgundy, Tokay, are used at the best tables there. I think Roussillon of Rivesalt is that which will be most used in this country, because strength and flavor are the qualities which please here as weakness and flavor do there. A first importation will enable you to judge for yourself, and should you select any on trial and wish to import them hereafter yourself either for the tavern¹ or your own table, I will give you letters to Mr. Cathalan, our Consul at Marseilles, and Mr. Appleton,² our Consul at Leghorn, both of them my friends and correspondents of 30 years standing.

I salute you with friendship and respect,

Mr. Samuel J. Harrison.

TH: JEFFERSON.

N.B.:

Roussillon wine. This resembles Madeira in colour and strength. With age, it is higher flavored; it is considered on a footing with Madeira and dry Pacharetto, and is equally used at the best tables of the continent of Europe. There are many kinds of wine made in Roussillon, but that here meant is the Roussillon of Rivesalt. It costs 74 cents a gallon there and the duty here is 25 cents the gallon if brought in cask, as should be.

Hermitage. This is one of the first wines of France; the white is much the best, costs 83½ cents a bottle there, bottle included. It is a pretty strong wine and high flavored, duty 15 cents a bottle.

¹ This was the Franklin Hotel in Lynchburg, which was then being built by Samuel Jordan Harrison. It was opened November 1, 1818, under lease to a Mr. Hoyle, who was later reputed to have accumulated a competency by keeping it.

² In 1831 Burton Harrison met Mr. Appleton in Leghorn, where he was still Consul, and then recalled this letter.

Florence wine. There are several crops under different names, but that of Montepulciano is the only good, and that is equal to the best Burgundy. It must come in strong bottles, well cemented. When sent in the flask much of it spoils. Cost there 25 cents a bottle, duty here 15 cents, requires a good cellar, being a very light wine.

Claret of Marseilles. Made there by a Mr. Bergasse by putting together different grapes, so that it is the genuine juice of the grape and so perfect an imitation of the finest Bordeaux as not to be distinguishable. The Bordeaux merchants get it from Bergasse paying one franc a bottle, bottle included, and send it to the U. S. as of the growth of Bordeaux, charging 4 francs a bottle.

Capt. Bernard Peyton, of the commission business in Richmond, will import these on commission, the cost being advanced him here and a reasonable commission allowed him. The Florence is imported from Leghorn, the others from Marseilles. I give him letters to my correspondents there which will insure him faithful supplies both as to qualities and price.

Mr. Harrison had the pleasure of arranging for Mr. Jefferson some of the practical details of construction of the buildings for the University of Virginia; and after the reëstablishment of the Bank of the United States in 1816, Mr. Jefferson was able to reciprocate this service by lending his aid to an application which Mr. Harrison and some other citizens of Lynchburg made to secure the Virginia agency of the bank for their community; but, despite Mr. Jefferson's advocacy, the prize went to Richmond, as is indicated by the following letters:

Monticello Oct. 7. 17.

Dear Sir

This is the first moment that other occupations have permitted me to withdraw to my writing table, since Mr. Lynch delivered me your letter the evening before last. I have now

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written to the President of the bank of the US. in Philadelphia a letter of which I inclose you a duplicate, and have forwarded it by mail, in hopes it will reach him as early as your delegates will. I perform this office with great good will, as nothing would give me greater pleasure than to be useful to the town of Lynchburg, and to promote it's prosperity. I consider it as the most interesting spot in the State, and the most entitled to general patronage for it's industry, enterprise and correct course. If the rules of the institution of the bank of the US. will admit of your request, a very antient and intimate friendship with Capt. Jones, it's president, gives me reason to hope that his goodwill will be cordially engaged in it's behalf. I shall certainly be as much gratified in it's success as any inhabitant of the place; and with this assurance I pray you to accept that of my great friendship and respect.

TH: JEFFERSON

Samuel J. Harrison, esq.
Lynchburg

Monticello Dec. 27. 17.

Dear Sir

On my return I found here the inclosed letter from Capt. Jones, president of the bank of the US. which had been lying here a month. It is an explanation of the grounds on which that bank conducts itself; and as it may be satisfactory to yourself & others interested in the late application, to understand these, and may enable you to judge of what may be expected, I inclose it for your and their private perusal; only let me pray you not to let it get into the public papers, nor even go out of your own hands. When communicated, be so good as to return it to me by mail. Accept the assurance of my great esteem & respect

TH: JEFFERSON

Mr. Samuel J. Harrison
Lynchburg

The panic of 1819 brought about a crisis in Mr. Harrison's business career. In August, 1814, all the

banks of the United States south of New England suspended specie payments, giving as a reason the conditions of trade induced by the war with England; but when peace was restored and the wave of speculation which usually follows a war was upon the country, the banks found it convenient to expand their paper currency indefinitely, because, with active business, the immediate result seemed to be prosperity; a rise in prices due to a depreciated currency was interpreted to mean a rise in values. Condé Raguet, in his "Treatise on Currency and Banking" (1839), stated the economic fallacy of these principles, which brought so much suffering to Lynchburg, as appositely as if he had been writing of the business of Lynchburg alone:

This rise in prices goes on with every new emission of paper, and appearing to the public, which is not acquainted with the internal operations of banks, like an increase in value, the spirit of speculation is excited amongst all classes of the community, and purchases are made for no other reason than that the buyers suppose they can sell the next day at a profit. Industrious persons abandon productive employment to pursue speculation, which, however profitable it may be to the successful operator, does not at all add to the wealth of the community, seeing that what is gained by one man is lost by another. Extravagance and luxury are increased in proportion to the increasing abundance of paper credits, because as prices rise all who had property or commodities on hand think they are getting richer every day. Merchants embark in more extensive enterprises; manufacturers extend their establishments—and every species of internal improvements are prematurely projected. All these operations give employment to the laboring classes, and for a time exhibit the semblance of accumulating wealth. Every new sale of property or commodities on credit creates new promissory notes or obligations for more discounts, whilst

more currency is required to circulate the same commodities at their augmented price.

The general banking situation of the country, due to these causes, had become so difficult in 1816 that Congress reëstablished the Bank of the United States, with the principal and successful object of bringing about a resumption of specie payments throughout the country, as was indeed done in February, 1817. But Captain William Jones, the old sea-dog who had succeeded Gallatin as Secretary of the Treasury and was the first president of the new bank, lent himself to the speculative demands of the country and so enlarged the discounts of the bank as almost to bring the bank itself to disaster. The result was that in 1819 a new management of the bank was compelled to give the entire country, and particularly the South, a bitter business pill in order to avoid another suspension of specie payments: the bank contracted its own discounts and demanded specie from the banks which were its customers, a movement which obliged the local banks to reduce their discounts in turn, and this change of Captain Jones's policy caused sore distress throughout the country. Bank circulation, which in 1816 had been \$110,000,000, was in 1819 reduced \$65,000,000.¹ Lynchburg as a community, and Mr. Harrison as an important factor in its business life, illustrated the application of this financial expansion and sudden forced liquidation. In 1814 two banks were organized at Lynchburg, and both lent themselves to every legitimate effort to "boom" the town. Public improvements were set on foot; companies were organized to build a toll-bridge over the river, and a turnpike to Salem, in both of which Mr. Harri-

¹ Bolles, "Financial History of the United States," Vol. II, p. 327.

son was interested, while he himself undertook the construction of the Franklin Hotel, which, under lease to a Mr. Hoyle, was opened November 1, 1818. "It was thought at the time," says Mrs. Cabell, "a stupendous undertaking, and it remains a lasting monument to the energy and judgment of the remarkable man by whom it was planned." There for a generation (it was later known as the Norvell House) all public meetings and festivities of the community were held. From a picture in "Lynchburg and its People," it appears to have been a large four-story square brick building with a peaked roof and a very pleasant colonial portico and door with fan-windows. At the same time a real-estate boom was inaugurated. From the fact that a street still exists under the name Harrison in the part of town then opened, it is probable that Mr. Harrison had a share in this also. Prices went up rapidly. "Land here was as high as on Broadway, New York, and in truth many thought Lynchburg would outstrip New York in the race for the position of Chief City in the United States."¹ Half-acre lots sold for \$15,000 and \$20,000.

If the financial situation of Lynchburg had been merely local, the community might have survived this too sudden expansion without serious effect, but, unfortunately, it was only one of numberless communities which were contemporaneously undergoing similar throes of growth, and they all rested on a financial volcano. Mr. Harrison himself had, during the previous twenty years, accumulated what was considered a comfortable fortune, and, with serene confidence in his own business judgment, which had always served him well, he employed his credit freely, with the assurance that he would at once serve his

¹ Christian, "Lynchburg and its People," p. 65.

community as a public-spirited man and should himself become richer still. He became "extended," as the bankers' phrase is, and when the Lynchburg and Richmond banks were compelled by the action of the Bank of the United States to reduce their discounts in the spring of 1819, Mr. Harrison, with others like him at Lynchburg and throughout the country, was overwhelmed. Without personal discredit, he lost in a breath the fortune which he had patiently accumulated; but such was his indomitable courage that he did not for a moment despond, and, after making an arrangement with his creditors for time, set cheerfully to work to pay his debts and renew his former prosperity. It was as creditable to his character and industry as it was gratifying to his affectionate family that in the ensuing ten years he succeeded completely. Soon after the crash he wrote to his son:

Our Dwelling house was sold the 23rd of last month and purchased by Mr. Kyle; we are happy in the expectation of remaining in it—more particularly on your mother's account, as she was so anxious to stay. You know your Uncle William has given her Betsy, & the household furniture—which with my industry, will keep us in genteel condition, and school the children—should nothing take place, by way of compromise with my creditors—which, I hope is not impossible; but some good luck must befall me first. If I was clear of debt, I could rise, and make another fortune—but for the present, must be quiet; and I hope for the best.

In 1829 he was able, with a dignified restraint of expression which scarce concealed his satisfaction, to write to his son, then in Germany, that his debts were at last paid and that he was free. The son's reply does them equal credit:

What, my dear father, are any little talents my friends may have flattered me as possessing compared to the clear

manly sense of actual life in which my father is the brightest example I have yet seen. How do I rejoice for the satisfaction of your own noble mind that after ten years of depression your unbent spirit may at last hope to have once more fair play in its own native open sea. My dear, dear sir, may we live many long years by each other's side, I not a useless appendage after my long wanderings and you enjoying the growing prosperity which I know you can control with unerring certainty.

The relations between the father and son were always most intimate and affectionate. Mr. Harrison found his greatest diversion in his summer excursions to the White Sulphur Springs, and Burton Harrison was frequently his companion on these vacations. Then, as in correspondence, Mr. Harrison impressed upon the more temperamental nature of the son what he had himself so resolutely practised—that courage and patience are necessary for any enduring success. Because business did not seek him with a rush immediately after his establishment in New Orleans, Burton Harrison wrote home that the world was out of joint. His father replied with that “clear manly sense of actual life” which Burton Harrison had recognized:

I never dreamed that you were to jump into business of magnitude instantly—or even the first year—it is not to be expected that you could do much at first; at any rate, you have had no time to even make a trial. If you can make even your expenses, for the first two years it will do. You must be patient, satisfied, and determined to persevere: and if you can have your health, all will come right by & by. In the meantime, I will still help you to pay expenses, if needed. Never despond—but look on the bright side, & hope for the best. It is impossible, but that you must prevail, if you are not in too great a hurry, which, by the way, has been a fault

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with you. You are quite young—& if you will give yourself up for three years to drudging and hard work—my word for it, you will do well in your profession—besides the chance of marrying to advantage—which by the way—I never would do otherwise—than to advantage, both as to a moral certainty of happiness, & money at any rate. Perseverance, will in time, accomplish anything. You see how our great lawyers, have all drudged, for years, for even an Independence—& some have not saved much, after all their Toil—be satisfied to rise by degrees—as rise you most certainly will, if you continue (as I have no fear you will) to live with economy, pure morals, & industry. Never play, never, never—nor go in debt.

A few months later he wrote again in the same strain of wholesome worldly-wise affection:

I am glad to hear that you are getting some business. I have never doubted your succeeding—if you could make out to support yourself, until you could make yourself known—this I hope you have in some degree done—though not so fully as might have been done, had you mixed more with people generally—with the common sort—the lower orders. This is indispensable for a Lawyer—or his rise must be slow. It is said here, by all your friends—& all that see you at N. O. that you keep yourself quite too much housed—& by some Virginians that you take little or no notice of hardly anybody—Simon Hancock was mortified that you paid so little attention to him. These things are worthy of your reflection—you would certainly profit by a change—people like flattery & attention—& although disagreeable to you—& indeed to me—yet, being up for publick favor—must be submitted to—policy requires it. I don't mention these things in reproach, far from it—but for your future guide. Try & bring yourself to it—attend to Tait, & Murrell: and make yourself as agreeable as possible to everybody—& there is no doubt of your rising—in time—have patience though & keep good spirits—living as cheap as you can, so as not to be mean. I have said enough though to you already on this head.

After Burton Harrison had married according to his father's injunction and had so secured at once happiness and financial serenity, his father met Judge Alexander Porter at "the White" and wrote another note of caution: "The Judge says there is no danger of your not continuing to do well, but he has at last convinced you that you live in too big a house. I am of the same opinion, you know." But it is pleasant to know that the first act of the son in his newly achieved prosperity was to send a present to his father.

Mr. Harrison was a stanch Whig, and believed that Jackson was driving the country to the dogs, and that Virginia politics under the domination of the free-trade party were in as sorry a plight. He wrote to his son in 1824:

I observe your remarks of our public men, and I think you have a very good perception of such of them as I am acquainted with. I allude more particularly to Garland & Yancy, mentioned, or spoken of, in your letter to Mr. Norvell. I have frequently felt quite humbled, as well as astonished, to see by whom, this great State is, and has, for a long time been governed & controlled—but perhaps *you* had best be particular, as to what you say, or to whom you speak, of those at the head of affairs.

And again in 1834:

All this cursed business has been produced by the lawless act of Genl. Jackson, in laying hands on the publick money, and still there are many, very many I fear, praising him for his usurpation. There still seems to be great excitement and feeling in our approaching State elections, with a view to put in such in the different counties as may undo what the last Assembly did, and send Rives back to the Senate; but I have no idea that they will succeed. Mosby, declining a re-election, we have brought out Dr. Saunders with Burton

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against W. Daniel and O. G. Clay. The greatest exertions are making on both sides, but we have no doubt of the success of S. and B.

In the pending political turmoil he found a grim encouragement for his Whig son :

Keep good spirits. It is impossible but that thousands must be ruined with you as well as other places, if the charter of the U. S. Bank is not extended. In this general ruin you must come in for part of the profits on change of fortune, that revolution produces.

He had established his tobacco manufactory in the confidence that Henry Clay would be able so to adjust and maintain the tariff as to secure the business and insure its success by protection of his infant industry from foreign competition. His mistake was simply one of anticipation.

In her "Sketches and Recollections of Lynchburg" (1858), Mrs. Cabell says :

Mr. Harrison possessed a fine order of intellect, united to great sprightliness of mind, so that at all times he was the witty, cheerful, and agreeable companion. By his energy and industry, he accumulated a fortune, and during the time of his prosperity he planned and built the Franklin Hotel of Lynchburg, which, with all the alterations since made, has never been so prosperous, desirable, or convenient as it was in its early days. The great pressure of 1819 caused Mr. Harrison, like many others in Lynchburg, to experience a reverse of fortune, but, submitting cheerfully to circumstances, he was still able, by means of the vigor and industry of his character, to make ample provision for the comfort and education of a large family. He passed through a long life, surviving some years his estimable wife, and blessed in the respect and affection of his devoted children. Several

years previous to his death, he made a public profession of religion, connecting himself with the Episcopal Church. This touching and interesting occasion was rendered still more so, from the circumstance of two of his daughters standing as sponsors for their venerable parent at the baptismal font. During the remainder of his life he was a meek, consistent Christian, deriving much peace and comfort from the service of the sanctuary.

Samuel Jordan Harrison died at Lynchburg, February 28, 1846, aged seventy-five, having survived his beloved son five years.

On February 8, 1801, he had married Sarah Hudson Burton, daughter of Captain Jesse Burton, of a numerous Henrico family,¹ who himself had been one of the original trustees appointed in 1786 to found the town of Lynchburg, and of Ann Hudson, sister to Elizabeth Hudson, who was the mother of Henry Clay. Mrs. Samuel Jordan Harrison seems to have been of a charmingly tender and affectionate disposition. Doubtless it was from her that her son Burton Harrison derived the sweetness of his character, which, after all, is the leaven which makes his intellectual personality human and attractive. Mrs. Cabell writes of her: "Mrs. Sarah Harrison was a lady of great worth and piety. She governed well and wisely at her beautiful home, her establishment being a perfect model of elegant management and domestic economy." She educated in manners and morals nine

¹ The Burtons are a prolific tribe. They swarmed from Virginia into North Carolina and Kentucky, and overflowed into Indiana and thence farther west. There is a headquarters settlement of them at Mitchell, Indiana, where they hold regular family reunions. Of the four Confederate generals upon whom General Lee depended during the last period of the war between the States, Rodes, Hoke, Gordon, and Mahone, two, Rodes and Hoke, were of the Burton kin. Two of General Hoke's nephews are Hoke Smith, who was a member of Cleveland's second cabinet and has since been Governor of Georgia, and his brother, Burton Smith of Atlanta.

children to do credit to her training.¹ The following letter upon the birth of her grandson, Burton N. Harrison, is pleasant, not only by reason of the love which dictated it, but because of its exquisitely clear chirography:

Lynchburg, July 23rd, '38.—

My dear Son:

Your letter of the 16th was received but a day or two since, & I hasten to assure Frances & yourself of the sincere pleasure which the contents gave us. I earnestly trust that the Mother has continued to do well, & that the dear little Babe is as thriving as it promised to be. As Frances was so ill when in a similar situation, I could not help occasionally feeling anxious & rather uneasy as the critical time drew near, & whilst I rejoice with you both at the deliverance, I would pray you to join with me in offering praise and thanksgiving unto the Author of this, & all our blessings.

Though Frances may feel perfectly well, tell her I lay my commands on her to be very prudent, & careful of her health for some time to come: I have had experience enough to know that it is material & important—& no doubt my dear Son is as good a nurse as she can have. I see that he is a tender one, & there is no danger but that he indulges her too much, for I must whisper to her that her good man has never since his marriage, I think, sent us a line in which her name

¹ Mrs. Cabell writes: "The five daughters of this family all survive (1858), an unbroken sisterhood, Mrs. William Norvell (Anne), Mrs. Robert Robinson (Martha) of Philadelphia, Mrs. Lorenzo Norvell (Lucy) of Lynchburg, Mrs. James Metcalfe (Elizabeth) of its vicinity, and Miss Mary E. Harrison of Bedford. All of these ladies are well known and esteemed in our community, as well for their superior wit and intelligence as for their admirable traits of character." Of the sons, in addition to Burton Harrison, Samuel Jordan Harrison, Jr., after a profitable business career in Missouri became a successful banker in Richmond before the war and in New York after it. William Harrison⁶ became a judge in Missouri; the Hon. Champ Clark, who knew him, has said that he was one of the greatest lawyers in the State, and had the appearance and character of a game-chicken. The youngest son, John Harrison, died in Alabama in 1908, after long years of service as an Episcopal clergyman, with the high respect and affection of his parishioners.

has not appeared, & always coupled with some term of endearment: we delight to see it, to see that she appreciates him, & makes him happy, & we love her more & more for it. Are you sure that there is no danger in omitting the Cap? We have in this region always considered it so dangerous to expose the mole of the head, that I am a little apprehensive, though the difference of climate I suppose may alter the case. And so he has black hair, & dark eyes—no image of his Father— Has he his Mother's features? I hope he is n't very troublesome, for his Mother's sake, nor very cross for his Father's, as I don't think he will admire little Burton quite as much in that case.—but as to the name, I was really much gratified, & all approve it. When Frances gets well enough, she must write me particularly about herself, & give a minute description of him. May you realize that this child is the gift of God's love, committed to you to be reared & trained for Heaven, & do not betray the Sacred trust—Sacrifice it not to the world, but consecrate it to God. Since its birth especially, no doubt the thoughts of Frances have reverted to her Mother, whose memory is blessed, & let her strive to mould & fashion it as she thinks her Sainted Parent would have done.—

Your Father has been at the Springs all this month—in every letter since, he mentions the improvement of his health, tho' it was tolerably good, for this season, when he left. Martha's Sam is with him, & very delicate, & pronounced by an eminent physician there, to have an affection of the heart—we fear it is hardly curable.

Your sisters have abundance of congratulations & good wishes for you, & would transmit them now, were they near me. We despatched your letter yesterday to Margaret, & Lucy too will partake of our good humour. Write oftener my dear Son, & if a letter is not on the way for us when you receive this, I beg that you will write immediately to tell us how Frances & the Baby are—do mind your own health too, & get out of the City as soon as you can.

Your affectionate Mother,

SARAH HARRISON.

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She died February 20, 1839, at Lynchburg, much mourned by the community as well as by her family, as she had exemplified in her charities and her example all that is best in a sincerely Christian character. For sixteen years she had been at the head of the Lynchburg Dorcas Society and contracted her last illness through exposure at the bedside of a poor woman to whom she was ministering.

CHAPTER V

JESSE BURTON HARRISON OF NEW ORLEANS (1805-1841)

FEW Virginians of his day began life with fairer prospects or greater opportunities than did Jesse Burton Harrison. He was born at Lynchburg, April 7, 1805. His father wanted to send him to the Quaker school in York County, then kept by Elisha Bates, but Burton Harrison's mother insisted on his staying at home, and thereby undoubtedly did him a substantial service. The moral atmosphere of the Skimino community was of the best, but its educational opportunities were limited. Burton Harrison represented a sudden intellectual efflorescence in his family, due perhaps with him as with Henry Clay to the Hudson blood common to them both, and he owed his early maturity of mind in large measure to the excellent private classical schools which it was his good fortune to find established in Lynchburg. In 1818 he went to Hampden-Sidney College, where he was graduated in 1821, and, as was later testified by Professor John Holt Rice, "in one of the most respectable classes that ever graduated here" Burton Harrison "received the first honor."

Hampden-Sidney was at this time the chief educational center in Virginia and indeed in the South. William and Mary, which had educated four of the seven Virginia signers of the Declaration of Independence, had represented the ecclesiastical system of the Established Church and decayed with the

growth of the new ideas; after the Revolution it fell into popular disrepute with the other institutions of the ancient régime. The youth of the new nation, bred in principles of "liberty," demanded teaching which recognized the tendencies of contemporary thought. As a result, there were founded two schools in Virginia, both dominated by the Ciceronian *novi*—the Scotch-Irish dissenters who had poured into Virginia through the Valley and were the sinew of the Revolution. These were Hampden-Sidney, named "in honor of the principles of political liberty which had been sealed by the blood of martyrs," and Liberty Hall, at Lexington, since known as Washington and Lee. Hampden-Sidney, established in 1776 in Prince Edward County, the center of Southside Virginia, was controlled by the Presbyterians, drawing largely upon Princeton, whence came its methods and its teaching staff.¹ In 1815 it had already an honorable roll of alumni, including William Henry Harrison, afterward President of the United States, and by its educational opportunities attracted many who, like Burton Harrison, were not Presbyterians and who might otherwise have gone to William and Mary if that ancient and honorable institution had happily been regenerated as Jefferson had sought to regenerate it and had so been adjusted to the times.

But Hampden-Sidney did not satisfy Burton Harrison's thirst for learning. Mr. Jefferson had been for some years formulating his plans for the organization of the University of Virginia. In 1815 he received a visit at Monticello from George Ticknor of Boston, then twenty-three years of age and making a

¹ The Princeton influence had already been felt in Virginia for some time. Cf. the account of President Madison's education in Hunt's "Life of James Madison."

tour of the United States preparatory to going to Europe for the "grand tour." Mr. Ticknor had graduated at Dartmouth College and had been admitted to the bar in Boston, but having read a description of the University of Göttingen, then, perhaps, the leading university of Germany, and having a bent for letters rather than the law, determined to accomplish a broader education than was possible in the United States. He was in residence at Göttingen for nine months with Edward Everett, and finally, after extended travels, returned to Boston in 1819 to assume a chair at Harvard as Smith professor of French and Spanish languages and literature and belles-lettres, a chair which was afterward filled by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow and James Russell Lowell. Mr. Jefferson endeavored to enlist Mr. Ticknor for the University of Virginia, and talked to Samuel Jordan Harrison and his son of the brilliant opportunities of such an education as Mr. Ticknor had achieved. The result was that Burton Harrison determined to emulate Mr. Ticknor's career. Accompanied by his Hampden-Sidney classmate Nelson Page, he went to Harvard to hear Mr. Ticknor's lectures and to attend the newly established law school. Among the Jefferson Papers in the State Department at Washington there is a letter¹ addressed by Burton Harrison to Mr. Jefferson and dated "Harvard University at Cambridge, January 17, '23," in which this youth of seventeen poises himself upon rather sophomoric wings to rise to the dignity of a correspondence with the ex-President and world-famous philosopher. After some discussion of climate, he makes the following observations upon American university education, which are just criticism to-day:

¹ Jefferson Papers, Series 2, Vol. XLV, No. 98.

Harvard University is in a most flourishing state at present. The number and learning of its professors, but particularly the extent of its library, deservedly give it the first place among our institutions. It is impossible to say how many colleges we have in our country; all, however, not equal to more than one foreign university. Having our colleges thus scattered over the land in every neighborhood almost, certainly weakens the effect that might be produced by a more united establishment: it prevents the great accumulation of books that would be the result of concentrated force and the existence of those large literary bodies of men who reside in the universities abroad and whose researches and writings constitute the instruction and glory of their respective countries. Yet the situation of our republic, the absence of united opinion at the beginning, as well as that sort of convenience that strikes us at the first view but disappears when we look a second time, will all prevent our soon having any great seminaries; indeed, it is probable that our scholars are taught in these separate colleges almost as well as in more erudite institutions, for nothing but the elements of learning are acquired in a university education at any time: profound scholars such as are to raise the name of their country, to unfold the page of philosophy, and the works of the mighty dead, can only be formed, except occasionally, in the walls of the long-standing, venerable temples where literature is sole mistress.

He was at Cambridge two winters, though he is recorded in the law school with the class of 1825, when he received an LL.B. among the first degrees in law granted at Harvard. He evidently carried away more inspiration from the brilliant young German-bred professor of belles-lettres than he did from the teaching of Professor Asahel Stearns in the law school, though he got a good training for his subsequent legal studies, and won the approval of Mr. Stearns, who, in later years, wrote to him with evident respect and affec-

tion. That he made a good impression upon Mr. Ticknor by his character and parts is evident from the report which Mr. Ticknor made upon him to Mr. Jefferson:

The two young gentlemen you were so kind as to introduce to me above a year since, are both gone. Mr. Tone remained so short a time that I was not able to assist him. But I hope I have been of some use to Mr. Harrison, who has just left us, and whose strong love of letters and study enabled me to contribute to his wants. He will carry home with him a valuable stock of knowledge, particularly in modern literature, to some portion of which he has devoted himself with great zeal; and will, probably, be very successful in his profession, as he showed quite uncommon talents for extemporaneous debate. It may be gratifying to his friends to know that he sustained an irreproachable character while he was among us; and that he faithfully used the time and means he enjoyed here for the purposes that brought him. It has given me the most sincere pleasure to aid him as far as I possibly could.

This was transmitted to his father, with the following pleasant note:

Monticello, July 5, '23.

Dear Sir:

It is with real pleasure that I communicate to you the extract from a letter I have recently received from Mr. Ticknor of Harvard University. Accept my congratulations on the possession of a son of so much promise to himself, his friends and Country, and the assurance of my esteem and respect.

TH: JEFFERSON.

Mr. Samuel J. Harrison,
Lynchburg.

After his return from Harvard, Burton Harrison pursued for a time his law studies in Richmond and

was admitted to the bar of Virginia on March 31, 1825, being then just twenty years of age; his license was signed by Judges James Allen, William Daniel, and Thomas T. Bouldin. For the next four years he hung out a professional "shingle" in Lynchburg, obtaining opportunities to practise eloquence, but no surfeit of fees. He continued to frequent Monticello, a welcome visitor, until Mr. Jefferson's death. There he met Lafayette during his triumphal progress through the United States in 1824, and there he first met Daniel Webster.

On November 29, 1824, Mr. Ticknor wrote to Burton Harrison from Washington:

We are now on our way to Monticello. I have some misgivings about your roads for Mrs. Ticknor, who is not extremely strong; but I am very anxious that she should see Mr. Jefferson, and at his age there is no time to lose. It was Ovid, I think, who used to boast all his life afterwards: "*Virgilium vidi.*" I feel so about a very few persons, and Mr. Jefferson is one of them. The day before I left Boston, I saw Mr. Adams. He is now about eighty-nine years old; very infirm in body; but with his faculties as bright as ever. He told me that he thought he had paid for some years back a very high rent for so poor a tenement; and I could hardly help agreeing with him. He has, during the last six months, said as many lively and striking things, I suspect, as he ever did in the same length of time in his life. At Baltimore, I saw Mr. Carroll, eighty-seven years old, fresh and active; taking a strong interest in all that is passing; superintending an immense estate & riding twelve or fifteen miles on horseback every fine day. It now only remains for me to see Mr. Jefferson again, & then I shall this year have completed the canon of the surviving signers to the Declaration of Independence.

Webster, who had argued the Dartmouth College case in 1818 and was now an important member of

Congress, made the journey from Washington to Monticello with Mr. Ticknor, and there they found Burton Harrison installed as a member of the family. Mr. Ticknor wrote to William H. Prescott from Monticello on December 16, 1824:

The family consists of Mr. Jefferson, Mrs. Randolph, his daughter, about 52 years old; Mr. Trist, a young Louisianian, who has married her fourth daughter; Miss Ellen; two other daughters of eighteen and twenty; Mrs. Trist; four sons under sixteen; Mr. Harrison, a young lawyer of Lynchburg, who lately studied at Cambridge; Mr. Long, just from Cambridge, England, apparently an excellent scholar and now a professor in the University at Charlottesville; Mr. Webster; and ourselves.¹

Mr. Webster made a most entertaining memorandum of Mr. Jefferson's habits and conversation during this visit, which, in its animadversions upon Patrick Henry, is well known.² In 1829 Burton Harrison, writing to Henry Clay, in a letter hereinafter quoted in full, contributed another reminiscence of this visit:

In the December of 1824 I was at Monticello—Mr. Webster was there also. Speaking of your enthusiasm in high designs, Mr. Jefferson with great emphasis said, "*Quicquid vult, valde vult*"; the words were so apt, the tone so deep, and falling from him on a mute audience, that I scarcely wondered when Mr. Webster involuntarily moved his lips after the sage, and repeated the glowing words. It is a rare effect of successful oratory to force your auditors to utter your *words*, as they fall from your mouth!

At this time began his acquaintance with another retired President, James Madison, and he was much at Montpelier also, making notes of anecdote and

¹ "Life, Letters, and Journals of George Ticknor," Vol. I, p. 348.

² "Writings and Speeches of Daniel Webster," Vol. XVII, p. 364.

political *ana*. How he drew from Mr. Madison pabulum for his own nascent Whig principles, is interesting. His "Private Notes of Conversations with Mr. Madison during Four Days in November, 1827," contain, among others, the following:

Mr. M. observed that A. Everett, in his book on America, had fallen into the remarkable error that Gen. Washington had to be greatly persuaded by Hamilton to agree to the Constitution. Mr. M. knew it to be an error: he lodged with Washington in Philadelphia during the convention.

On Manufactures, he observed that the impossibility of regulating trade by the separate states was the proximate cause of the convention at Annapolis, which led to that at Philadelphia. Virginia taxed imports higher than Maryland did and hence the trade went to Maryland. No state could raise a revenue to its wish because the neighbour would frustrate it by lower duties, drawing off the foreign trade. Hence some states taxed higher goods brought from neighbouring states than from abroad. In the first Congress '89 no one suggested that it was unconstitutional to lay imposts with a view to encourage manufactures. Andrew Moore, from Va., and Judge Burke, from S. C., proposed encouragement to hemp, Parker, of Va., on coal. Besides it was then acknowledged that as the States before had the power to promote their internal welfare by discriminating duties, and had surrendered it, Congress ought to exercise it for their good. He also observed that it is more to the interest of Va. and the South that the Northern people should turn manufacturers and eat our corn and wheat, and consume our products, than be induced from overstocked population at home to emigrate to the west, there to make for market rival produce to ours, to glut the foreign markets. He thought that the encouragement of western emigration by Government had gone quite far enough for the welfare of the seaboard.

On slavery, he has often formed the plan of emancipating the slaves by a law setting free the new-born children, the Government paying valuation for them the first year of their

birth, the master then to have their labour till 25, being bound to give them a little education. Children could not be valued at more than \$30 or \$40. Thinks the national lands a proper fund for this purpose. If an outlet can be had there will be no insuperable difficulty in public opinion.

On precedent. It is a great question with Mr. M. how far precedent on Constitutional points should weigh. Repeated decision not under party excitement is entitled to almost entire submission. Seems to think that the question of Internal Improvements should be considered settled. Certainty of constitutional law is to be bought at some sacrifice of opinion. Would rather refer this question now to the Supreme Court, if he did not know how their opinion would be, than leave it to variable decision by every successive Congress.

Scotch merchants in Virginia before Revolution used to have a meeting twice a year, to decide on the rate of exchange, the price of tobacco and the advances on the cost of their goods. This was the substantial legislation of the Colony.

Thinks that the *laissez nous faire* principle is not just in our case, the whole world practising a contrary rule. When the world begins to adopt it, it will be wise for all: perhaps America may one day get the upper hand and force the world to adopt that liberal system. It demands universal acquiescence and a universal peace, continued too—for a war in any part of the world disturbs the whole system. The British will lay us down £5,000,000 annually if we will adopt it, leaving to them their accustomed restrictive course.

He told several amusing historical anecdotes. Mr. Jefferson at dinner once handed Mrs. Madison and Mr. Madison handed Mrs. Merry. Afterwards, at Madison's, he handed Mrs. Gallatin. These gave mortal offense to Merry: so, when Mr. Jefferson invited Merry to a dinner *en famille*, he replied that if it was designed to invite him as Mr. M. he could not come without consulting his king. If as ambassador, then he must be sure of receiving the honours due. Mr. Madison wrote to England about this, fearful of bad consequences. Also of a large Russian ambassador and a small French one,

at some court. The Frenchman got the *pas* of the other who took him up and lifted him into the next chair.

The word *peas*, Irish *pase*, was the diagnostic in impressing seamen: if pronounced *pase*, they were ordered on board the British ship.

Mr. Madison had in his youth gained great credit with Chancellor Wythe by explaining the origin of hocus pocus from *Hoc est corpus*—Tillotson.

He said in 50, perhaps 25, years the Maritime law will be given by America.

During this period also began Burton Harrison's correspondence and friendship with his cousin, Henry Clay, from whom he imbibed the Whig principles which were to actuate his political life. Burton Harrison was reared politically in the influence of the Jeffersonian Democracy, and he carried through life an ardent impulse toward the French and an acrimonious feeling toward the English, but for the rest of Mr. Jefferson's doctrine he held no brief. After the defeat of John Quincy Adams by Jackson in 1828, Henry Clay founded a new party, the National Republicans or Whigs, leaving to Jackson the dry shell of the apostolic succession to the Jeffersonian traditions. The Whigs inherited, to be sure, some of the strength of the remnants of the Federalists, but their chief vitality was Clay's own personality, the impetuous spirit of the West, progressive and utilitarian, bursting all restraining bonds of doctrine and tradition. Clay stood for anything but Jeffersonian Democracy. He was for a high tariff and despised a low; he was for internal improvements and hurled defiance at Madison and Jackson for their veto messages on the building of the Cumberland Road. He represented the manly and enterprising spirit of young Virginia, which in those days migrated across the mountains to

found a new empire. Virginia became restless under the régime of the doctrinaires. Even old Wilson Miles Cary of Ceelys and Carysbrook, a type of the slave-owning aristocracy, complained of the effect of the Embargo Acts and said: "This is the pass to which your philosophical Presidents have brought us." It is small wonder that, upon the death of Mr. Jefferson, Burton Harrison threw himself heart and soul into the Clay movement. His father became a Whig; so did his accomplished brother-in-law, William W. Norvell; so, indeed, did many other educated and thinking men in Virginia who were not bound by prejudice or interest to the wheels of Jackson's chariot. Perhaps they sacrificed something of political opportunity and of personal influence, but it was a sacrifice made intellectually, and they were the forefathers of that successful Americanism which found expression in the reigning Republican party, the child of the war between the States. "Thus," says Carl Schurz in his "Henry Clay," "while the Democratic party found its principal constituency among the agricultural population, including the planters in the Southern States, with all that depended upon them, and among the poorer and ignorant people of the cities, the National Republicans, or Whigs, recruited themselves—of course, not exclusively, but to a conspicuous extent—among the mercantile and industrial classes, and generally among the more educated and stirring in other walks of life. The Democratic party successfully asserted itself as the legitimate administrator of the national power. The Nationals found themselves consigned, for the larger part of the time, to the rôle of a critical opposition. Whenever any members of the majority party were driven into opposition by its fierce discipline, they found a ready welcome among the Nationals,

who could offer them brilliant company in an uncommon array of men of talent. The Whig party was thus admirably fitted for the business of criticism, and that criticism was directed not only against the enemy, but not seldom against itself at the expense of harmonious coöperation. Its victories were mostly fruitless. In point of drill and discipline, it was greatly the inferior of its antagonist, nor could it under ordinary circumstances make up for that deficiency by superior enthusiasm. It had a tendency in the direction of selectness, which gave it a distinguished character, challenging the admiration of others as well as exciting its own, but also calculated to limit its popularity."

Burton Harrison took part in the Presidential campaign of 1828, making speeches against Jackson. He first met Mr. Clay on the occasion of a visit to Lynchburg, September 21, 1828, when Burton Harrison was one of a citizens' reception committee, and they promptly became friends. After the election he wrote to Mr. Clay on March 18, 1829:

While you are receiving at home the cheering approbation of all those whose praise you would desire, and while your friends everywhere are filled with apprehension lest the event which has excluded you from office shd prove as well an indication as a cause of the decline of the country, I beg to recall myself to your mind, as one who, in this moment of undoubted sincerity, is proud to profess an ardent and unwearied attachment to you. The melancholy occurrence in my father's family which prevented my finally availing myself of your polite offer,¹ threw such obstacles in my way that I cannot say certainly whether I shall not wholly abandon my plan of a German residence. I surely shall regret it, if I shall

¹ Mr. Clay had offered to promote his ambition to study abroad by procuring for him an appointment in the diplomatic service.

thus be compelled to remain in the country to witness the full extent of the barbarous triumph of our foes. But my concern is trivial—what must yours be, Sir? However—I do you the justice to suppose that could you discard the just regret which as a patriot you must feel, you would be the first person to laugh at the strange succession of events. The *rationale* of this grand revolution is merely this: we have had the first grand triumph of the *rowdy* principle in the U. States—a triumph which, about once every twenty years, will, I venture to predict, constantly occur. The term and the idea are wholly Irish, but marvellously well adapted to the American soil. Behold a triumph of which foul ambition is the impulse among the leaders, and absolute *bêtise*, among those who follow! and that too in our century, and in America!

I would draw you a picture of a few of our party in Virginia, which if you will not suspect me of being one of them, I should be happy to have you laugh at. I mean those unhappy young patriots who, setting out with the State-Rights party of Virginia, five or six years back, now find themselves left on the sands by the retreating water and are henceforward out of the reach of the majority. I know some who now curse the “too easy Gods” who granted their prayers for distinction in our woeful minority! The poet who so pathetically describes the anguish of office-holders dismissed from their places, “the pain of greatness going off,” spoke I know only of a vulgar misery compared with that of the young politician who makes his reckoning for life in a majority, and yet in spite of this disinterested purpose blunders at the very first step into an irrecoverable minority. Not that I wd rashly impute to any of these, what would be the most genuine part of this comic distress—the curse of feeling bound to be consistent in their minority principles: this would be more than mortal firmness. But at last it is exquisite to know that the memory of partizans is so admirably retentive, that either in the shape of vague popular distrust, newspaper-charge in the style of Junius, or galling parliamentary sarcasm it will continue to haunt one thro’ life, and

is only to be likened to that undoubted blessing the British national debt, "for closer and closer 't will press thee my love, Until thy *dying day!*" But in good earnest, Sir, I think most of our friends in Virginia will be very well content to abide by their avowed principles, and feel that the sentiments which befit a virtuous minority are as good to beat in the breast of an honest man, as the swollen arrogance of the majority. We all trust and believe that "the end is not" yet, and on you all eyes are turned. Meanwhile we are comforting ourselves as we best may.

For myself, tho' I have a decided predilection for theoretical politics, I doubt whether I shall ever take pleasure in a practical attempt to learn what the great Fléchier calls the "*art de parvenir*:"—a naughty term this, for he who learns it to perfection, and so rises in the world, will only be entitled to be called (parvenu) "upstart." If books would teach the secret of popularity and successful statesmanship—if Sallust, or de Retz, or Vivian Grey could teach it, I would venture to undertake it, but I fear it is learnt by untraceable steps and practised by the aid of imperceptible arts. Among all these books, and others which treat of parties triumphant defeated, would I could select some golden sentence of certain avail which I might presume to commend to you. I cannot be so priggish as to give you "be just and fear not, let all the ends &c." for, that passage concludes not with assurance of final triumph (the thing we want) but with consolation to the person, which person aforesaid would become—('t is ever so) a blessed martyr. I suspect you would laugh if I exhorted you, Sir, to console yourself by reading the Satanic parts of *Paradise Lost*! Yet the gentleman in black is no bad model for a constant and magnanimous patriot neither. To confess the truth I have no doubt Satan was Milton's favorite, and for my own part I am when reading *P. Lost* entirely of the Satanic party; for, is he not an elevated spirit whom merit and the popular voice would exalt above an absolute, irresponsible legitimacy? Your real devil to hate, is not the high and tragic Satan, but your taunting, cold, sarcastic demon—the Mephistopheles of Goethe—a slightly-

exaggerated Randolph! But hold! this is a pretty kind of *diablerie* I am getting into.

I dare guess, Sir, that you cannot yourself decide what part you are to take in the coming events. I hope you do not consider our emancipation from the Jackson party as hopeless. Such is not the sentiment of our friends in Lynchburg. And I cannot but reflect that altho' J's majority of Electoral votes was overwhelming, yet every vote that went to make up the 95 was narrowly gained. So in fact the struggle was very critical. Let our friends but stand firm, & we will see a brighter day soon. And be assured, we trust much to that intensity of purpose, that vehemence of soul which have always characterized you. In the December of 1824 I was at Monticello—Mr. Webster was there also. Speaking of your enthusiasm in high designs, Mr. Jefferson with great emphasis said, "*Quicquid vult, valde vult*"; the words were so apt, the tone so deep, and falling from him on a mute audience, that I scarcely wondered when Mr. Webster involuntarily moved his lips after the sage, and repeated the glowing words. It is a rare effect of successful oratory to force your auditors to utter your *words*, as they fall from your mouth! Present me to Mrs. Clay, and do not reprove me for laughing at our misfortune, for when the time comes to act, I shall hope to offer some more solid incitement to cheerfulness.

But, while he heard and talked and wrote much politics before he went abroad, Burton Harrison's ambition for a public career seems to have been not yet aroused; he aspired, despite his youth, to sit in a college chair. His first literary reputation was made by an address which he delivered at Hampden-Sidney College in September, 1827, entitled "*A Discourse on the Prospects of Letters and Taste in Virginia.*" This was a plea for a revival in Virginia of philosophical studies, and was read throughout the State in pamphlet form, bringing him much discriminat-

ing praise; his assertion that "the practical loss to man, if arithmetic was reduced to counting on the fingers, would not be so great, as if poetry, the department of fancy, was wholly neglected," was widely quoted. One who heard this address delivered, pictured him to a later generation, a slender, handsome youth with a piercing blue eye and a charming presence, girt with the sash of a literary society, leaving on his audience an enduring impression of keen intellect, of persuasive and thrilling eloquence.

With the "Discourse" came into his life a new and potent intellectual force. He sent a copy to the gifted Hugh S. Legaré of South Carolina, afterward Attorney-General and Secretary of State in Tyler's cabinet, but then engaged in editing the *Southern Review* at Charleston, and so began a literary correspondence. Mr. Legaré's friendly criticism of his style was a wholesome corrective of the New England influence to which he had been subjected in the first flush of student enthusiasm. In a letter dated November 3, 1828, Legaré expresses a vigorous opinion of that influence:

I rejoice to hear you are going to Germany. You speak of yourself as a young man. Let me exhort you to lay hold of Greek and not to look back until you die. All other literature is wretched in finish and elegance when compared with the Ionian. It is a hard thing to acquire a competent knowledge of it, but every good thing is hard to be got. The Irvings & Coopers & Percivals *et id omne genus* (of whom, by the bye, you have a higher idea than I have) won't do. The soil must be properly manured & broken up before it will produce a majestic & vigorous growth. I think very little *entre nous* of those Northern smatterers. Dr. Johnson's notion of the Scotch, that every man had a mouthful & no man a bellyful of knowledge, applies to the trans Potomac people. They have yet to acquire the very rudiments of

scholarship. I never met a Northern man, except one or two, that had any idea (& then not until he had been in Europe) what the word scholarship means. You think no doubt very differently. You have, *I judge from your style*, been educated at Cambridge. But you will agree with me when you have lived thirty years or so in the world. The Bostonians, however, are in a fair way to improve, but, as for Philadelphia, New York, etc., "Souvenirs" and such stuff will satisfy their tastes and their capacities for some time to come.

I hinted to you that there was a little mannerism (that of a school) in your style. There is and it is its only fault, for in general it is very elegant and pure. It is that dainty, mincing, priggish way Everett has. Avoid that & look up to your bright Virginia sky for inspiration & a native strain.

At this time Burton Harrison began his interest in the American Colonization Society, of which he continued an active member to the end of his life. This society had been founded in 1816 on an idea expressed in Jefferson's "Notes on Virginia," and sought to solve the problem of slavery in America, by transporting free negroes to the colony founded by the society in West Africa under the name Liberia. Its campaign had succeeded in enlisting to its cause many Southern men of high ideals, especially in Virginia, but it met with persistent opposition not only from the abolitionists of the North, but also from the slaveholding planters in the Carolinas. Because this attempted solution of the vexed question had been urged by Jefferson and was advocated by Clay, and because it appealed to his imagination, Burton Harrison took up the propaganda eagerly and philosophically. His attitude would have given great satisfaction to his Quaker grandfather, but he probably did not think of that. At the anniversary meeting of the

Lynchburg Colonization Society in July, 1827, he delivered an address vindicating the society against certain recent attacks in the Senate of the United States, and this discourse was published in September, 1827, in the organ of the national society, the *African Repository and Colonial Journal*, with the editorial comment that "here are powerful arguments exhibited in a style of uncommon beauty, and with so much candor and liberality as to secure for them, we doubt not, the serious consideration of all the enlightened and unprejudiced minds in Virginia and in the United States." In January, 1828, he attended, as a delegate, the annual meeting of the national society in Washington, and there delivered another impassioned speech which was also published and distributed by the society. A copy of this speech reached the hands of Thomas Babington Macaulay in England, and on July 24, 1829, he wrote to Burton Harrison:

It is gratifying to me, as a person interested in the welfare and consequently in the concord of England and America, to learn from your letter and from the compositions which accompany it, that those literary pursuits which form the strongest bond of union between the two countries are successfully cultivated amongst you. Above all, it is gratifying to me to find that, even in those parts of the United States in which slavery exists, there are men willing and able to exert themselves for the removal of that great blemish on your laws and manners.

After Burton Harrison had returned from Europe, the Southampton negro insurrection of August, 1831, stirred Virginia to fresh and earnest consideration of the slavery question, and during the following winter the Legislature debated Thomas Jefferson Randolph's "post-natal" emancipation plan. All the intelligence

of the commonwealth was arrayed. The part of the slaveholders was advocated in a remarkable paper by Professor Dew¹ of William and Mary, who, with specious argument, lulled the fears and comforted the inertia of the slave-owning class, rooted as they already were in inherited prejudice and self-interest. To this discussion Burton Harrison contributed a powerful and closely reasoned essay, which, if less eloquent than his earlier discourses on the question, more effectively presented, with statistics and unanswerable argument, the economic disadvantage under which Virginia, as distinguished from the more Southern States where there were different agricultural conditions, must continue so long as her social régime was based on slavery. "We believe," he said, "that there is not the slightest moral turpitude in holding slaves under existing circumstances in the South. We know, too, that the ordinary condition of slaves in Virginia is not such as to make humanity weep for their lot. Our solicitations to the slaveholders, it will be perceived, are founded but little on the miseries of the blacks. We direct ourselves almost exclusively to the injuries slavery inflicts on the whites," and he illustrated his point with the remark of John Randolph of Roanoke, that the

¹ An illustration of what William and Mary represented at the time may be drawn from the life of this brilliant contemporary of Burton Harrison, who achieved a career such as he himself had planned, but upon the lines of an entirely different political faith. Thomas Roderick Dew (1802-1846) was born in King and Queen County, graduated at William and Mary in 1820, traveled and studied abroad for two years, and became a professor at William and Mary in 1827, and its president in 1836. He preached the political doctrine of Calhoun, and his "Essay in Favor of Slavery," published in 1832, had a powerful reactionary effect on the emancipation movement; indeed, it has been said that it prevented emancipation at a time when Virginia was on the very verge of accomplishing that mighty reform.

time was approaching when masters would run away from their slaves, and be advertised by the slaves in the public press. Under the title "The Slavery Question in Virginia," this essay was published in the *American Quarterly Review*, of Philadelphia, in December, 1832. It at once challenged attention and made for Burton Harrison his first reputation as a publicist.¹

In 1826, with the backing and recommendation of Mr. Jefferson and Professor Ticknor, Burton Harrison made application for a chair of French and Spanish at the University of North Carolina, and that this ambition was not altogether unjustified may be gathered from what his Harvard instructor in those languages, the celebrated Francis Sales, wrote him at the time: "In regard to French and Spanish, I can truly and conscientiously recommend you as one of the most attentive, assiduous, and intelligent pupils that I ever had; and that you are not only skilled in the understanding of the principal classics of the above-mentioned languages, but possess also a pure and correct pronunciation of them. Mr. Gherardi, your Italian instructor, I well remember, used to express the same admiration that I felt, when speaking of your eagerness, facility, and progress in acquiring his language." Later, after Mr. Jefferson's death, he sought, with the support of Mr. Madison, an appointment at the University of Virginia, but that institution, like the University of North Carolina, hesitated to assume responsibility for the wisdom of a sage of

¹ B. B. Munford's "Virginia's Attitude towards Slavery and Secession" (1909) recites the colonization movement and gives Burton Harrison credit for his part in it. This interesting essay also shows how strong was the Whig influence in Virginia for the preservation of the Union, and demonstrates that Virginia seceded only when threatened with invasion by Lincoln's call to arms.

twenty-four, however clever; and they bade him wait. The determination of the University of Virginia was communicated in a considerate note from Mr. Madison:

Montpellier, Aug. 15, 1828.

Dear Sir:

I received in due time your letter of July 3, the contents of which were made known to the Visitors of the University. It was my intention to have acknowledged it before I left the Spot: But the arrangement made for the Chair of Ancient Languages, vacated by Mr. Long, being one of the very last acts of the Board, it was put out of my power by the fatigue of a long session & the hurry of my departure. And since my return a constant succession, with an accumulation during my protracted absence, of demands on my attention, have had a like effect. What I am now to communicate is that the Board in its anxiety to replace Mr. Long in the fullest sense of the term, adopted the expedient of appointing for one year, one of his most advanced Pupils:¹ and of adding to the field of choice at home the chance of obtaining a successor from that which furnished Mr. Long: a negotiation having that object being directed by the Board. I wished to give you this information not only as a mark of

¹ Professor George Long was an Englishman, a graduate of Cambridge, and had come to Virginia in 1824 to be the first professor of ancient languages at the University of Virginia. In 1828 he returned to England to become professor of Greek at University College, London, a chair he filled many years, exercising much influence on classical scholarship in England. His translation of the "Meditations" of the Roman Emperor Marcus Aurelius and his history of the "Decline of the Roman Republic" are standard works to-day.

Professor Long's "most advanced pupil," who was chosen by the Visitors of the University of Virginia to succeed him temporarily until another English scholar might be found, was Gessner Harrison of Harrisonburg, Virginia, who held the chair for many years with equal credit to the university and to himself. He left a deep imprint of his character and learning upon the youth of Virginia during thirty-four years.

my respect, but as a more exact view of the course taken by the Board of Visitors than you might derive from any other source.

I avail myself of the occasion to thank you, Sir, for the copy with which I was favored, of your address to the Lit. & Philos. Society of Hampden-Sidney College. I read with much pleasure, the instructive & interesting observations with which it abounded on the very important subject which led to them.

I pray you to accept, Sir, assurances of my esteem, and my cordial salutations.

JAMES MADISON.

J. B. Harrison, Esqr.

Burton Harrison was more than disappointed; he was quite unnecessarily mortified. Having opportunely collected a sum of money which was owing him, he precipitately put into execution a plan which he had been nursing for several years. Without saying where he was going, he left home and wrote from Richmond to his sympathetic brother-in-law, Mr. Norvell, asking him to advise his father that he was going abroad for study and travel. Though somewhat chagrined by the character of the leave-taking, Samuel Jordan Harrison rose nobly to the occasion—wrote an affectionate letter to his son, full of generous approval of his plans and sympathy with his tastes, sent him money, told him to live like a gentleman but without extravagance, and bade him God-speed.

On June 2, 1829, Burton Harrison embarked for a residence at Göttingen and a grand tour. He carried with him an ample supply of letters of introduction from Virginia and from Boston, including this official recommendation of the Secretary of State:

Department of State,
Washington, May 25, 1829.

Dear Sir:

Mr. J. Burton Harrison, a young Virginian, whose excellent character and devotion to learning procured for him at a very early age the particular regard of Mr. Jefferson & of Professor Ticknor of Harvard, to whom he was recommended, is now, by his thirst for knowledge and the laudable desire to qualify himself thoroughly for advancing the cause of literature in his native land, drawn across the Atlantic. As the country where the sources from which he wishes to drink are become proverbially copious & pure, Germany is the chief object of his pilgrimage.

Should opportunities occur for promoting his object and his comfort while pursuing it, your availing yourself of them will be esteemed a favor by

Yr very respectful & ob: servt,
M. VAN BUREN.

Christopher Hughes, Esq.,

Chargé d'affaires of the United States, to the Netherlands.

His first letter to his father, written at sea, contained an interesting anecdote of an encounter with Aaron Burr in New York:

I ought not to forget a somewhat odd adventure that befel me at New York. I called at the door of Col. Burr one day and left a card desiring that he would give me the address of Guillet in Paris, who married his ward. I expected a note to be sent to my lodgings, but next morning the bar-keeper informed me that the old gentleman in person waited in the parlor to see me. I think, sir, you saw him in 1806. His small dark eyes are yet very full of spirit, and his person, tho' I had been told he neglected it, had the air of an old courtier. Altogether, I do not think I have ever seen a more consummate manner; a more supple, disciplined face or figure. He apprehended that I should miss Guillet as he was

JESSE BURTON HARRISON OF NEW ORLEANS

expected to sail about this time for America, but he would give me a letter to his brother; gave me a deal of advice concerning means of alleviating sea-sickness, recommended Ballstown water & offered to send a servant to conduct me to a shop for it. I was a little startled by this unexpected civility! I told him I would send around for the letter in the afternoon, but with much readiness he said: "No! You must come over yourself," and so in the afternoon I went to see the old conspirator. He told me many interesting traits of the people in the north of Europe, and among other things said that the hostility of Mr. Jefferson and the government to him made his traveling in Europe quite uncomfortable. Genl. Armstrong had orders to denounce him to the French police as a British spy, and accordingly he was watched in every coach, hotel & street where he went; this, he did not discover 'til at Weimar, a little German principality, where the late Grand-Duchess told him that every thing he said & did that evening would be communicated to Paris next morning, and so it turned out as the Duke of Bassano afterwards told him. He promised to bring me the letter next morning before the hour of sailing, but he did not come then. I had quite forgotten him, when, just about a mile from the wharf, a boat came alongside of the ship, and "a gentleman to see Mr. Harrison" was announced. I hastened to the side of the ship, looked over and beheld old Catiline himself reclining in it with a letter in his hand. He had gone to the wrong wharf, begged many pardons for his apparent neglect and so gave me his "God bless you" and vanished.¹

The voyage from New York to Havre took twenty-seven days, by the packet *Charlemagne*. It is worth

¹ He heard of Burr again at Weimar, whence he wrote:

"A resident here is Sir James Lawrence, a native of Jamaica and Knight of Malta, who knew some of our Skipwits and Tayloes of Mt. Airy, whom he was pleased to call, by mistake, *Tadler*. He, one evening, was telling me of Col. Burr's calling on him in London, on the occasion of a book he had published concerning an imaginary republic without marriage in it, called 'The Empire of the Nairs,' and his proposal to carry L. to America to found such a state on the Mississippi."

recording that the passage cost \$140 and that there were to be had on the transatlantic packets of that day creature conveniences which were perhaps quite as desirable as the luxuries of the modern leviathan liners. "It is impossible," wrote Burton Harrison, "to conceive of greater comfort at sea than the *Charlemagne* had to offer us. Besides an excellent and inexhaustible larder, with every species of good wines and desserts, we have a little garden for lettuce, live fowls, not yet half consumed twenty days out, a number of sheep, pigs, kids, and all the usual supplies of a fine hotel on land."

In Paris Burton Harrison's credentials opened to him the doors of polite society. At Lafayette's evening parties he met the novelists Lady Morgan and Mrs. Opie, the latter managing, since her conversion to Quakerism by Gurney, "the Quaker pope," to combine with her austere religion a love of society and pretty clothes. He consorted with Talleyrand, Benjamin Constant, and Cuvier; he saw Taglioni dance, heard Sontag and Garcia sing, and at the play saw Mlle. Mars, at fifty-six still "the first comic actress of France."

At Paris was then assembled a melancholy congregation of American diplomats who had just been ruthlessly displaced by President Jackson's spoils system, and their mutual woes caused much good-humored hilarity. There were expatriated secretaries of legation like John Adams Smith, whose name and occupation suggest a character not unknown to American society of later generations, but they were mostly Virginians. Indeed, Burton Harrison fell upon quite a Virginia "connection." There was Mr. James Brown, the retiring Minister to France, who was a "cousin" through his marriage with the sister of Mrs.

Henry Clay; he had emigrated from Virginia to Kentucky, and thence to Louisiana, and there had accumulated the fortune which enabled him to entertain lavishly in Paris, and so make his departure regretted by the American colony, especially when they learned that his successor, Mr. William Cabell Rives, another Virginian, expected to live on his salary. Then there was Dr. Robert Henry Cabell of Richmond, a cousin of the new Minister, and of kin to Burton Harrison through the Jordans; he had been "walking" the French and Italian hospitals for two years, and now was about to return to his practice, armed with a grand piano and a harp for the musical Mrs. Landon Cabell of Lynchburg. General Winfield Scott, whose wife was a sister to Mrs. Cabell, was there, as were Mr. James Barbour, the retiring Minister to England and former Secretary of War in J. Q. Adams's cabinet, and Beaufort Watts, the latter *en route* to join the American legation in Russia. With this little group of Virginians Burton Harrison forgathered and in their company saw Paris. One of his letters contains a merry account of a *partie carré* at the Café de Paris, where he dined with Cabell, Barbour, and Richard Rush, the son of the Signer, who himself had been Attorney-General, Secretary of State, Minister to England, and Secretary of the Treasury, but who, despite his nominally large experience of the world, amused his companions by demanding, at the first restaurant of Paris, turtle soup and champagne with it!

Of the "American colony" in Paris, Burton Harrison wrote to Mr. Clay:

I remained seven weeks in Paris and found many Americans there, whom I met at the 4th of July dinner. I cannot say that I was proud of the countrymen I became acquainted with in Paris. A shameful ignorance of their own country,

and either a frivolous inclination to waste time in cafés and other public places, or to imitate the traveling English in their extravagant tastes and alien follies, made them among the least interesting persons I met. An English Dandy is often a very intellectual person; he brings from the University as much learning as a parson needs to have, very usually; but heaven help ours for their little wit. I mention no names, tho' I have not failed to individualize this sweeping censure.

To this Mr. Clay replied:

I am not surprised that you should form so unfavorable an opinion of our countrymen whom you met at Paris. I was obliged to adopt a similar opinion of those whom I saw there in 1815. It is to be regretted that so few of them who visit that captivating metropolis are able to resist the temptations to indulgence which it presents.

From Paris Burton Harrison journeyed through Holland and Belgium, and thence up the Rhine. At Ghent he had his first taste of German hospitality:

Having been favored with a letter from a friend in Paris to Bernhard, Duke of Saxe-Weimar,¹ who is the Governor of the City, I walked to his house, but was vexed to learn that he was staying in the country, about a league and a half out

¹ Bernhard, Duke of Saxe-Weimar, was the younger son of the Grand Duke Karl August of Saxe-Weimar-Eisenach, and had made his career in foreign service, first under Napoleon, who gave him the cross of the Legion of Honor on the battle-field of Wagram, and now in 1829 was serving the King of the Netherlands. In 1825-1826 he made an extensive tour of the United States, the first royal visitor, and in 1828 published at Weimar his "*Reise Seiner Hoheit des Herzogs Bernhard zu Sachsen-Weimar-Eisenach durch Nord-Amerika, in den Jahren 1825 und 1826.*" It was edited by Luden, the Jena professor of history, and, from internal evidence, the editing was much of the character of that which Betsinda gave to the drawings of the Princess Angelica in "*The Rose and the Ring.*" In Josiah Quincy's "*Figures of the Past*" there is an entertaining account of Prince Bernhard's visit to John Adams.

of town. The military valet, however, for a small fee, promised to send him my letter and card, and I hoped to have a message of civility in the morning. Accordingly, when I came in from my walk, after breakfast, the waiter informed me, that Monseigneur, in person, was waiting for me. I stepped down, and was announced; he rose with great politeness, shook my hand, made me put on my hat, and desired that I wd. go out with him to dinner. He speaks very good English, loves America, of which he knows more than all the Americans I have seen in Europe, remembering the names of towns, petty villages, private individuals, private anecdotes and everything in fact. He is a colossal figure; tho' not very highly intellectual, he is a judicious, sensible man and greatly respected by everybody in Ghent. He carried me to the University rooms, a magnificent new establishment on the site, as he exultingly said, of a Jesuit church. He showed me next to the house of Mr. Schamp, which was the residence of the American Ministers, Rue des Champs, No. 1. A fine collection of pictures is shown in the house; I inquired, with much delicacy, for the lady who drew tears from Mr. Adams, and eloquence unsuccessful *then* for the first time, from the noble Clay, but I could not see her. From his house, we entered his carriage, a light open phaeton of Russian construction, and we soon whirled out to his country house. The conversation during the ride & all day reminded me more impressively of America than any other occurrences ever have. The house is an old château, surrounded by a sheet of water, and very pleasant avenues, gardens & orchards. Entered, I found the room hung as much with American recollections, as German; rifles from the U. S., prints of North River scenery, etcet. The Duchess, who is of the house of Saxe-Meiningen, is a pleasant lady, speaking English with saintlike fortitude; his eldest child is a fair haired miss of 12, his next a fine boy of 10½, an officer receiving pay, after which come four others; he has also lost three. These, he says, are worthy of making a Virginia dessert, alluding to the custom of bringing in the children at the end of dinner. Having finished dinner, we walked into the

grounds, sat on a little mound called Mt. Washington, under which we wound down thro' a subterranean passage called Mammoth's Cave, after that in Kentucky; he has also a Virginia fawn and an American Tortoise. In the evening, came a dozen officers & several ladies, who drank tea & then departed. The tutor to the children is an amiable young man from Göttingen. I ought not to forget that as we rose from dinner he had some bread brought, & going to a balcony threw some into the lake, on which a shoal of carp immediately pounced, rising up to the surface and gamboling with great glee. He said, Mr. Duponceau had sent him his review, in Walsh's,¹ of his book; the exception taken by D. to some expressions of his, he says, results from his not having a perfect familiarity with German, tho' D. reads the language with respectable facility. About sunset, generously supplied with three letters for the immortal Goethe, at his brother's court, & two other distinguished men, he put me in the Russian Kibitka, and away I rolled, refreshed with thoughts of my dear Fatherland, and delighted with this, my first acquaintance with a man of elevated rank.

He visited the universities of Bonn and Jena, and was received by Schlegel, the translator of Shakespeare, and by Luden, the historian, and reached Göttingen in September, 1829. There he remained until the spring, diligently at work in classical and philosophical studies. His facility in languages, which had already enabled him to conquer French and Spanish and to acquire some Italian, put him in possession of a working knowledge of German in two months. His part in the "Burschenleben" was much that experienced by Ticknor and Everett ten years before,² and his home letters were spirited pictures of months full of hard work with a judicious admixture of whole-

¹ The *American Quarterly Review*, edited by R. Walsh, for September, 1828.

² Cf. Ticknor's "Life and Letters," Vol. I, p. 87.

some fun. We select his account of his presentation of his letters of introduction to the professors:

Blumenbach, the renowned professor of comparative anatomy, a name dear to Englishmen & Americans for 50 years, is now over eighty, has been professor here for 54 years, has been married now 50 years, and is, next to the great poet, the most celebrated man in Germany. I had a letter from Mr. Ticknor to him, & called very soon. At the door, he is to be asked for as Mr. Upper Medical Counsellor Blumenbach; (for life & death are not so important matters as titles here). The maid asks your name; you wait in the open hall below 'til she returns to say whether you can be received. I followed up three pair of stairs to his study, knocked, and all at once heard a sound audible a hundred yards—"Herein," (come in), opened the door, and met him coming towards me with open arms, and overpowering me with a shower of German. I asked him if he wd. speak French, he replied in German "No! Not a word." I knew he spoke it very well—"then, English, Sir"; "Perhaps," he replied, but in the most amusing loud sharp tone I ever heard. Being seated, I had leisure to observe him; he wore a flat crowned, green velvet cap and a long coarse shaggy surtout. Thro' the conversation which succeeded, his voice passed by the most abrupt transitions from soft to harsh, from low to high, abounding in sudden shouts or shrieks, & in poohs! of the most uncouth sort. The first thing he did was to open my letter & read my name. "Burton is your Christian name?" I told him, my mother's name. "Well! There 's a book—oh! very singular book—pooh! Anatomy of Melancholy—by Burton—, descended from him perhaps." I disclaimed the honor. Then he went on to enlarge on the book, received very graciously what I said about it. Reading what Mr. Ticknor said about my being a friend of Mr. Jefferson's: "Jefferson? Oh! He has written such a fine book on Virginia. Whew! I have it all by heart." Recommending me to keep a good heart about the difficulty of learning German, he said George III had sent the Dukes of Cumberland, Sussex

& Cambridge here to be educated, & put them, I think, under his care, with orders not to speak a word of English, "Except when strangers called on them perhaps—pooh! that of course." They learned German perfectly, but forgot their English. He spoke of the Americans who had been here with great affection, told me to come of an evening, he wd. introduce me to his lady & daughter & I might sit at the same tea table where Ticknor & Everett had sat. He had portraits of the Indian Red Jacket & the African Prince Abdul Rahman from America; had been lately thrown into great raptures by "*Wilson's! Ornithology!* (just received) *continued! by! Lucien! Bonaparte!*"—making a prodigious shout of the voice at the end of each word. He is a rare character, very kind, attentive, & polite to young men; his lectures are interspersed with amusing & valuable anecdotes and plentifully dashed with such phrases as "Thou Lord Jesus," "Thou warm-hearted God" and poohs unnumbered. His lady I did not see, 'til I could speak a little German. She is to be asked for at the door by her husband's full title. Is Mrs. Upper Medical Counsellorina (Counsellor) Blumenbach at home? She is near his age, is rather deaf, but very well bred & civil. The daughter (but who, thank heaven! is not entitled to her father's long title) is a fine young woman & knows English pretty well.

The next family I went to see was Mrs. Chancery Directress Wedemeyer, lady of the Chief Justice of the Hanoverian Court of this district. She speaks perfect English, is a most elegant, accomplished lady & at this time is the patroness of American merit. I have spent many pleasant evenings there, and avow a most favorable opinion of the minds & cultivation of German ladies. At her house, I always meet the three Fräuleins von Laffert, daughters of the Government Inspector of the University, agreeable & rather pretty, whose father spent four years in America during General Washington's Presidency & knows all the men & events of that day, speaks English perfectly, & has taken notice of me very politely to make numerous inquiries about the later history of those men, then conspicuous. Here I am glad to be quite at home on all subjects of American private

history which no American that I have seen abroad is at all; I confess I can't so readily answer his shrewd inquiries about the Chesapeake canal, railroads & the like, tho' not wholly ignorant.

Another letter was to a Mr. Göschen, who happens to be engaged to be married, and I mention him now, in order to give Elizabeth & Lucy an idea of the German etiquette in that interesting situation. When the betrothing is settled, the two parties send out to their friends a card with their names on it and "commend themselves as betrothed," or engaged. This done, they may now walk together alone, which before ed. by no means be allowed. When the marriage has taken place, which is rather private, then issues another card, as thus, "Adolf Göschen—Frederika Göschen, born Jeoden, commend themselves as *done together*." There are two expressions for this last idea of becoming one, either a blacksmith's phrase—welded together—or a tailor's—stitched together—, just as the parties fancy.

A fourth letter was to Mr. Professor Dissen, a renowned Greek scholar. He is in very feeble health, and is remarkable for having none of the gluey substance in his bones, which keeps the chalky substance firm & flexible; for want of this *gelatine*, as medical men call it, every now and then, when the little man is walking, or throws one leg over the other, it snaps like a pipe stem. I observed him to be exceedingly short-sighted, and in perpetual apprehension of taking cold from the least exposure, from a cold man visiting him and coming too close to him (this I have heard told of others, but as a fiction—here it is true) or from a damp newspaper, before it is aired at the stove. He is a tremulous, silent, bowing little man, but after all content with his lot of life, for he can read Pindar better than any but one man in the world and equal to him. This is glory! Poor bundle of clay pipe-stems, what would I take to exchange my chest fearless of cold, my running, strutting, waltzing limbs against Pindar and the shivers?

Last, I had to call on Mr. Professor Saalfeld, the Professor of Politics, a laughing, gay little man, speaking capital English, a great lover of America, a despiser of England and

a genuine good-fellow. He always swears two English oaths when we visit him, to convince us he does know the language, the most diverting thing in the world. My letter was from Mr. Amory; another American who accompanied me had one from Mr. Ticknor. Eager to show his perfect acquaintance with his American friends, he took mine: "Ah! from Mr. Lyman" (Genl. Lyman of Boston). I said no. Then the other, "Ah! from Mr. Thorndike." Wrong again. We spoke of Mr. Clay's retirement in Kentucky; presently of Randolph. "Randolph—ha! Randolph's from Kentucky!" What does papa think Mr. Randolph would say to such a mistake?

In March, Burton Harrison was at Weimar, after a pedestrian excursion in the Harz Mountains. In "white breeches, sword, and chapeau," he was, on Sunday, April 4, presented at the court of Saxe-Weimar-Eisenach, then still the Athens of German literature, for although the Grand Duke Karl August, the patron of Goethe and Schiller, was recently dead, the tradition of his reign still survived at the levees and evening parties of his son Karl Friedrich, the brother of the Prince Bernhard whom Burton Harrison had met at Ghent. He was made welcome in the court society, and he stayed a month in attendance, being received twice most graciously by the grand duchess, who was Maria Pavlowna, sister to the Czar Alexander I.

He had presented his letter from Prince Bernhard to Goethe, and received an appointment to call. In Goethe's "Tagebücher," published at Weimar in 1901, are the entries:

1830, März 24. Ein Amerikaner Harrison, empfohlen von Herzog Bernhard, meldete sich. . . . März 25. Herr Harrison aus Virginien, empfohlen von Herzog Bernhard. . . .

The following account of the visit is taken from the notes of a hurried diary:¹

Next day at 11 drove to his Excellency v. Goethe's. House rather extensive and of pretty fair exterior: 2 stories with a comfortable attic, the latter appropriated to Madame de Goethe's receptions, the house flanked by a *porte cochère* on each side. Found a little confusion below as I drove up, the *bonne* being in expectation of the Duchess. Conducted up. Passed two bronzes from antiques, besides a bronze greyhound. At threshold of his receiving rooms "Salve" written. He dressed in brown surtout, wrapped round his body. Noble presence. Rich, rather voluptuous cheerful expression of ye eye and in a supreme degree of the mouth, though somewhat collapsed. The portrait from Stieler at request of the King of Bavaria, who visited him on his birthday in 1828, representing him holding a letter in his hand signed "Ludwig," of which a fac simile hangs in Madame de Goethe's rooms, is altogether perfect.² The room was crowded with bits of relief, medals, etc., showing the direction towards studies in art which his mind has for some years taken. His *eigentliches Arbeitszimmer*, as Miss Froriep³ tells me, no

¹ Mr. L. L. Mackall, an American scholar now resident at Jena, one of the editors of the new standard edition of Goethe's *Conversations* ("Goethe's Gespräche, Gesamtausgabe, neu herausgegeben von Fl. Frhr. v. Biedermann unter Mitwirkung von M. Morris, H. G. Gräf und L. L. Mackall"), has made a specialty of the relations of Americans with Goethe, and at his request a copy of this extract from Burton Harrison's diary has been included in the forthcoming "Gespräche." In return, Mr. Mackall has been good enough to supply some learned and curious notes of Weimar at the time of Burton Harrison's visit.

² Burton Harrison brought home with him and hung in his New Orleans law office an engraving of the Stieler portrait, which subsequently hung in his son's dining-room in New York—a noble head. Mr. Mackall observes that it was painted by Stieler in May-June, 1828, for King Ludwig I of Bavaria, and is in the Old Pinakothek in Munich. The king gave Goethe a copy by Stieler's nephew, Fr. Dürck, which Goethe thought was by Stieler. It still hangs in Goethe's house in Weimar. The text of the letter from the king which appears in the portrait was printed in the "Goethe Jahrbuch, 1902," p. 48.

³ Emma von Froriep was the only daughter of Ober-Medizinal-Rath Lud-

foreigner is allowed to see, from a just dread of indecent exposure to the travel reading public. He saluted me unexpectedly in French, asked pertinent and shrewd questions about Virginia, evidently determined to make me the talker; seemed well acquainted with general plan of Mr. Jefferson's university.¹ I explained to him its connection with the State. Asked where I was educated—Harvard. Praised Everett "*une bonne tête*," had read many of his productions; seemed, however, to confound the two brothers. If young men from America any longer went to England for their education. Spoke of Duke B.'s enthusiastic attachment to America. Made a hasty adieu, exceedingly soft hand. Wished me success in life. I agree with other strangers that his manner is not free from a slight embarrassment; he is evidently not quite easy in his French.²

wig Friedrich von Froriep (1779–1847), who had married a daughter of the learned and scholarly publisher, Fr. J. Bertuch (1747–1822), and acquired Bertuch's famous Landes-Industrie-Comptoir with its great geographical institute. Bertuch had been one of the Weimar Court of the Muses during the time of the Grand Duke Karl August. (Cf. *Allgemeine Deutsche Biographie*, Vol. II, p. 552). Burton Harrison formed a sincere friendship with Dr. Froriep, and after he got home to Virginia wrote him the letter of September 1, 1831, which is quoted hereafter. This letter was found among Dr. Froriep's papers at Weimar in the possession of his granddaughter, Fräulein Bertha von Froriep, and was transcribed by Mr. L. L. Mackall in March, 1910.

¹ Mr. Mackall notes that Goethe borrowed Randolph's "Jefferson" from the grand-ducal library at Weimar May 14–22, 1830, "possibly as a result of Goethe's interest in Jefferson having been aroused by your grandfather."

² It is interesting to recall that Thackeray was at Weimar and was received by Goethe three months later than Burton Harrison. Thackeray's account of his reception is so strikingly like that just quoted that it is here appended. It was contained in a letter from Thackeray to Lewes, written in 1855 (Lewes, "Goethe," p. 559):

"Of course I remember very well the perturbation of spirit with which, as a lad of nineteen, I received the long expected intimation that the Herr Geheimrath would see me on such a morning. This notable audience took place in a little ante chamber of his private apartments, covered all round with antique casts and bas reliefs. He was habited in a long grey or drab redingote, with a white neck cloth and a red ribbon

From Weimar Burton Harrison went to Berlin, stopping *en route* at Leipzig, then the center of the inland trade of Europe, where the Occident and the Orient met for barter. Here he rejoiced in the greatest book-market of the world, a congress of publishers. "I called on Black, of London," he writes, "who sho'd me the prospectus and list of subscribers of Webster's dictionary, which he is to publish, the best, he said, undoubtedly, in the language, tho' Lord Liverpool had said to him 'No! No! we don't go to America for our English at least.' " Berlin he found dull, it being the summer season, and most of those to whom his letters were addressed were away; but he spent his time usefully in making some economic investigations requested by Henry Clay: as to "the practical inconveniences to which Germany is subjected by the division and subdivision of it into Independent States. Useful admonition may, I presume," added Mr. Clay, "be drawn from that fact against the division of our own Union, the greatest misfortune which could befall our country"; as to what observations might be made upon the status of the Russian serfs

in his button hole. He kept his hands behind his back, just as in Rauch's statuette. His complexion was very bright, clear and rosy. His eyes extraordinarily dark, piercing and brilliant. I felt quite afraid before them and recollect comparing them to the eyes of the hero of a certain romance called 'Melmoth, the Wanderer,' which used to alarm us boys thirty years ago; eyes of an individual who had made a bargain with a Certain Person and at an extreme old age retained these eyes in all their awful splendour. I fancied Goethe must have been still more handsome as an old man than even in the days of his youth. His voice was very rich and sweet. He asked me questions about myself, which I answered as best I could. I recollect I was at first astonished and then somewhat relieved when I found he spoke French with not a good accent."

Life at Weimar enamoured Thackeray of literature and persuaded him to abandon his purpose of being called to the bar. Upon Burton Harrison it had precisely the opposite effect!

to aid in consideration of the negro question in America; and as to the state of German manufactures and the protection extended to them by government: on all of these questions he reported intelligently to Mr. Clay. He was received most hospitably at Tegel by the Baron Karl Wilhelm von Humboldt, the brother of the traveler, and himself a first-rate scholar in comparative linguistics, as well as a minister of state. At Karlsbad he found further opportunity to indulge in his hearty diversion of dancing:

I waltzed here with noble envy against the Spanish Secretary of Legation from Dresden, a most sublime fellow and the best waltzer I ever saw—the ladies complimented me by saying I danced like a native *Deutscher*, but I shook my head—the Don was beyond me.

After visiting Munich and making a pedestrian excursion through Switzerland, he was in Venice in September, and he remained in Italy until the spring of 1831. At Rome he was at first much gratified and impressed by the condescending hospitality with which he was received by his banker, Torlonia, Duke of Bracciano, until he learned that the splendid entertainments of that prince of amphitryons were open to all his customers, who paid for them in excessive rates of exchange.

He summed up the experiences of this winter in a letter written to his friend Dr. Froriep of Weimar, on September 1, 1831, after his return to Virginia:

After leaving Berlin I came to Dresden, where I spent a day or two with Fenimore Cooper, receiving the first news of the French Revolution. Cooper with his wife and three children immediately set off for Paris—I went into the Baths of Töplitz and Karlsbad for ten days. Cooper passed through Weimar and when I met him afterwards in Paris he ridi-

culed the town: we waged a war often about it.¹ At München I was joined by a young Scotchman of my acquaintance who went with me to Switzerland: at Constance we turned pedestrians and walked about a hundred leagues in fourteen days. We entered the diligence at Geneva, crossed the Simplon to Milan, thence through Verona to Venice.

I do not know how it is with you Germans, but surely the English imagination comes to Venice prepared in the fittest manner to enjoy its strange and semi-barbarous pomp, and to muse on its shadowy grandeur as with a feeling of a pre-existent life spent in it ages ago. Did it not seem to you more imposing to the fancy than any other possible scene, unless it yield to Constantinople? From Venice—dear, dreamy, grotesque Venice—I passed through Bologna to Florence, where I spent October, thence to Rome where I passed the Winter. I made the acquaintance of Mons. de Kölle there; he is certainly well acquainted with Rome and Italy, and an accomplished man. It was my good fortune to witness the whole round of the grand old historical ceremonies of the Papal government, at the death of Pius VIII, the going into conclave, the election, consecration and coronation of Gregory XVI, with the carnival and the illumination of St. Peter's, and the fireworks at St. Angelo. I was not able to add to this list the ceremonies of Holy Week; for, after a short trip to Naples I was obliged to return to Paris in the end of February, which I did by land entirely, over Genoa, Turin, Mont Cenis and Lyons. When we arrived at the first posthouse above Suze on Mont Cenis we were uncomfortably surprised by learning that five avalanches had blocked up the road, and so we resigned ourselves in the hope that the peasants and the cantonniers would speedily

¹ Mr. Mackall comments on this passage: "Goethe read Fenimore Cooper's books with great interest and admired them, but Cooper considered Goethe merely a 'coddled celebrity' whose reputation would soon die out. Cf. the strange passage in Cooper's 'Residence in France,' etc., Letter XIV (Philadelphia, 1836, II, 25 f.), which naturally roused the ire of Goethe's friend Riemer ('Mittheilungen über Goethe,' Berlin, 1841, I, 424, 477). On Goethe's reading Cooper's works, I gave a note in the 'Goethe Jahrbuch, 1904,' p. 21 (n. 3)."

clear it out for us. Here we passed three days in conjugating the verb, *je m'ennuie*, and studying the anatomy of veal, for we had nothing else to eat. We had *côtelettes de veau*, *potage de veau*, *tête de veau*, *pieds de veau*, etc. and just as we were completing the physiology of calf, on the third night, the magnificent Prince de Carignan came by and forced a passage: we sailed through next day voting unanimously that he deserved to be King forthwith.

In Italy I met hosts of Germans of every character, and was positively often taken for a German myself—not on account of the purity of my language, (this would not have been surprising) but from my physiognomy! I was one day standing at a bookstall in Florence, when a man came up and after looking at me earnestly said in German: “you certainly are a German!” I conversed with him: he was from Gotha, a physician, and knew you, so for your sake I excused his impertinence. I had not supposed my appearance very German, though I recollect I had a German silk hat on, which upon my honor I bought in Weimar for castor. May the silk hat be called a feature of the German national physiognomy? After two months in Paris I went to London for a short time. I have a thousand and one reasons for not liking England, which I will spare you, only hinting that I am preparing an essay to be a *grand attack on the whole English civilization* in which I shall tear up all things like a very giant of Solfatara. You will read it in the *North American Review* one day.¹

In March he was again in Paris, with his home pennant flying. The Revolution of July had overturned the government since last he was in France, and all the talk was once more of liberty, equality, and fraternity:

Last evening, I dined with Mr. Julien, editor of the *Revue Encyclopédique*, and a large body of literary men, a regular

¹ It was actually published in Legaré's *Southern Review* for February, 1832.

dinner this, every second Tuesday in the month. Santander and Lablache, the great basso of the Italian opera, were the only notabilities. After dinner a great many *toasts* (so pronounced) were drunk; first to Poland and Italy, then Belgium, Greece, Spain, besides private healths plumply put, and finally we swilled (it was *vin ordinaire* at 10 cents a bottle) to the freedom of the human race. Mr. Julien, by the way, was formerly private Secretary to Robespierre. The speeches accompanying these toasts were for all the world like our own. Tho' Frenchmen do not want fluency, they rarely speak well extempore; they instantly fall into a certain cant of sentiment which at first is a little striking, but soon wearies. I was introduced as "le right honorable Monsieur Harrison." Can't praise the dinner. Your literary *gourmand* is a sad starveling.

Before he left for England, he was much tempted by an offer which the American Minister, Mr. Rives, made to keep him as secretary of legation, but he remembered a violent anti-Jackson speech which he had made at home in the campaign of 1828, and he justly feared that when the President heard of him, his term of office would be summarily ended; so he turned his face resolutely homeward.

He had a taste of London society, being entertained by his banker, Samuel Rogers, the poet; he renewed his acquaintance with Professor George Long; and he made a friend of Macaulay, with whom he had previously corresponded. His letters also opened to him more fashionable, if less intellectual, doors. In a note transmitting some introductions, Mr. Clay said:

The Earl of Westmoreland, to whom one of them is addressed, was, when I knew him, a frank, open-hearted, generous person, but not of the first order of intellect. I thought it likely he might introduce you into a circle which you might wish to see something of.

Burton Harrison's political philosophy, from his initiation at the feet of Jefferson to his graduation in the school of Clay, was all anti-English, and during his winter in Italy his experience with English tourists had confirmed him in a disapprobation of the English character which hardened as he grew older. From Paris he had written that he fairly dreaded the necessity of staying two whole weeks in the London he had never seen, and we may judge that his prejudice was not materially affected by the courtesies which he received at the hands of his English hosts, from his observations in the essay on "English Civilization," published soon after his return to Virginia:

Another legitimate topic is the actual degree of refinement in England. Observing travellers inform us that the aristocratic sentiment has even advanced with gigantic strides in English society in the last fifty years, while in France it is virtually extinct. That it pervades the Whigs as thoroughly as the Tories, thus rendering that which was the most odious feature of Toryism an essential quality of the name Englishman. That it exhibits itself in its upward aspect servile, and in its downward supercilious and repulsive. Never saw the world such private fortunes, nor so many of them, never such perfection in the common arts of life, never greater luxury and certainly never so artificial a state of society. The leading alteration which manners have suffered in the present century, undoubtedly, is the appearance for the first time of a systematized coldness or apathy, which, beginning in the upper ranks, is spreading every where. Not to admire is all the art they know: were Horace, who was we take it the first of this school, to come among them now, he would be tartly reprimanded we fear for the positive buoyancy of his character. Enthusiasm is the single horror of these people. We wish we had a few specimens of the negative, passionless, unpretending style in our com-

munity, which is composed, in two great parts, of men perpetually intent on popular admiration, of over polite, bustling, enthusiastic people. But the stoicism of Grosvenor Square, in becoming national, will not fail to serve as an extinguisher of much vivacity of mind and heart, and may go far to reduce our *Inglese* to a very dull, selfish person. What apology for dullness, and cloak for inferiority of soul, was ever invented equal to this? Of necessity, this new style is accompanied by the introduction of a perfect system of exclusive *castes*. It is quite true that the reign of the Exquisites is ended, and that of the Exclusives begun: the Dandies are voted to have been too violent pretenders, and a *recherché* simplicity is voted in. In the exclusive system the rival claims of blood and wealth have been nicely adjusted, and now people may associate without losing dignity, i.e. with their own set. To be sure the system makes one Englishman singularly afraid of another, or singularly rude to him, whom he meets without knowing him, at the same time that they both would agree to shower honour on a foreigner to whom they may attribute any sphere they please. We sadly suspect, however, that this artificial arrangement is a miserable servitude, that tortures like the rack many a luckless monster with a sympathetic, social, communicative turn. The Englishman is still the best horseman and the gentlest sportsman in Europe—he claims to be the best dressed man: perhaps he is. Though he must be admitted to have the poorest national cuisine extant, yet he has the sagacity to hire foreign science, and avenges the unwillingness of *Minerve Gourmande* by unlimited cant. Though he never comes to speak French well, yet he manages to talk more French in his English than Old Burton would have cited of all his languages, in the same length of time. . . . After all, in point of whatever goes to make up manhood, we fear that the present apathetic, exclusive English, though they have passed the Catholic Bill, and may pass the Reform Bill, yet are hardly worth the men of Merton and Runnymede.

After two years' absence Burton Harrison reached home in June, 1831. His sincere affection for his family was not altered, but his entire intellectual philosophy had suffered a sea-change. On September 1, 1831, he wrote from Lynchburg to his friend Dr. Froriep at Weimar:

Will it be any pleasure to you to know that I am at length safely returned from my long exile, and am enjoying the congratulations of my friends, among whom I find little change,—in the bosom of a numerous circle of father, mother, brothers and sisters, all of whom are alive and in good health? I myself had visited all the climates of Europe, without ever being sick half an hour, in two years. What good Providence has granted me this happiness? Did I not tell you how many objects of solicitude I had left in America, and how I trembled whenever I received a letter from home lest some dear one might be lost to me? but I have found them all together, with beating hearts, and a place in those hearts for me! My memory blesses many of the spots where I found pleasant scenes and attached friends in Europe, but I assure you no place is surer of a long hold on my thoughts than Weimar—might I choose where I would rather spend a year, I should be much puzzled between Weimar and Paris. This is true though I suspect you will think it *un peu fort*. . . .

At last behold me at home. My native town Lynchburg was, when I left it, a pleasant little place remarkable for the picturesque character of its hilly situation, with 5000 inhabitants chiefly occupied in the commerce of Tobacco, but possessing a circle of refined people disposed to contribute in every way to the social gratification of its members. I might have hoped to enjoy here a quiet and subdued kind of pleasure after my long wanderings, but I find a prodigious revolution. I will describe it to you, for it is one of the characteristics of America at present. The whole Town with scarce any exception is over-run with a fanatical religious spirit that employs all thoughts, interrupts all business, forbids all social parties, treats all dancing as the greatest of crimes

(compassionate the necessities of my legs, so long used to the gallopade) and in fact is a "Schwärmerey" which leaves the English Evangelicals a thousand leagues behind. Could you see for a moment an American religious newspaper you would be amazed at the symptoms every where displayed of an age of barbarism rushing in upon us, an inroad of holy Vandals.

I am not yet decided where I shall make my home: I shall leave Virginia to go either to Baltimore or New Orleans I rather think. When I am settled at either of those ports I shall be able to send you from time to time some acceptable trifles either of books or rarities of our climate which I hope may gratify you. Pray write to me immediately in *German* and address *aux soins de la Légation des États Unis à Paris* to me in Lynchburg, Virginia—the legation will take charge of it if sent free of postage to Paris. I kiss the hands of the most gracious Madame and of Miss Froriep. I shall perhaps be able to forward some appropriate offering to her Imperial Highness and shall then beg you to lay me at her feet. I have naturally conceived the distress of the family at the Palace for the late events in the Pays Bas and Poland. She is a noble lady and heaven bless her! Present me to Mad. de Spiegel and to Professor Luden. And now adieu.

He was completely cured of his academical aspirations. At Göttingen, and elsewhere in Europe, he had met scholars of an erudition far beyond anything existing in America, but with reputations which were bounded by college walls. It seemed to him that, after all, it must be many years before there could be such scholarship in America, and that, meanwhile, there were better things that he could do with his generous youth. The migrating spirit which stirred his father and his grandfather, as it had the immigrant Richard, summoned him also, and the consciousness of a facile eloquence had awakened the political ambition in his bosom. He was keenly alive to realization of the low

ebb of economic opportunity, as of literature, in the Virginia which he knew so well. The facts that he rehearsed in his Hampden-Sidney address, and those he was soon to publish in his Slavery essay, proved this. He could expect no scope for his ambition at home. On the other hand, all his world was gazing westward. His cousin Henry Clay had gone West out of Virginia and was now one of the elder statesmen of the nation; his friend James Brown, the late Minister to France, had achieved fame and fortune by a like emigration. By these exemplars of successful transplantation he was advised that New Orleans offered the greatest metropolitan prizes to a Southern man; and he heard of other brilliant contemporaries, like Theodore Gaillard Hunt and Randall Hunt of Charleston, who were about to establish themselves in Louisiana. So he, too, was led to the decision to go West. The following letter determined him to seek his professional and political fortunes in New Orleans:

Ashland 11" Sept. 1831

Dear Sir

I have recd. your favor of the 28" ulto. requesting my opinion as to a suitable place to establish yourself, in your profession, West of the Mountains. There is some difficulty in advising on such a subject, without knowing whether you mean to dedicate yourself exclusively to the Law, or to combine with its practice present or ultimate views to politics. The observations which I will make may be applied to both.

The elements of successful professional income are population and wealth. When both are united, in a great degree, there is consequently much business and great demand for members of the profession. A poor but highly dense population may supply adequate professional employment, as a great accumulation of wealth, with a spare population, may also do. The objection to Lynchburg, I should think, is that neither of these elements exists in sufficient degree. The

same objection applies to Natchez, where however there is more wealth. The society is very good in that City, there is not much serious competition in the profession, but the practice is very laborious, requiring excursions from 50 to 150 miles.

If I were to make a situation for myself I should think of Columbus and Cincinnati in Ohio, Louisville and N. Orleans. Columbus offers greater political and fewer pecuniary advantages than either. It will in 15 or 20 years contain a population of 10 or 12 thousand, now it has about 2 or 3. It is finely situated on a high bank of the Scioto, is surrounded by a rich and fertile country, and is the permanent seat of Government. Society there is plain but respectable. A man who would establish himself there, live economically and industriously, throw his surplus gains into town property, and persevere 15 or 20 years would find himself rich, and, if he had a popular turn, might secure any political elevation which the State affords.

Cincinnati is the most rising City of the West, is much better than Columbus for business, society and enjoyment, and is not much inferior as a political location. There is however a numerous bar at that place, and professional services I believe are not very highly rewarded.

There is less competition at Louisville, which is, next to Cincinnati, the Western City that is most rapidly increasing. A greater amount of business is probably transacted at the former than the latter place. It is in fewer hands, and I believe that professional services are much better paid there. There are several respectable members of the Bar at Louisville but not one who is first rate. It was formerly unhealthy but is otherwise now. Society is pretty good. The character of the population is more decidedly commercial than that of Cincinnati.

There is a numerous, though I do not think generally, a very talented Bar at N. Orleans. Magureau, among the French lawyers, and Grymes among the American stand at its head. Both are eminent. The former would be regarded so at the Court of Cassation. Neither is popular. Neither

possesses the public confidence in their pecuniary transactions. There are other Lawyers in N.O. who make more money, but none occasionally obtain such high fees. In a single case, including his fees and commissions, Magureau some time ago received \$19,000. Business is immense at N. Orleans, and it is rapidly increasing, and must inevitably increase. The repeal of the duty on sugar would give Louisiana a severe shock, but the business of N.O. would still augment. Your knowledge of French and Spanish would be of great advantage to you. They are almost indispensable. Sometimes, to obviate the inconvenience of a want of them, a connexion is formed between a French and an American Lawyer, but all partnerships are bad and unequal.

N. Orleans has the air, manners, language and factions of an European Continental City. Society upon the whole is very good, and you may have any sort, gay or grave, American, Creole, or Foreign, learned or unlearned, commercial or professional, black, white, yellow or red.

Twelve years ago I had a thought of going to that City, and they offered to guaranty a practice of \$18,000 per annum, and I believe I could have made it. Should I not have done better than to have been the greater part of the intervening time running the gauntlet of politics? Last winter, my opinion was asked professionally upon a novel case of insurance. I gave it, and a check was handed to me for \$500 with a promise of \$500 more, if it should be settled according to my opinion. It has been since compromised on that basis.

The Courts are generally shut the sickly months, so that you could come to the West or go to the North, as unquestionably you ought to do, if you go there, during their continuance.

Practice is very simple. The flummery of special pleading is entirely dispensed with. Every man's complaint or defense is stated just as it is, without any regard to technical forms.

Upon the whole, I think if I had your youth and attainments I should go to N.O., and, if I did not, to Louisville.

JESSE BURTON HARRISON OF NEW ORLEANS

But, my dear sir, your own eye and your own observation should decide alone for you. You ought to reconnoitre and judge for yourself. Should you determine to do so, I hope I may have the pleasure of seeing you here. My son in law and daughter pass their winters at N. O. and their summer at their residence adjoining mine. They, together with my son Henry, now engaged in the study of the law, will go in November to that City. They would be glad to meet or go with you there.

Louisiana does not, I need hardly remark, offer such advantages for high political elevation, as several other States.

I am cordially & truly

Your friend & Obt. Servt.

H. CLAY

J. Burton Harrison Esq.

Soon after he arrived at home, Burton Harrison delivered in the Presbyterian Church at Lynchburg, on July 23, 1831, an oration upon the recent death of James Monroe, and in December, 1831, went as a delegate from Virginia to the Baltimore Convention which formally founded the National Republican party and nominated Henry Clay for the Presidency. He was now fairly launched on a public life, and so declined a very gratifying and flattering invitation from some members of Mr. Jefferson's family to write a philosophical "Life" founded upon the correspondence which had just been published by T. J. Randolph. He based his refusal on the ground of his expected removal from Virginia; but it is probable that he felt himself too much out of sympathy with the Jeffersonian political philosophy to do justice to the subject. Jefferson's grandson-in-law and Burton Harrison's affectionate friend, Nicholas P. Trist, wrote him on the subject of this proposed life again in April, 1832, apropos of the essay on "English Civilization":

My delight has been great to see in you the workings of philosophic democracy. . . . Pondering on this piece, une idée m'est venue. You must begin *now*, to think about a Life of the *Great Democrat*. Justice must be done him—the mosquitos must be brushed away. I know no one equally capable to do this. Your mind is familiar with the ideas, a familiarity with wh. is necessary to enable one to dive into the subject, and bring to light & develop the doings of Thos. J. Tucker (the Professor) is at work on this subject. He will do something. You must come after, and be Condorcet to our Turgot. (See *Westminster Rev.* for Jan. 1832.) Begin, I say, to prepare yr. mind for this undertaking. Since this idea came into my head, the papers have announced an attack on T. J. by Harry Lee! It will doubtless be well managed. Can't you undertake a review? I 've been told, too, that the new edition of Marshall's *Washington* (Watkins Leigh *juvante*) is also to *come down* upon him.

It was during the summer after his return from Europe that he wrote his essay on "English Civilization," which was published in Legaré's magazine, the *Southern Review*, in February, 1832. This, the first literary fruit of his foreign education, may be taken as the political platform of his mature philosophy—the thesis upon which he obtained his degree of World Experience. The essay is an argument that, while England is the greatest exemplar of liberty, she is the most selfish nation on earth, and, as there is no reason for any distressed nation in which she has no interest to look to her for political assistance, whatever may be its human appeal, so in literature and manners the people of the United States cannot find in England as wholesome influence as on the Continent; that in England only the actual is approved, while in France and Germany, as in America, the desirable is the universal quest; and from such premises

he makes his plea for the importation of French newspapers and for the study in America of German philosophy and metaphysics.

Immediately after the Baltimore Convention he went to New Orleans, stopping at Cincinnati and St. Louis on the way. At Cincinnati he began a friendship with Salmon P. Chase, which was afterward to be of service to his son when Mr. Chase was Chief Justice of the United States, and the son a prisoner of war. They had a common ground in their anti-slavery sentiments, as well as in love of letters. The following spring Mr. Chase wrote to Burton Harrison inviting his coöperation in the founding of a proposed review to be devoted to the interests of the West, but to have, as Mr. Chase said, other contributors: "I may say there will be the Reverend Mr. Peabody, a scholar and writer of the first water, Mr. Walker, to whom I introduced you when here, and myself. We shall depend upon you for an occasional article; for the first number we shall expect articles from Wirt, Webster, the Everetts and Judge Hale, of Illinois." At St. Louis, on the introduction of his father's cousin, Christopher Anthony, he made the acquaintance of another cousin of the Jordan connection, Edward Bates, who was later to be Attorney-General in Lincoln's cabinet.

Burton Harrison was admitted to the Louisiana bar on January 6, 1832. His fluency in French and Spanish, languages which were both still in daily use in the Louisiana law courts, was, as Mr. Clay had predicted, of great advantage to him, and he soon established himself in successful practice. An epidemic of Asiatic cholera caused him, still unacclimated, to flee the first tropical summer, and he took the opportunity to visit Saratoga Springs with a cloud of New Orleans

refugees, and later to spend some months studying at Cambridge. During this sojourn in New England he renewed his acquaintance with Daniel Webster, Ticknor, and Edward Everett; and met for the first time Everett's elder brother, A. H. Everett, then the editor of the *North American Review*, whom he was to know better in New Orleans, when Everett came there in 1840 to take the chair at Jefferson College which Burton Harrison had refused. He dined with Webster and with Jeremiah Mason, and he wrote home gaily of the table-talk of both of these political potentates; but he found time also for the pleasures of the smart evening parties of Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis in Boston.

The following winter found him hard at work again in New Orleans. He took part in the public activities of the community in many directions, serving as secretary at the meetings of the bar, lecturing at Jefferson College, and bearing the principal rôle in the foundation of the Louisiana Historical Society. He laid the foundation of a strictly professional reputation by editing the Louisiana Law Reports, a stern and exacting duty, well done, as his notes were for many years a standard authority at the Louisiana bar. In his preface he said that "it was believed that one whose discrimination and whose faithfulness could be relied upon might be trusted to do for [the twenty volumes of Judge Martin's reports] what the industry of Mr. Peters has done for the volumes of Dallas, Cranch and Wheaton." The scope of the work is indicated by the title-page: "Condensed reports of Cases in the Supreme Court of the Territory of Orleans and in the Supreme Court of Louisiana, containing the decisions of those courts from the Autumn Term, 1809, to the March Term, 1830, and which were embraced in the twenty volumes of Fr. Xavier Martin's Reports,

with notes, of Louisiana Cases wherein the doctrines are affirmed, contradicted or extended, and of the subsequent legislation." The four volumes were published at New Orleans in 1840. His law business growing out of his knowledge of Spanish took him several times to Cuba during this period, and he rejoiced in these visits to his lifelong friend, Nicholas P. Trist, who was then United States Consul at Havana.

In the summer of 1836 he had a political opportunity which he seized. The Whigs were determined to wrest Louisiana from the grasp of the Jacksonian Democracy, which had dominated the country during the eight years "Old Hickory" was President. Martin Van Buren had been nominated at the behest of Jackson by a servile party, with the purpose of projecting a strong man's policies beyond his own administration. The Whigs, under Clay, were disorganized. They had been too long an unsuccessful party of opposition and had lost the steadying sense of responsibility.¹ Clay himself, probably deeming the opportunity inauspicious, would not at the moment risk the effect upon his reputation of another defeat, so it was determined among the Whigs to put up several favorite sons, with the purpose of so dividing the electoral vote as to throw the election into the House of Representatives; and Hugh L. White of Tennessee, W. H. Harrison of Ohio, and Daniel Webster of Massachusetts, were all nominated on Whig tickets. It was believed that White might carry four Southern States, including Louisiana. At Clay's suggestion, Burton Harrison assumed the editorial conduct of the

¹ Burton Harrison's grandsons, living as Democrats *consule* Roosevelt, have known how to sympathize with this plight of their Whig grandfather in 1836.

Louisiana Advertiser, the Whig organ of New Orleans, for the campaign. Having celebrated the *clôture des séances* of the law courts for the summer vacation in some merry verses which were read at a lawyers' dinner, Burton Harrison threw himself heart and soul into the campaign. He brought to it a most effective literary equipment and the enthusiasm of political conviction; he was able to support his arguments by personal reminiscence of the fathers, Jefferson and Madison, and by acute observation of political conditions in other lands; in addition, he had the fund of classical quotation by which the dignity of American politics was then still supported.

He began his editorial work with the "declaration that the undersigned thinks the best interests of the United States forbid the continuance of power in the hands of the Jackson party. A Jackson dynasty is about to be established with the view to extend the misfortune of an eight years' misrule into the curse of a perpetuity. A dynasty of party chiefs, alternating from the iron will of a Jackson to the suppleness of a Van Buren, is attempted to be erected, whose cardinal principle is the ready assumption of a responsibility *beyond* the constitution—fatal to law and to liberty." He maintained his thesis doughtily. He wrote with spirit, with good manners, and with good humor, but he hit hard. His campaigning ranged from the heavy artillery of the two-columned, double-leaded, carefully reasoned leading article, to the archery of *jeux d'esprit*, such as the following, which made a palpable hit:

TERENCE'S PORTRAIT OF MARTIN VAN BUREN

It is clear that Terence (not O'Rourke, son of the Emerald Isle, but Terence the Comedian) foresaw the greatness of Mr.

Van Buren. So inimitably accurate is his portrait of him, that one would almost imagine the Vice President sat for it during the composition of his letter to Sherrod Williams. It is the Parasite who speaks of himself :

“Quidquid dicit, laudo : id rursum si negat, laudo id quoque :
Negat quis? nego : ait? aio : postremo imperavi egomet mihi
Omnia assentari : is quaestus nunc est multo uberrimus.
Eun. act 2, sc. 2, 20.”

Which we, the humble *Louisiana Advertiser*, have literally translated as follows :

“Does Jackson call black white? I 'll swear 't is true,
Then should he eat his words I bolt mine too ;
A point asserts, tomorrow contradicts it?
Behold me, faithful slave of *Ipse dixit!*
This thrifty craft may rule a great event ;
Perchance may Puss in boots make President!”

It is a matter of history that Van Buren was elected. White carried only Tennessee and Georgia ; but though Louisiana went for Van Buren, it was by an unexpectedly small majority, so that the efforts of the *Louisiana Advertiser* were not without avail. The effect of the campaign upon the political fortunes of Burton Harrison himself was distinct, but not at the moment beneficial. The next winter he was a candidate for a seat on the bench, and the appointment lay with Governor Edward D. White (the father of Mr. Justice White of the Supreme Court of the United States), who said to his friends : “If you will say that Mr. Harrison was not the author of a certain stinging article concerning me which appeared in the *Advertiser*, I will appoint him successor to Canonge, for I know him to be fully qualified for the office”—but he was the author ! Although he gave up his editorial pen, as he had stipulated, after the election and when

the courts met again, he was thenceforth engaged in a political correspondence¹ with the Whig leaders, which reflects his steadily increasing importance in the councils of his party. With the coöperation and hearty support of Judge Alexander Porter, who then represented Louisiana in the Senate at Washington and was uncle to his wife, he was making plans for his own election to the Senate of the United States when the Whigs should control the State, as they soon after did. This prize, which would have been the realization of his ambition because it spelled opportunity to take the place in the great world for which all his crowded young life he had been preparing, was within his grasp

¹ In the "Burton Harrison Collection" MSS. in the Congressional Library are letters addressed to J. Burton Harrison by those mentioned in the text and also by the following distinguished contemporaries: Samuel Livingston Breese, New York (1794-1870), midshipman at battle of Lake Champlain, afterward rear-admiral; Francis J. Brooke of Virginia (1763-1851), Revolutionary soldier, lawyer, president Virginia Senate, judge Court of Appeals of Virginia, of which he was president, an intimate friend of Washington; Matthias Bruen of New York (1793-1829), clergyman, missionary, and author, in charge of the American Chapel of the Oratory in Paris, founder of Bleecker Street Congregation in New York; H. A. Bullard (1781-1851), born in New York, died in New Orleans, Congressman and Supreme Court judge in Louisiana; Henry Carleton (1785-1863), born in Virginia, Supreme Court judge in Louisiana; John F. H. Claiborne (1809-1884), Congressman from Mississippi, editor and author; General John H. Coker of Virginia (1780-1866), soldier and vice-president American Colonization Society; J. A. G. Davis of Virginia (1801-1840), professor at University of Virginia and writer on legal topics; Augustus de Morgan (1806-1871), English mathematician, professor at University of London; A. H. Everett (1792-1847), secretary of legation in Russia and the Netherlands, Minister to Spain, editor *North American Review*, president Jefferson College in Louisiana, commissioner to China; Rev. Ralph Randolph Gurley (1797-1872) of Connecticut, one of the founders of Liberia, editor of the *African Repository*, secretary American Colonization Society; Professor Charles Hodge of Princeton (1797-1878), author of many works on theology; Willie P. Mangum (1792-1861) of North Carolina, Whig Congressman,

when, on January 8, 1841, he died, an untimely victim of the *sequelæ* of yellow fever. He had not completed his thirty-sixth year.

We have selected from the profusion of the *Advertiser* editorial pages the following *esquisse*, not only because it is a picture of an already extinct civilization, but because it contains a melancholy and affecting prophecy of the swiftly approaching end of Burton Harrison's own restless career:

DO YOU PASS THE SUMMER IN TOWN?

With the 4th of July and the election ends the season of crowded business in New Orleans, and the genuine summer

judge, member of the United States Senate, of which he was president *pro tem.*; Rev. James Marsh of Vermont (1794-1842), professor at Hampden-Sidney, president of University of Vermont; Isaac E. Morse of Louisiana (1809-1866), member of Congress and Attorney-General of Louisiana; Rev. John G. Palfrey of Boston (1796-1881), professor at Harvard, member of Congress, editor; John Pickering (1777-1846), son of Timothy Pickering, State Senator in Massachusetts, philologist; John Hampden Pleasants (1797-1846) of Virginia, editor, founder of the *Lynchburg Virginian* and of the *Constitutional Whig and Public Advertiser* in Richmond; William Ballard Preston (1805-1862), Whig Congressman from Virginia, Secretary of the Navy under Taylor, member of Confederate Senate; Rev. John Holt Rice of Virginia (1777-1831), protégé of Patrick Henry, professor at Hampden-Sidney, which he chose in preference to being president of Princeton; William C. Rives of Virginia (1793-1868), Minister to France and United States Senator; Christian Roselius (1803-1873), leader of the bar at New Orleans; Joseph Torrey (1797-1867), Congregational minister and president of University of Vermont; Nicholas P. Trist (1800-1874), professor United States Military Academy, private secretary to President Jackson, United States Consul at Havana, peace commissioner to Mexico; George Tucker (1775-1861), Congressman from Virginia, author; Timothy Walker (1806-1856), head of Law School, Cincinnati, judge and author, astronomer; Robert Walsh of Philadelphia (1784-1859), editor and author, founder of *National Gazette*; D. B. Warden (1778-1845), secretary of legation in Paris, Consul at Paris for forty years, author and member French Academy; Edward Wigglesworth of Boston (1804-1876), associate editor of the *Encyclopædia Americana*.

begins. A few consignments are yet to arrive from above, and a few cargoes are yet to ship: The great passenger boats are mostly gone however, and the tiers of shipping begin to be thinned of their triple and quadruple files. The "army of occupation" of transient traders and of visitors has lifted its banners and marched off; and the happy deserters from our own circles have kissed their hands to us as they flew to exchange the buoyancy of travel for the languor of tropical repose! Is it then true that we are left behind? and that we are to answer, with what visage we may, the weighty question, do you indeed spend the summer in town? But who is it that sighs at such a fate? Tush! not we. The veritable oven-heat of the summer is already over: June has glared forth its arid rays, and now succeeds a more tempered heat, extreme in the sunshine still, but pleasant in the shade at all hours. At sunset invariably arises a delicious, restorative breeze which blows from off the islands of the Buccaneers, and reanimates the land, as did the same breeze when on the 14th August, 1492, it blew over the Haytian seas, from the new-found Indies of the West to the "world-seeking Genoese." What city in America has this balmy restorative?

Now, the rich baskets of fruit, flavored by the unction of true Bordeaux, light up the daily life of the gay Creole as he sits in *robe de chambre* and slippers at his breakfast. Now, the merchant, wearied at reflecting on acceptance and endorsement, on outward and inward bound, betakes himself to Carrollton, the Lighthouse, or to the Milnesburg Hotel, and grows *gaillard* on *plats* and wines that the Anglo-Saxon, with all his talent of conquest, (as Mr. Preston flatters him) has never learned to know. The declining sun sees the dashing *remise*, the snug *demi-fortune*, the rakish stanhope, rattling over the shell'd roads that lead to the lake, and the gallant cavalier on his robust trotter taking the welcome dust of their wheels. Night with its moon, which in Louisiana glows just as the traveler still sees it on the plain of Troy, or, when the moon is away, its stars standing clear out in high relief from the sky, as they do in Italy—night sees the

beautiful little groups clustered in the open air about the doors of their neat one-storied, yellow-walled houses, under the far-projecting eaves so picturesque for this climate:—the father is cracking a little lesson of philosophy, (as the poorest Frenchman knows so well how to do;) the mother, shrewder than Talleyrand, but kind and winning, is telling the ways of men; while the daughters, with their eyes and hair unmatched by the rest of the world, and their sweet cant of voice which melts the souls of Northern men—they listen with half an ear to the *conseilles à ma fille* and with the rest of their faculties to some charming young partner of last winter's ball, or to some little cousin who is so young!

Commend us to such a life for a hundred days! Who will compare with this, the discomfort of entering crowded taverns with only one dog's kennel vacant for the newcomer? of roasting in steamboats with three hundred passengers (between Baltimore and Boston), your baggage lost in a mountain of plunder, or in rail-road cars "to bathe in fiery floods" of sparks? Who does not regard the Louisianian as rather leading the life of the Epicurean Gods? Not that we would blaspheme the happy valley of the White Sulphur; no, such a renegado never left Christianity to join the Moors, as would such a sentiment prove us to be if we did. Nor would we disparage the lofty white colonnade of Congress Hall wreathed with vines, nor the saloon where Southern maid is "haul'd about in gallantry robust." Nay, we admit the joys of Biloxi (dear nestling-place of your newly-paired stock-doves!) and of Pascagoula; but let us stay at home, and live the life of the Creole city.

Adieu donc, nos amis! you who are gone, lend us your good wishes! Whether in the heat and vacaney of the long summer, New Orleans shall this year prove fruitful in hot passions;—*arida nutrix leonum*, the dry-nurse of bull-dogs:—and we have to tell of many a fellow, proper and tall, popped off his legs by his best friend; or whether the yellow fever shall sap the fortress of life of more than one who was born to be loved by the world, but whose manly heart burst at the end of an unfinished career, with the thought that the

world had not yet yielded him what it owed him!¹ Whether these themes are to make the burthen of our columns, or gayer subjects guide our pen—Heaven knows. Let time and the hour drag thro' the *saison morte*! Let the clergy pardon our layman's prayer, half litany, half poetry, that we be shielded against plague, pestilence and famine, and sudden death; and that November may not find us under the clods, rolled round the sun with trees and stones and all inanimate matter.

As chance would have it, Jesse Burton Harrison had met at New Orleans another family having an origin in the Skimino neighborhood. William Brand had been born in Hanover County, Virginia, in 1780, the son of Joseph Brand, a Scots immigrant of good education, and of Frances Whitlocke, of a family long established in York County, who by intermarriage with their neighbors, the Bacons, were kinsmen of Nathaniel Bacon, the rebel. William Brand emigrated to Louisiana while it was still French territory, served with the Louisiana militia at the battle of New Orleans, and later, with a corps of artisan slaves, became rich through building operations in New Orleans. He was throughout his life a friend and

¹ Burton Harrison's friend Edward Wigglesworth of Boston was wont to call New Orleans "the land of mosquitos and hair-triggers." In a letter from another correspondent dated August 26, 1833, written from New Orleans to Burton Harrison at Philadelphia, we find this characteristic gossip of a New Orleans summer of the period: "You have seen by the papers the account of the duel between Hunt and Conrad. The account is untrue in many particulars. Hunt's pistol went off at the same moment, or nearly so, with Conrad's. You have perhaps seen, too, that Leigh was wounded in a duel. He fought with McCaleb almost about nothing. I think McCaleb was to blame in the quarrel. They met, the ball struck L. in the right arm and glanced from his back. He then fired in the air, and so, as old Spenser says, they affriended. The yellow fever has killed Drs. Clarke, Heartee, and McKelthan, and a great many clerks."

partizan of General Andrew Jackson, whom he had entertained at his house in New Orleans in the troublous months after the battle. He married Hetty Reed, a granddaughter of Lieutenant George McKnight, an officer in one of General Braddock's British regiments in the expedition of 1755 against Fort Duquesne, and of the family of General Joseph Reed, who was military secretary to General Washington and President of Pennsylvania. William Brand's daughter, Frances Brand, named for her Whitlocke grandmother, was a lady of strong character and unusual intellectual equipment, possessing both learning and wit. She married Jesse Burton Harrison at New Orleans on July 11, 1835, and of that marriage Burton Norvell Harrison was born. Upon his widowed mother fell the responsibility of shaping his character from earliest youth, and throughout his life he gratefully and dutifully acknowledged his debt to her in this as in other respects. She died July 1, 1884, at Maysville, Kentucky, where she had lived many years with her only other child, her daughter, Mrs. George W. Sulser.

CHAPTER VI

BURTON NORVELL HARRISON OF NEW YORK (1838-1904)

BURTON NORVELL¹ HARRISON was born July 14, 1838, at New Orleans. His father died before he was three years old, leaving in a note-book an impression of the son as "a suckling bard of thirteen months, sitting in the sands at Pass Christian and studying mathematics by counting his toes." His earliest youth was spent in the gay atmosphere of Creole society, for his mother had many relations in New Orleans. When he was about six years old his mother removed for a time to Kentucky, and there Burton Harrison had his first schooling. Of this period he told with great gusto an anecdote of the musical education to which for a brief period he was subjected. Painfully he learned to thrum out on the piano an opus known as "General Gaines's March," which had been locally composed in honor of the contemporary military hero of the Southwest, General Edmund Pendleton Gaines. It had the merit of brevity, "four bars and repeat," and on an occasion was called for in the presence of Henry Clay. When the notable performance had ended, and the boy stood blushing beside his chair, he was rewarded with an orphic remark by the Great Pacificator: "Ah! a be-

¹ His father gave him the name Norvell out of affection for his brother-in-law and devoted friend, William W. Norvell of Lynchburg. The combination of names was not without precedent. In the Henrico records is to be found a Norvell Burton who in 1723 was deputy sheriff, engaged in distraining on the goods of the Quakers.

ginner, I perceive." It was a *succès d'estime* and ended a musical career.

He was prepared for college in Maryland by his uncle, the Rev. Dr. William Francis Brand,¹ then rector of All Hallows Church on South River, in Anne Arundel County. His mother had meanwhile established her home at Oxford, Mississippi, the seat of the State University, and at sixteen Burton Harrison entered the University of Mississippi, at which his kinsman, F. A. P. Barnard, afterward president of Columbia College in New York, had just been appointed professor of mathematics and astronomy. There Burton Harrison spent the years 1854 and 1855, when, at the suggestion of Mr. Barnard, who had himself been educated at New Haven, he entered Yale College with the class of '59. At Yale, where many Southern men were then in attend-

¹ Parson Brand, as he was quite generally called by his friends, was an unusual man. Born at New Orleans June 17, 1814, he was christened a few days prior to the battle of New Orleans; General Andrew Jackson was present at that ceremony, and Mr. Brand subsequently paid him a visit in the White House. Educated at the University of Virginia and in France, he practised in New Orleans successively as an architect and as a lawyer, in the latter capacity assisting his brother-in-law, J. Burton Harrison, in his compilation of the Louisiana Law Reports, as is acknowledged in the preface of that work. After studying at the General Theological Seminary in New York, he became a priest of the Episcopal Church on March 3, 1844, and, while he held the cure at All Hallows, a member of his wife's family, the Halls of Maryland, built for him the beautiful little St. Mary's Church near Emmorton, in Harford County, Maryland. Here he ministered for more than fifty years, having also a school for boys at his place "Findowry," named for the nest of his Scots forebears. While he came of a North Briton race, his blood had been warmed in the South; he was Creole *jusqu'au bout des ongles*, vivacious and emotional. A learned classical scholar, and an authority upon ecclesiastical architecture, he died, a venerable and picturesque figure, in his ninety-third year, on February 18, 1907. He had been a father to Burton N. Harrison, celebrated his marriage and those of two of his sons, and lived to christen a great-grandniece.

ance, his career was one of more than respectable scholarship and of unusual leadership in every branch of student activity. In his senior year he was president of Linonia, an editor of the *Yale Literary Magazine*, a member of Skull and Bones and of Phi Beta Kappa, honors which tell their own story to those who know Yale life. On the board of the *Lit* he was associated with Thomas R. Lounsbury, afterward distinguished by his studies in orthography. Burton Harrison's contributions to the *Lit* were mainly simple sketches of student life; he had the good taste not to venture into the realms of high philosophy and history which from time immemorial have lured the student essayist. In the number for December, 1858, he drew a picture of which every Yale man will recognize the atmosphere. It is entitled "Under the Eaves."

Among the conditions necessary to the thorough enjoyment of college life, we reckon a "den" in the fourth story, and an open stove. . . . A feeling of relief is habitual to a dweller under the eaves when he gains his room, a sense, as it were, of having escaped from a close and stifling smoke. . . . Nobody but your friends and the printer to the Wooden Spoon Committee ever comes to the fourth story; and, provided you have settled your own dues to this latter functionary and do not rejoice in a chum who never ventures down Chapel Street in daylight for fear of encountering him, you may rest assured that every tap at your door is a friend's tap. That abominable practice of habitually keeping one's door locked from morning till night, and deliberately turning a deaf ear to every knocker, therefore, does not obtain in the fourth story. There is no temptation in the first place; and in the second place, none of your one-horse men, who have so little of a gentleman's and a classmate's feeling as to be willing to sit still and hear a disappointed visitor go away without an invitation to walk in, ever get so high up in the world. . . . Such a situation imparts a sense of power in

the consciousness of your ability to indulge in noise to your heart's content without possibility of retaliation. Everything too betokens a loftier grade of existence when you reach the fourth story. No Tutors room there. And even cigar smoke which floats in mazy clouds through the entry grows more fragrant as you mount the stairs, till the aromatic odors which greet the olfactories on the topmost flight waft the imagination to that great and glorious section of our country where tobacco is not all oak leaves. . . . Dwellers in the fourth story invariably smoke good tobacco. . . . But

“When the candles burn low, and the company 's gone
In the silence of night, as I sit here alone,”

a peculiar charm invests the place: a sense of downright comfort, of utter independence, of individuality, comes over you. The droning, soothing hum of voices underneath is the only sound without: every unpleasant feeling and all unrest is lulled to sleep; and the monotonous ticking of the clock makes music for the thoughts, which come trooping rhythmically along, to find expression and embodiment in fireside lyrics. Student feeling, that mysterious, indefinable charm which pervades college life, and hangs a halo of golden memories around the springtime of our youth, has then its maximum development, sways us perfectly. And every man who can look with pleasure in after life upon the four years spent here, and has roomed in the fourth story, must feel that such moments as these impart a warmth and glow to the heart which can be got nowhere else than in college, and not even there out of the fourth story. . . .

During the college years Burton Harrison spent his summer vacations with his uncle in Maryland, and thus it was that he introduced into the Cary household in Baltimore the Yale songs, notably his favorite, “Lauriger Horatius,” to the stirring air of which, thus made familiar, Miss Jennie Cary was later inspired to fit the words of Randall's verses “Mary-

land! my Maryland!" and so start a memorable war-song echoing down the ages. Being far from home, Burton Harrison spent his shorter college vacations with Northern classmates. He always held in particularly grateful and affectionate memory a joyous Christmas at the house of the then Governor of Connecticut, Alexander H. Holley of Salisbury (Lakeville), where, with a group of merry school-girls and fellow students, he tasted to the top of his bent and with all the enthusiasm of novelty the vigorous winter sports of skating and coasting. He took back to Mississippi with him a just appreciation of the New England character, a wholesome specific against prejudice in years to come. In April, 1860, he wrote from Oxford to his classmate, Charles Ledyard Norton of Farmington:

The genial courtesy and hearty hospitality with which I was greeted at your charming home completely won my heart. . . . When I attain the pinnacle of every young man's ambition in the Mississippi Valley, and find myself upon the stump, a nominee for office, the fervor with which I shall plead for the Union and urge for the North a claim upon the brotherly love of the South will be traceable in no slight degree to the hospitalities of Farmington.

After graduating at Yale, Burton Harrison returned to the University of Mississippi at the request of Mr. Barnard, who had meanwhile become president of that institution, and there was installed as assistant professor of mathematics. He had no intention of pursuing an academical career, but planned to qualify himself for admission to the New Orleans bar, and of course he had political achievement in prospect; he got that in his blood. He began his law studies while lecturing at the University of Mississippi and was so

engaged when the Confederate States seceded; but it was not until Fort Donelson fell in February, 1862, that he felt the call of a personal duty in the conflict with the United States. His judgment was opposed to the policy of secession, but the effect of the news of Fort Donelson was electrical throughout the Southwest. Realizing that they were called upon to defend their native States from invasion, the generous youth of Mississippi and Louisiana flocked to the Confederate standard. Burton Harrison was about to enlist in the Washington Artillery, the crack corps of New Orleans, and was preparing to go to the front for the contest which was afterward known as the battle of Shiloh, when, upon the suggestion of his friend, L. Q. C. Lamar (who had preceded Burton Harrison as assistant professor of mathematics at Oxford, Mississippi, and was to return to the University of Mississippi after the war), he was, without consultation, summoned to Richmond to be private secretary to the President of the Confederate States. He was then twenty-three years of age, and he wrote to his mother, stirred with the uncertainties of duty and ambition:

Oxford, Feb. 26, 1862.

Verily the turns of this life are sudden and strange. When I wrote you last I was in the full expectation of entering the army almost immediately; and only waited a letter from Col. Lamar to determine whether to volunteer under him or to seek admission to the Washington Artillery. Well, the letter from Col. Lamar did n't come; but a telegram *did*, and in these words:

"You are Private Secretary to the President. Come on at once. Wait for me at Chattanooga. I start to-morrow."

Signed— L. Q. C. LAMAR.

Now what do you think of that? I know very well the motive, in addition to Col. Lamar's friendship for me, which

prompted him to secure the appointment. I told him last summer I should join him in the army in Virginia as soon as my conscience would allow me to do so consistently with the duty I owed you and sister; he most strenuously urged me, then, to abandon the idea, because he thought the country did not so need me as to demand what he termed a breach of obligation to my widowed mother.

Within the last few weeks, however, he has considered it evident from the tone of my letters that I was fully determined to enter active service in the field, and so he has deliberately set himself to work to prevent my doing so, by securing for me a position in civil life so tempting that both inclination and duty would oblige me to fill it. Happening to be in Richmond on the day of the Inauguration, this vacancy offered, and he prevailed on President Davis to give me the promotion.

. . . There are fifty reasons why the place is, to a man of my plans, tastes, and prospects, most delightful. . . .

The objection to accepting is simply a feeling that *no* civil employment, however eminent, or merely pleasant or useful to one's self, should now keep an able-bodied man from the battle-field.

If I accept, it will relieve you of the anxiety attending my entering the army and may save my life to cherish your old age. If I don't accept, I shall join the army at once. . . .

I start to Chattanooga in the morning to meet Col. Lamar and discuss the question. My mind is by no means made up, . . . but I think God has opened the path before me.

He accepted the appointment and in that capacity served his country until the evacuation of Richmond in 1865. He was convinced that the position of the Southern States, once irrevocably taken, was justified by the constitutional history of the Union, and he became intensely partizan.

His relations with the Chief, as he always termed Mr. Davis, were intimate and cordial, both officially

and personally. In the delicate relation which he bore to all the public men of the Confederacy, he acquitted himself with credit and universal approval. He made friends in all the political cliques at Richmond, and Mr. Davis, who felt the weight of a growing unpopularity as the war progressed, leaned upon him heavily. He had great personal respect for Mr. Davis. Writing to his mother in June, 1866, he said:

I have sent you Dr. Craven's book made up of his notes while he was surgeon to the Chief in Fortress Monroe. His facts are not very accurate and his conversations are all cooked up by the editor. Had Dr. Craven complied with his promise to submit his manuscript to me, I could have made it much better history for him, and had he been content to report the Chief's talk as he heard it, the book would have been much more striking. The Chief has wonderful variety and accuracy of knowledge and great vigor and grace of expression. His ordinary conversation is much more attractive than the Surgeon's best pages will ever be, and when he grows eloquent on themes of personal adventure, science, natural history and the whole range of political philosophy, as I have heard him many and many a time when we two were in the saddle together on long rides, he has few equals in the art of discourse.

Twice he resigned in order to enlist in the army, as, with the progress of the war, he felt it his personal duty to do; but the President would not let him go and finally brought him under duress to live under the Presidential roof of the "Gray House"—"to keep you from running away," said Mr. Davis. But on the President's staff he was several times under fire. Only a few of his letters from Richmond survive; from them are taken the following stories of two occasions in 1864 when Mr. Davis nearly fell into the hands of the enemy, and on the latter occasion General

Lee was with him and was responsible for the predicament.

Richmond, Aug. 17, 1864, 10:30 P.M.

I was occupied all the morning and at 2:30 P.M. I unexpectedly discovered that the Chief was about to ride down to the lines and that I was the only one of his staff to accompany him. So we went home for lunch and then set out, with the Post Master General for escort.

A battle was fought along our lines yesterday from Chaffin's Bluff (on the North side of the James River) eastwardly towards the Chickahominy. The enemy made repeated and determined assaults, and at one place broke thro' our lines & occupied a part of the works. The troops who accomplished this were whites, but when our fellows got ready to drive them out, they found a part of the space held by negroes. At them they went, routing the rascals everywhere and slaughtering the negroes in every direction. At night our people held their original positions but with the loss of two valuable General officers, Chambliss & Girardey.

This afternoon we found that region presenting the usual appearance of a battle ground. Maj. Gen'l. Field was communicating with the enemy under a flag of truce, exchanging the wounded and burying the dead, among the latter his own brother-in-law, of whose gallant death he told us with tears and much emotion.

We met a column of prisoners, about 300, marching into town, guarded by scarcely a dozen men.

Gen'l. Field gave us, as guide to Gen'l. Lee's headquarters, a member of his staff, known to fame as Capt. Corbin, a recent arrival from France, being the son of a wealthy Virginian who has lived almost all his life in Paris. The Captain said he knew the road perfectly & illustrated the fact by getting us terribly tangled up in the woods, in the first place, and then leading us thro' our line of battle straight towards the Yankee pickets, who were a very short distance down the road, & from whom we were only saved by the shouting of our own soldiers who had watched our progress with wonder

& who came running over the hill to warn us of the danger. Of course, we turned about at once, and when we got to our line we had the satisfaction of learning that our fellows had been so puzzled by our proceedings & so convinced by Corbin's blue pantaloons & cap that he was a Yankee, that some of them were consulting as to the propriety of firing on us from the rear. Nice fix to be in, was n't it? And we were a few moments afterwards helped to a realization of what might have befallen us, by ascertaining that Gen'l. Chambliss had been a victim of the same kind of trap yesterday. He rode through his lines until the Yankees challenged him, then turned to run his horse & was shot dead.

Gen'l. Gregg kindly furnished another guide who knew the roads better & we soon made our way safely to Gen'l. Lee's headquarters, where the two great Chiefs held high council to their own entertainment & satisfaction.

At 11 o'clock we got back home after riding something over 20 miles & accomplishing weariness enough to ensure profoundest slumber.

October 1864.

Genl. R. E. Lee had come into town to church and went to an early dinner with the Chief. We set out for the lines at half past two; rode down in a cloud of dust to the extreme left of our line, which extends for more than 20 miles, I should think, and ends on the Weldon Railroad near Petersburg.

The General had discoursed about army matters, explained the progress of the working parties on the lines which we rode through, indicated the service to which he intended putting his men and his spades for the next week and set forth his views as to the purposes of the enemy, etc., until we had ridden through our own line of battle. Now, the Chief never talks gossip, but Genl. Lee delights in hearing all the *on dits* of society and finds a relish in the little scandals of the town, so he got somehow upon the absurdities of a young man in love, and said:

"There is Capt. Shannon, of Genl. R. H. Anderson's staff.

He thinks he is very much in love with a handsome young lady who came over to visit Petersburg recently; Miss Giles, I think, who had the purpose, it was said, of marrying another Confederate officer, but changed her mind."

Quoth I, "Well, General, it is to be hoped that Capt. Shannon does not mistake his feeling for her, as she tells the whole town that she is to marry him soon." "Ah, I did n't know it has gone as far as that; but not long ago he went up to town on leave and overstaid his time. Everybody knew what was keeping him and understood his state of mind. So Genl. Anderson sent him orders not to come back to his headquarters, but to go at once to a lunatic asylum and to insist upon instant admission."

Said I, "I trust, sir, that the General was considerate enough to take care that the young lady should be his keeper, as it was on her account that the victim got into such a fix." "Well, sir, I don't know about that, but," etc., etc., and he went on chatting and laughing with great enjoyment of the topic, the Chief all the while riding doggedly along, smiling with amusement at the General, but never saying a word. Presently we saw two men on horseback in the solitary woods with carbines cocked and ready for action, and gaze fixed intently on a turn of the road just ahead of them. We very soon found that while the General was relishing his laugh at the lovelorn youth, he had led us not only through our own line of battle, but past our pickets and upon the extreme vidette station where the two mounted men were eagerly watching to see the Yankee who was on the same duty around the turn of the road trying to catch sight of them; and then it was vastly entertaining to see the General's astonishment and his pique at the thought that we should see that he was not perfectly acquainted with the ground and the disposition of his troops. He insisted for some time that we had not ridden through the outer pickets and that the two men could not be the vidette they thought themselves. When it appeared he must give up on that tack, he turned to the Chief with, "Well, Mr. President, the fact is I relied more on your knowledge of the country than on my own." But the Chief

had no notion of assuming the responsibility for the situation and said laughingly, "Oh, my dear sir, I recognized the last line of works we passed as the exterior line of 1862, but I thought you had thrown up another further down to which you were conducting us." And so it was we had very nearly made a prize for Genl. Grant, and I believe I was the only member of the party who thoroughly enjoyed every body else's alternate discomfort and amusement. As we rode back to the line the pickets jeered at our courier, who was riding behind, with, "Eh, courier, the General went a little further than he intended, did n't he?"

In the refugee society of Richmond, Burton Harrison was a debonair figure. Richmond was then a true capital. As well through stress of circumstance as because of the necessities of public business, the élite of an entire people was there gathered, and cheerfully took zest in a life of privation punctuated by dramatic and tragic events. It has been well said that the world has seldom seen a congregation of men and women better bred or actuated by a higher chivalry. In his story of "The End of an Era," John S. Wise describes the ball given in Richmond in 1863 to celebrate the marriage of Colonel William B. Tabb and Miss Emily Rutherford, and with a somewhat caustic pen portrays what he calls the "White House Circle":

Who were there? Everybody that was anybody. There was Mr. President Davis: he was assuredly a very clean-looking man: his manners were those of a dignified, gracious gentleman accustomed to good society. He claimed his tribute kiss from the bride, and well he might, for seldom had he culled one more sweet and pure. From the blushing girl he turned with a gracious compliment to her husband: "For a bride like that, Colonel, you may demand a week's extension of your leave." Tabb, with his hazel eyes, his red-brown hair and beard, and two brilliant hectic spots glowing

upon his cheeks, towered above him, smiling, bowing and supremely happy. Mr. Davis looked thin and careworn. Naturally refined in his appearance, his hair and beard were bleaching rapidly, and his bloodless cheeks and slender nose, with its clear-cut, flat nostril, gave him almost the appearance of emaciation. Yet his eye was bright, his smile was winning and manner most attractive. When he chose to be deferential and kindly, no man could excel him. When strongly moved, few men of his day surpassed him in eloquence. On occasion he could touch the popular heart with a master hand. On his arm was Mrs. Davis, his very opposite in physique, looking as if, to use an old expression, "the gray mare was the better horse." Physically, she was large and looked well fed. Among us "irreverents" it was believed that Mrs. Davis possessed great influence over her husband, even to the point that she could secure promotion for us, if she liked. She was intensely loyal to him, took no pains to conceal her pride in him, and was, perhaps, a trifle quick to show resentment towards those not as enthusiastic as she thought they should be in their estimate of his abilities. She had, among those who knew her best, warm, enthusiastic friends. Close upon these came young Burton Harrison, the President's private secretary, looking like a fashion-plate in his perfect outfit. Harrison was popular and everybody had some cordial inquiry as to how he maintained such an immaculate wardrobe, when all the world besides was in rags.¹ Speaking a gracious word here and there as he passed on, he soon joined willowy Constance Cary for a waltz.

¹ Burton Harrison was himself very conscious of the glory of his clothes at this time. He wrote to his mother that by causing his servant to sell all his old clothes and boots he had got together enough money to get one new suit which "cost dollars enough to have served for a year's support to a small family in ordinary times." He had himself photographed at full length, saying to his mother: "Everybody has a head, you know, but it is n't every fellow who has a dark blue suit." In 1863 gold sold in Richmond at twenty-five for one. In March, 1864, Burton Harrison had \$100 in gold to send to his mother. He converted half of it into \$3000 in treasury notes, because he was advised they were still available at Oxford. This was sixty for one.

When Breckinridge, Secretary of War, strode up, he brought the perfume of Kentucky Bourbon with him. As he and Tabb stood side by side, one thought of the wide-spreading forest oak topping up beside the slender pine. There was the frankness of the soldier, the breadth of the statesman, the heartiness and courtesy to woman, of the Southern man of the world in his every look and word.

The oleaginous Benjamin, Secretary of State, next glided in, his keg-like form and over-deferential manner suggestive of a prosperous shopkeeper. But his eye redeemed him, and his speech was elegantly polished, even if his nose was hooked and his thick lips shone red amidst the curly black of his Semitic beard. Tabb, looking down upon him, suggested a high-bred greyhound condescending towards a very clever pug.

Then bluff old Secretary Mallory of the Navy came, with no studied speech, but manly, frank and kind, one of the most popular members of the Confederate Cabinet. After him, Postmaster-General Reagan, of Texas, a large plain-looking citizen, of more than ordinary common sense, but ill at ease in gatherings like this, and looking as if he might have left his carry log and yoke of oxen at the door.

And so it went. There was Olivero Andrews, the most insinuating beau of the Capital: and Cooper de Leon, the poet, wit and wag: and John M. Daniel, the vitriolic editor of the *Examiner*, whose mission seemed to be to torture the administration with the criticism of his scathing pen: and Willie Myers, soldier, dandy, dilettante artist and exquisite: and the pompous fellow blazoned with gilt and bearded like a pard, derisively called "the Count," who was best known for his constant absence from the front without leave when his command was engaged: and Baron Heros von Borcke, a giant German who had come to fight as a volunteer upon Jeb Stuart's staff. O! Vanity Fair of the dead Confederacy! How your actors troop before me once again!

This society was gay—more than naturally so, perhaps, because of the necessity upon every one to keep

up a brave front. Amateur theatricals were rehearsed with appetites uncloyed by exhibitions of professional perfection; the diaries of the period are as full of them as of the more important concerns of life. For example, Mrs. Clay of Alabama, in her charming story of "A Belle of the Fifties," says:

I recall the great amateur performance of "The Rivals," which made that first winter in Richmond memorable and our hostess, Mrs. Ives, famous. In that performance Constance Cary, a beauty of the Fairfax family, captured all hearts as the languishing Lydia, among them, that of our President's Secretary, Colonel Burton Harrison, whose wife she afterward became.

Writing of another party, that given in the spring of 1864 by Mrs. Thomas Joseph Semmes, the beautiful wife of the Senator from Louisiana and leader of the New Orleans bar, Mrs. Chesnut of South Carolina records in her always lively "Diary from Dixie":

Burton Harrison, the President's handsome young secretary, was gotten up as a big brave in a dress presented to Mr. Davis by Indians for some kindness he showed them years ago. It was a complete warrior's outfit, scant as that is. The feathers, stuck in the back of Mr. Harrison's head, had a charmingly comic effect. He had to shave himself as clean as a baby or he could not act the beardless Chief, Spotted Tail, Billy Bowlegs, Big Thunder, or whatever his character was. So he folded up his loved and lost mustache, the Christianized red Indian, and laid it on the altar, the most sacred treasure of his life, the witness of his most heroic sacrifice to art.

Of the same party, Cooper de Leon tells the story of a charade in his "Belles, Beaux and Brains of the Sixties":

A wedding in the halls of Lammermoor to sign the bridal contract, was the first syllable of the next word. "Lucy Ashton," represented by Miss Lelia Powers, holds the pen only to dash it down on the appearance of the "Master of Ravenswood" (Captain Sam Shannon of Carolina). "Henry," her irate brother (Page McCarty), rushes on the intruder with drawn sword, only restrained by the "Priest" (W. D. Washington) and the "Laird of Bucklaw" (James Denegre). The scene was effective in pantomime and costume.

In the second syllable, an older and happier courtship showed: Mrs. Semmes, magnificently dressed as "Rebecca," stood by the well and heard the tender words of "Isaac" proxied by Eleazar (Burton Norvell Harrison, secretary to Mr. Davis). The pair were admirable in their pantomime, and the hostess radiant in the Eastern silks and gems, in which she later received her guests.

In the final scene of that final word, this writer once more disported his congenial chains in a cell of Bridewell Prison, and doubtless all present thought his acting well merited the situation.

The romance of which Mrs. Clay noted the beginning progressed, like many another, with interruptions. On January 16, 1865, Mrs. Chesnut notes in her "Diary":

A visit from the President's handsome and accomplished secretary, Burton Harrison. I lent him "Country Clergyman in Town" and "Elective Affinities." He is to bring me Mrs. Norton's "Lost and Saved." General Jeb Stuart was at Mrs. Randolph's in his cavalry jacket and high boots. He was devoted to Hetty Cary. Constance Cary said to me, pointing to his stars: "Hetty likes them that way, you know, gilt-edged and with stars."

And then, as if by some association of ideas, Mrs. Chesnut goes on:

ARIS SONIS FOCISQUE

At Mrs. Randolph's my husband complimented one of the ladies who had amply earned his praise by her singing. She pointed to a young man, saying: "You see that wretch: he has not said one word to me!" My husband asked innocently: "Why should he, and why is he a wretch?" "Oh, you know!" Going home, I explained this riddle to him: he is always a year behindhand in gossip. "They said those two were engaged last winter, and now there seems to be a screw loose; but that sort of thing always comes right."

Perhaps it was the following set of verses which brought "that sort of thing" right on the February 14 following. They have survived from that period, and, when shown to their author in later years, he asserted that they did equal credit to his head and his heart.

HER VALENTINE

This merry maiden, radiant, rare,
With winsome ways and debonair,
When sweet she smiles on me, I swear
That Eden's light is resting there
Upon those lips so ripe, so fair!
To look upon her face, old Care
Would cease to carp and court Despair;
Would give up dole, his trade forswear,
Don sunny looks, make Joy his heir;
What wonder then that I should dare
Her praise to sing, her colors wear,
Her valentine myself declare?
This merry maiden, radiant, rare.

Burton Harrison's part in the events following the *débâcle* of the Confederacy is told in his story of the "Capture of Jefferson Davis," which, though written solely for the entertainment of his children, he permitted, at the earnest and iterated request of Mr.

Richard Watson Gilder, to be published in the *Century Magazine* for November, 1883. His charm as a *raconteur*, his keen sense of humor, and his political sagacity combined to make Burton Harrison's reminiscences of the Confederacy of value; but, characteristically, he disdained to make literary capital out of the woes of his fatherland, to boast, like Æneas:

quaeque ipse miserrima vidi,
Et quorum pars magna fui,

for such was his personal chagrin and mortification at the blighting of the government to whose service he had in his youth brought high hope and enthusiasm, that he could never be induced to record more of his recollections of that crucial period than are contained in this memoir of one among many dramatic incidents of his life.

He was made prisoner with the President and his family near Irwinville, Georgia, on May 10, 1865. So far as Burton Harrison was personally concerned, he might have accomplished an escape, but he preferred to make a gallant, if unnecessary, sacrifice to loyalty. In his "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," Vol. II, p. 704, Mr. Davis says:

My private secretary, Burton N. Harrison, had refused to be left behind, and though they would not allow him to go in the carriage with me, he was resolved to follow my fortunes, as well from sentiment, as the hope of being useful. His fidelity was rewarded by a long and rigorous imprisonment.

Mr. Davis was taken to Fortress Monroe, there to remain a prisoner for the following two years. Burton Harrison was haled to Washington and lodged temporarily in the old Capitol Prison, which stood on the

present site of the spacious Library of Congress; almost immediately he was incarcerated in the Naval Penitentiary at the Arsenal, which stood on the site of the existing War College. His painful and humiliating adventures in that filthy monument to vulgar crime have been related with stirring sympathy by his wife:

The experience of Burton Harrison as a prisoner of war was detailed to me by him in 1904, to refresh my memory, during his last illness at our temporary home in Washington, where we had gone to pass the winter near our sons. While there was never any bitterness about it in his speech or in his manly soul, I could not, even after that lapse of years, hear the recital without a pang of deep pain for what he had needlessly suffered.

Whilst between him and the friends he had left in Richmond a black veil of silence and sickening uncertainty as to his ultimate fate had fallen, he had been confined at first in a room of the old Capitol Prison. A few days later he was taken by a detective from this place, and conducted to a room in the same building, under pretext of being introduced to a Confederate "lady" he might "like to know." Feeling instinctively that mischief threatened, he had no difficulty in keeping himself in check when in the presence of an "old untidy woman with a shifty eye," afterward identified as a spy for both sides, who, with every assurance of cordiality for the South, sought to lead him into conversation about Mr. Davis and Confederate matters in general. She did not name the young girl suffering from a bad headache, who, standing by, deadly pale, with a white bandage around her brow, struck him as resembling some face on a Roman coin. In honeyed tones the spy woman sought to induce both of them to join in her strictures against the government and expression of sympathy for the conspirators. In a flash he divined the poor girl had been brought there for the same purpose as himself. It was designed that they should talk unguardedly in the presence of authority. It was not until the interview,

futile as to results, was over, that he chanced to hear the detective call the young woman "Miss Surratt." He came away from this hateful interview feeling he had escaped a trap. After the disgust of it, his prison with the rough jailers seemed a welcome haven.

Next day all the rebel prisoners at the old Capitol were allowed to crowd to the barred windows to witness Sherman's imperial progress of return to Washington. To eyes long used to faded gray and rusty accoutrements, the vast array of blazing sheen and color seemed oppressive. But all the same, he said the Johnny Rebs enjoyed the show hugely, not begrudging professional praise to military details and ensemble.

Turning away from his window, he felt a touch upon his shoulder from a detective he had not seen before, who curtly told him he was to go to "another place." His prison comrades, surrounding him with handshakes and kind words, watched him depart sadly. The rumor had got abroad that Jefferson Davis's secretary and confidential friend was to be dealt with to the full rigor of the law.

A drive in an ambulance—in war-time serving for all purposes of transfer—brought him to the United States Arsenal, situated upon a peninsula running out from the marshy borders of the eastern end of the Potomac, now the site of the War College of future ages. It then contained, close to the water's edge, a group of brick buildings amid level military plazas, banked with pyramids of shells and balls, surrounded by cannon, their carriages and caissons. Behind a high wall towered conspicuously a somber building with barred and grated windows. Old Washington knew this as a district penitentiary. It was now transformed into a military and political prison, where in the inner cells were confined the prisoners implicated in the murder of President Lincoln. In the upper story was sitting a military commission whose proceedings filled the world with awesome interest.

On every one of these piping days of early summer the conspirators were brought out in irons through a massive nail-studded door communicating with the cells, and placed

in a line punctuated with armed guards, to sit in the court-room facing their judges and a mixed audience, till at the end of the day's session they were returned to their dungeons.

The ambulance containing the new prisoner and his guard was several times put out of line before the Arsenal door by carriage-loads of fine people, the women dressed as for a race day. One after the other of these gay parties passed in, laughing and chatting under a grim wall atop of which patrols, ten feet apart, kept always on the lookout. It had become a modish thing for society to drop in for a peep at the conspirators' trial. Passes, limited to the capacity of the court-room, were in demand like opera tickets to a special performance.

The prisoner's last glimpse for many a day of the outer world was of a broad, dusty avenue with shabby fringes of negro cabins and booths leading up to the entrance gate, that looked like a country fair. Cattle with lolling tongues were there, disgruntled pigs, and mangy dogs getting in the way of marching soldiers and fashionable vehicles. To the left he saw a military encampment filling a sun-baked plain, where under shelter tents soldiers off duty lounged, dozed, played cards, or tossed quoits. In the background of the prison two gunboats kept unceasing watch upon the river front.

The prisoner was hurried through the door, marched up two flights of steps, and, without warning, ushered before the gaze of the crowded court-room, gaping for new sensations, there to stand awaiting the provost-marshal-general, to whom he was consigned.

Without moving, he faced their gaze, his lips set, hot anger coursing through his veins. Spite of his sense of unnecessary degradation, he noted and remembered well the make-up of the scene—Judge-Advocate-General Holt presiding, his swart cold face boding ill for a prisoner falling under his displeasure; his assistants, the judges of the Military Commission, unfortunately for themselves appointed to conduct this trial; the reporters of the Commission; the large, whispering, smil-

ing audience, and the accused, seven men and one woman shackled together, almost inevitably doomed to death.

When relieved from his unpleasant position by the arrival of the functionary who was to take official possession of his body, he was again led out of the court-room, through a jostling, vulgar crowd, affecting to shrink away on either side of him as if from a monster ill-secured. The general, having annexed a formidable key, led the way, the prisoner followed, the guard brought up the rear, a band of vagabond loungers shuffling after them until turned back at the entrance of a ponderous grated door.

Life stood still for him a long time thereafter, while he alternately lay or sat upon a blanket on the cemented floor of a felon's cell, four feet by eight, in daytime dark as night. During five long weeks he was forbidden speech with any one whomsoever. But in these days and nights, while he threw himself down upon the blanket, or else walked, or used gymnastic exercises to stretch his muscles and save his reason, he might have said what a virile poet wrote long afterward :

"I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul."

He said what he minded most was the eye of a bayoneted soldier perpetually looking through the grating in his door.

Of whatever his enemies might have accused him, it was not a failure in stoic endurance of his lot. One of his jailers at Fort Delaware told me afterward that, of the many thousands they had held, no Confederate prisoner had borne himself with higher courage and cooler pluck. But that experience of the dark cell came near to permanent weakening of his strong physique. When they heard him singing and laughing to himself one day, the guards made haste to summon surgeon and provost-marshal, believing he had gone mad.

The surgeon finding his prisoner a wreck in physical strength, the matter was reported to the War Department, after which he was given leave to take daily exercise in the prison yard below. From this glimpse of the world of the

living, such as it was, the return to solitary darkness became more and more exhausting to nerve and body. His good doctor again reporting his condition, he was then transferred to a cell facing in the direction of the Capitol, through which plentiful summer sunlight sifted in, and he could see afar the glitter of the golden dome. A chair allowed him, his next demand was for a copy of Horace or Tennyson, for which the doctor substituted Louis Napoleon's "Life of Cæsar," with a promise of more literature to follow.

Under these changed conditions the prisoner's health improved daily. Although no one spoke to him of daily happenings, his intuition kept him actually abreast of the grim tragedy enacting under the roof that sheltered him. He said he felt like a savage trained to notice the dropping of a nut, or the crackle of a twig. Of the unhappy beings on trial he knew nothing, nor had he any sentimental desire that they should escape justice. Once, walking in the prison yard, he had seen at a window the wan face of the girl met in the spy's company at the old Capitol—now, he said, the most crushed and sorrow-stricken creature that ever met his gaze.

In the yard also he once picked up and secreted a bit of greasy newspaper blown from some sentry's lunch. From this he saw that the conspirators were hastening to their doom.¹

When, one day, the guards failed to come for him to walk, and from the yard below arose a great clamor of saws and hammering, he surmised what was to be. Every night before, he had heard coming up through the ventilating-tube the melancholy whistling of an occupant of the cell beneath his, evidently absent in the day; for which sound he had learned

¹ Mr. Harrison said that this scrap from a Philadelphia newspaper happened to contain an account of the preparations of the government to prosecute him, with the announcement that such prosecution was certain. From that moment his spirits rose, and he became gay, noticeably so to his jailers, who commented on it. The psychological change had been wrought by the passage from doubt to certainty. He used to say that uncertainty was what men found hard to bear; certainty, even of the worst, was a relief.

to listen with an odd sense of companionship. That evening the whistle began, but was halted suddenly; and the listener knew the effort was beyond the power of a condemned man probably on the eve of execution.

That night also he heard a new sound—a ship's bell striking the watches, close by.

"Some of them are to be transported, and that boat is here to take them off," flashed through his mind.

At dawn he turned in his blanket, wakened by the noise of renewed hammering. From his window he could see many troops massing in Pennsylvania Avenue, and amid them, riding alone, the Catholic priest, Father Walter, the intrepid soldier of Christ (who, because of his belief in the innocence of one of the condemned, was forbidden to go with her to the scaffold), coming to shrive departing souls.

The officer detailed as usual to watch him at his breakfast, generally so genial, to-day avoided meeting the prisoner's eye, as did the soldier always holding a musket before his door. He asked no questions, ate his food, and sat afterward for hours without stirring from his chair.

From thenceforward every sound in the prison came unnaturally distinct. On all sides he heard the incessant tramp of gathering soldiers. On the roof facing the Arsenal he saw gazers assembled, and could not look at them.

Then he heard cell doors opening below, and their occupants led out into the corridor; heard the sobbing of anguished women whose feet kept hurried pace a little while with the others, then turned back heavily.

And lastly a hush, an awful calm, while the lives of a woman and three men were taken from them upon the scaffold.

At his usual hour that evening, the guards came to lead him out for exercise. Stepping from the prison door upon the pavement of the courtyard, he saw the scaffold looming black at the end of the path his own feet had made in the weedy grass, called by the soldiers "Harrison's beat." And there, lying across the path, were four new-made graves—"like

beads upon a string," he said over and over to himself, "like beads upon a string."

The guards and bystanders, watching curiously for evidence of his emotion, were not gratified. Giving no sign, he began making for himself a new path parallel with the former one.

That night he heard the sound of a faint, tremulous, dejected whistle coming up the ventilating-tube, and actually laughed aloud, so glad he was to think the poor devil had not been hanged. When the ship's bells ceased to strike he was sure it had carried his whistling friend away!

All these things were told to and written down by me a short time before my husband's death in 1904, calmly, without resentment or animus of any kind. He also said that the officer, a Dane from Michigan, who shortly after this transferred him to Fort Delaware, told him during the journey that he had been in personal charge of Mrs. Surratt in prison, had put the black cap over her head and the rope around her neck, launching her into eternity. He said he believed Mrs. Surratt had nothing to do with the plot to kill Lincoln—that she was party to a scheme to capture him only, and that she died an innocent woman.¹

This officer also told Mr. Harrison that, before sentence of death was passed upon Mrs. Surratt, her daughter had tried continually, but in vain, to gain access to her cell. After she was condemned the girl was allowed to meet her mother. The custodian was present at the interview and said he never saw such an exhibition of character. As the girl came into the cell, she could not stand, but fell upon the floor, creeping over it, weeping bitterly, till she reached her mother's feet and kissed them, with a thousand loving, imploring words of tenderness. The mother remaining cold as a stone, his heart filled with wrath against her hardness to her child, but when Miss Surratt finally went out of the cell, the woman broke

¹ General Butler charged Judge Bingham in the House of Representatives with having hanged an innocent woman.

down in such an awful passion of tears as he prayed he might never see again, melting him utterly into sympathy with her.

Burton Harrison was personally on good terms with his jailers. While being conducted to Fort Delaware, in charge of an officer with two guards, they were halted in the station at Philadelphia because of the failure of a carriage expected to take them to the boat-wharf. In some perplexity the major said he would go himself and look for it, "And in the meantime, colonel," he added seriously, "will *you* have an eye upon these fellows of mine, and see that they don't leave you?"

With General Hartranft also, the provost-marshal who had locked him in the black cell at the Arsenal and came every day with the surgeon to see if the prisoner kept his health and sanity, Mr. Harrison had kind relations.

In after years, when, as counsel for the Western Union Telegraph Company, my husband went to conduct some business for them at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, he found the official he had to consult professionally was none other than this former jailer, now Auditor-General (afterward Governor) of Pennsylvania. When my husband came down-stairs in the morning at the Lochiel Hotel and saw Hartranft waiting for him in the hall, he threw up his hands, exclaiming: "My God, general, you are not after me again?"

They shook hands, and the general answered: "I tell you, Harrison, you have n't a better friend than I am in the world. Come to breakfast, and after we 've finished business, we 'll spend the day together."

After hearing these stories told again in Washington in 1904, I desired to drive with my husband to the scene of his old ordeal, where the present War College buildings were then going up, on the site of the old prison of the Arsenal.

Sitting in an open victoria, he directed the coachman as well as he could where to go, but became soon confused about localities in the altered aspect of the place. We pulled up, and I addressed the "boss" of a gang of workmen, asking if he could tell me where we were.

“Why, ma’am, don’t you know?” he answered. “This is the place where the scaffold stood on which Mrs. Surratt and the other conspirators were hanged.”

My husband made no comment, nor did I, and silently we drove homeward.

At the end of July the rigors of Burton Harrison’s imprisonment were somewhat mitigated, and he was transferred from Washington to Fort Delaware, a fortress on an island near the mouth of the Delaware River, where many Confederate officers had been and still were held prisoners. Here his personal comfort was more considered, but, under orders from Washington, he was still kept in solitary confinement and officially denied communication with his friends. It was not long before he was initiated to the possibilities of a “grape-vine” post-office, and thenceforward he was comforted with knowledge of the well-being of those he loved, between whom and him had hung for months an impenetrable veil. After a time his Mercury was a mysterious “Tony Hardeman,” but his first letters were carried secretly to Baltimore by a fellow prisoner who had been released, the gallant Colonel Henry Kyd Douglas of Maryland.

In August, 1865 [wrote Colonel Douglas many years later], I was a prisoner in Fort Delaware, sent there by the sentence of a military commission. My imprisonment was not a harsh one, and what with the courtesy of the commanding officer, and free access to a well-filled library and the liberty of the island, my time passed easily, if not rapidly. But up in a keep among the battlements, strictly guarded and confined, with no privileges and no companionship of men and books, in solitary imprisonment, Colonel Harrison passed a longer servitude wearily and impatiently. He was suffering vicariously for the alleged treason of his chief. Morning and evening he took his unsatisfactory exercise

along the battlements. We were forbidden to speak to or recognize each other, and yet there was no prison rule which could prevent the unspoken salute of the raised hat, although with averted faces. Even the keepers and jailers of that fort, used as they had become to many senseless tyrannies during the war, were disgusted with the strict and hard imprisonment of Colonel Harrison, and the men on duty freely expressed their opinion of it. The day before I was released, a stalwart, open-faced, coatless soldier came into my room. After telling me that he cooked for and waited on Colonel Harrison, he began to deplore the stringency of his confinement, especially the order that forbade him to write to or receive letters from his family and friends; and most especially, with hot wrath and an oath, did he think it was a shame the prisoner could n't even write to the young lady he was in love with! (How he obtained this information, I do not know.) He then said that "one way or another" Colonel Harrison had got hold of pen and ink and paper and had written a number of letters he wanted to send out to his family; would I take charge of them? A flash of suspicion on my part was dispelled by a look into his honest face. . . . The next day he strolled again into my quarters, and, after expressing his satisfaction at my release, and his regret that Colonel Harrison was not freed, wandered about the room a bit, then said good-by and walked out. Upon taking down my coat, which hung against the wall, I found therein a solid pack of letters. That day General Schoepf took me to Wilmington in his boat; that evening the letters were delivered to Mrs. Cary in Baltimore. . . .

Some weeks later, in September, 1865, Burton Harrison wrote to his sweetheart from Fort Delaware a vital and manly letter; it has been preserved, a precious legacy to his sons, a mirror of generous fortitude:

. . . In Washington I had an abominable time; was put in a regular convict's cell just four feet wide and eight feet

long, and there dwelt two months. For several weeks I was kept in the dark, flat on my back and without exercise, but when I became so far enfeebled as to be scarcely able to stand upon my legs, the doctor interfered and ordered a daily walk, which soon made me strong again. And the same good genius, when I had been removed to a cell into which the daylight could come, supplied me with books, the Commandant taking care merely that they should deal in fiction altogether or relate to facts as old as the Roman Republic at least. The library of the Medical Samaritan did not furnish a Bible. The General intimated a willingness to supply me, but it never made its appearance, nor did he ever answer my desire to be informed whether it was withheld because the historical portions of the book of Genesis referred to things of too recent occurrence! . . . Here the post library is good, and I am now allowed to draw from it as I please. My table displays one, two, three—fourteen volumes, which I ply most vigorously. Among them is a copy of Tennyson, the most enjoyable I have ever had, which I have read and read until my senses are steeped in his harmonies, and all my thoughts are so set to music that it requires an effort to frame my sentences so that they shall not run rhythmically. And when I exchange the “Idylls” for the “law of real estate,” Mr. Blackstone’s discourses on “springing uses” become bounding fancies made melodious, and what he says about “contingent remainders” is, mayhap, forgotten in the enjoyment of “realms in absolute present possession” in fairyland. My room is cool and large enough for comfort, large enough for tramping up and down its length day and night, and I have grown so into the habit of doing so that I fear I shall be a nuisance in any house where I may hereafter be unable to keep quiet. . . . Indeed, I suppose I can be as content as many another has been before me living under a despotism he cannot resist and which shuts up his musings and his energies in his own breast. I shall never be an interesting “captive,” an “heroic” sufferer, or anything of that sort. There is nothing thrilling or romantic in my situation, or like to be. I don’t “suffer” and never did, nor have I ever

had any part in the sentimentality about "martyrs"; never pitied them a bit and never shall. When I have chosen my part I am ready to take all its consequences as a matter of course, and if a dungeon and death be among them, why I shall never hold back from either; and it is only fair to suppose that everybody else acts in the same fashion. So that when a man is thrown to the wild beasts or led to the stake for adherence to opinions which he has deliberately avowed, he seems to me to do very much as the ladies who used to spend the summer at the White Sulphur rather than in Richmond—he merely chooses the course which affords him most of what he considers agreeable, and in that I can see no reason why he should be commiserated. Amid the fortunes of this life, therefore, I hope to bear myself with equanimity, and, if my surroundings are not pleasant in fact, I trust I shall always be able to make them so in effect, taking them as a matter of course and accommodating myself to them with such resignation as God may give me. In Washington I soundly berated the officer in charge for the affront which had been put upon me, in shutting me into a felon's cell, where there were no other prisoners than those with irons on their legs undergoing trial for murder; that, too, when there was no intention to implicate me in the charges against *them*, and when there were twenty other prisons at that time almost empty where I could have been more properly confined and to which my comrades had actually been sent. This discrimination against me was an insult, and (impotent youth that I was) I notified him that if opportunity ever offered, I should hold the man to account who was responsible for it! But having so delivered myself, I asked for no "indulgences" or "privileges" and wanted none, submitting myself with all the patience I could to what was before me. Since then, indeed, I have found it rather necessary to suppress expressions of "sympathy," etc., from one or two officers who have had to deal with me, and which as coming from them seemed to me to be reflections on my power of self-control. I remembered the other day a scene at Head Quarters when the Chief was preparing a draft for a proclamation for a day of fasting

and prayer. In speaking of the army, he had reminded the people of "our brave soldiers now in captivity and *pinning* in foreign dungeons." I told him that the expression was offensive—that men of fortitude, *brave* men, *never pined*, and that it was degrading to the manliness of our soldiers that such a possibility in their case should be admitted by their leader. He agreed with me entirely, and the words (which had previously escaped his attention) were stricken from the copy which was published. I say I remembered this the other day, and it was a source of pleasure to me to feel that since I had become a prisoner I had never *pined* or *whined* or bewailed for one single moment, and I hope by God's blessing to have it in my power to make the same pleasant reflection if they keep it up for forty years. No, in this thing I believe I have done right, and my only regret is that I did not do more—that to what they call my "offences" it is not added that I realized my wish to carry a musket and that I postponed the accomplishment of that purpose until it was too late. For that *was* a purpose with me, and was never *abandoned*. The war utterly deranged all my plans for life: it was a very disagreeable interruption to the consummation of my purposes. I did not regard it, therefore, as most of the young men around me did; it did not tempt my ambition or allure me into expecting any pleasure from participating in it. But when the issue was fairly made I believed it just and right, and I held myself, as did every other gentleman, bound to maintain the country. When, then, Fort Donelson had been captured and the lower valley of the Mississippi thus laid open to invasion, I volunteered as a private with the other men of the Southwest who were gathering for Shiloh. The Chief's invitation (unsolicited by me) to join him in the relation I afterwards sustained came before I had gone into the field, and tho' I accepted and held for a time an office I found so pleasant, I was entirely in earnest in resigning it in order to be at liberty to go into the ranks when we had been everywhere beaten in 1863. His unwillingness to accept the resignation then (together with another reason as potent) again deferred my proposed action.

But finally when the city was evacuated and troops were deserting by thousands, every reason which had held me was brought to naught, and I gave up my appointment cheerfully to carry a musket. In leaving Mrs. Davis at Charlotte, N. C., to return to Virginia, I told her good-bye, and she herself wrote the letter which informed the Chief of my plans. But before I could reach the Army, it had been surrendered, and events followed so rapidly that an effort to secure his and her personal safety seemed my first duty. That effort I made with all my strength, tho', like the purpose I have mentioned, it was defeated. These, then, are my regrets—what I did *not* do, not what I did; and upon this state of the case the issue between me and the people who hold me is made up. In so far as I have done anything, I believe I have done right, and, so believing, I shall concede to them nothing whatever—nothing. And now to what does all this lead? Perhaps, like my concessions, to—nothing. Possibly the loss to me of almost everything else besides.

They have never preferred any charges against me individually, but seem to have held me for two objects. When that infamous falsehood implicating the Chief in the assassination conspiracy was sounded, not a man among its authors himself believed it, not one; least of all Mr. Johnson, who knew him personally. But they managed to make a newspaper clamor which excited and bewildered the people, and had they brought him to trial before that illegal Commission, there is but little doubt they could have executed him summarily if in the meantime they could muzzle, by incarceration, the men who had the information and the courage to thwart their merry-making. Their whole prospect of success rested in the frenzy of the people under misrepresentations which would have been scouted by the first newspaper article any one of us could have published. Hence the unwonted measures to immure us in solitary and inaccessible confinement. But when the impolicy as well as the impracticability of success in that manœuvre became apparent, they still had the charge of treason to fall back on, and on that it seems likely he will be tried, and for that occasion it is inti-

mated I am reserved as a witness! Such a proposition is so degrading to every manly sentiment and is so indecent that I am ashamed to entertain it so far as to commit it to writing for your perusal; and it is possible that when the trial occurs the project may not be formally broached to me. But if it is there are but two methods for further action. I shall of course refuse not only to testify against the Chief, but even to countenance the propriety of the proceedings so far as to appear at all for the U. S. Government. For laying aside all reference to my personal relation to him, I shall never recognize the right of the U. S. Courts to try *any* citizen of any of the seceded states on such a charge, since to do so would be to forego my belief in their right to secede, and thus to confess myself and everybody else in the late contest to have been a rebel and a traitor. And then will come the ultimatum from the Government to have me committed for a contempt of court, or to have me indicted for a misprision of treason. In either event a protracted imprisonment will be inflicted, and in either event I shall tell you and beg you to forget me if you are not inclined to do so before. In case of a trial for misprision and a conviction I shall probably remove the country altogether and leave it so soon as I can get at large.

I write these things to you, my darling, because, though the contingencies they relate to may never occur, they now seem probable. It is therefore better that I should anticipate them and tell you of them fairly. You believe, I hope, that I am not little enough to make a bugbear in order to combat it, and I need not tell you, therefore, that I have not intentionally aggravated my situation. But now for the other prospect. Suppose I am put at large within any reasonable time from this date. What do you think I should betake myself to? I mean where think you I should practice the law? I shall never reside again in Mississippi, or perhaps anywhere else in the Southwest. I think that practice at the New Orleans bar would insure me a fortune, but I doubt whether all the money in Christendom could make me happy there now. And, except for Lamar and Walton, there are

no personal attachments to draw me towards the Gulph again, for my mother and sister would of course join me wherever else I might go.

Had the States south of Virginia stood as stoutly as she did in '63 and afterwards, they could have secured our independence. They did not show a proper fortitude and effort, and so we were ruined. They have now been utterly undone, the people are subjugated and society demoralized, and were there no other reason to influence me, I doubt whether I could bring myself to live in a community thus circumstanced. In '63 I thought we were in a perilous plight, because I apprehended, as the result proved, that the people would not hold up under the disasters of that summer. The army, after that time, was weakened every day by desertions and gained very few recruits. Afterwards I hoped, and then believed, that Genl. Lee could win for us notwithstanding. But that summer I almost drove Miss Nannie Bradford distracted by iterating in the *dies irae* style:

That day will come, that dreadful day,
When we 'll all meet in Botany Bay.

She prepared herself for that contingency at once by marrying a rich Australian merchant, and if I leave the continent I shall expect her influence to make a career out there! She owes me that much for the timely suggestion which was, I don't doubt, the determining motive of her marriage. I abhor the Spanish peoples; no nationality with their language and literature can ever be either generous or enlightened. The Portuguese stock is worse, and elsewhere abroad, Australia seems the only empire. But what think you of the choice between San Francisco and Baltimore? I incline daily to the latter.

In a few weeks after this letter was written, Burton Harrison's fortunes began to brighten. It had been discovered that it would not do to submit Mr. Davis to the *peine forte et dure* which some partizans in

Washington had planned for him, and this determination was reflected in the orders given for the treatment of his former secretary. Solitary confinement was relaxed, and Burton Harrison was even allowed to receive visitors under surveillance. His sweetheart has told of her visit to Fort Delaware:

Our ways of getting there were devious and thorny. From a village on the opposite shore of the Delaware River, we sailed in a leaky fishing-boat across a swelling, roughening tide. Arrived at the moated fortress on the bank, we sent in our cards, by a soldier, to the commandant. To our delight, no question was made about receiving us, and, crossing a bridge to enter gloomy corridors, we were soon in the presence of the redoubted chief. Had I divined that the general's kind heart was already enlisted for the prisoner, not only through his own pleasure in his society, but because of his family's warm liking and championship—had I supposed that in after years these dear people were to name a son "Burton Harrison" and to bid their other sons try to model themselves upon one whom they conceived to be "a perfect gentleman," then I should not have been so faint-hearted. The general, maintaining a severe official aspect, looked us over and inquired of Mrs. Cary whether we were perchance the mother and sister of Colonel Harrison.

"No," said my mother, "only friends."

"I understand," said the general, hemming and hawing greatly. A moment more, and he had taken the parcel my mother handed to him, a miniature of myself painted by Mrs. Thompson in New York, to replace the one burnt up in the soldiers' camp-fire in the Georgia wilderness, and the open letter sent with it, and despatched them by an orderly to the prisoner.

And then, a sudden, even kinder impulse overcoming him, he asked my mother if she could trust him to show me the interior of the fortress. He led, I followed, to a door opening on the inner court, where, bidden to look up toward the battlements, I saw my prisoner, standing indeed between

BURTON NORVELL HARRISON OF NEW YORK

bayonets in a casemate, but alive and well, waving his hat like a school-boy, and uttering a great irrepressible shout of joy!

Meanwhile his friends had been actively at work to secure his release. His uncle, the Rev. W. F. Brand, did noble service in Washington enlisting interest, interviewing President Johnson, and promoting sentiment with other influential people. The State of Mississippi stood by him. The Legislature passed, on December 2, 1865, a joint resolution (Laws of Mississippi, Regular Session 1865, Chapter 104, p. 256) requesting the Governor of Mississippi "to memorialize the President of the United States, in the name and behalf of the Legislature of this State, for the release from Fort Delaware, where he is now confined, of Burton N. Harrison of Mississippi, late Private Secretary of Hon. Jefferson Davis," and this was put in the hands of Burton Harrison's friend, William L. Sharkey, the former Chief Justice of Mississippi, and now Provisional Governor, who presented the memorial in person to President Johnson. The prisoner himself addressed the following petition to Secretary Stanton:

Fort Delaware, Del., Dec. 8, 1865.

Hon. Secretary of War.

Sir:

I am now the last prisoner of war remaining in custody at this post, and have the honor to apply for an order releasing me.

I was Private Secretary to Mr. Davis. All the other members of his staff have been released and allowed to proceed to their homes. All the members of his cabinet have, I believe, been put upon their parole.

I have been a prisoner in solitary and close confinement for seven months.

There have never been any charges preferred against me,

ARIS SONIS FOCISQUE

nor am I aware of the existence of accusations upon which any could have been based. Whatever may have been the object of the Government in retaining me in captivity, it has probably been attained before this time.

The people of my State, Mississippi, have shown a readiness to conform themselves to the views and the policy of the Government, and it is to be expected that they will submit to the results of the war in good faith.

I am willing to take an oath of allegiance to the U. S. Government.

Very respectfully, yr. obt. servt.,
BURTON N. HARRISON.

But his most powerful advocate was the venerable Francis Preston Blair, Sr., who actively and persistently devoted himself to bringing about an unconditional release; and it was due to him that this was at last accomplished. The Judge-Advocate-General, Joseph Holt, conceived it to be his special duty to accomplish the ruin of Mr. Davis and to include his former secretary in the punishment. In the "Rebellion Record" (Series II, Vol. VIII, p. 838) appears his indorsement upon Burton Harrison's application for release. If it was not so tragic, it would be ludicrous, this labored and unconvincing attempt to distort a routine ministerial act into a deliberate crime, and seems to justify Mr. Charles O'Connor's characterization of Holt, contained in a letter to Burton Harrison written in July, 1866, as "a most venomous malignant high in power—to whom all the wrong committed is most especially due."

Bureau of Military Justice, December 21, 1865.

Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War:

In the case of Burton N. Harrison, rebel, referred to me for report by your order of the 20th instant, I have the honor to submit as follows:

This person is well known to the history of the rebellion

as having occupied the position of private secretary to Jefferson Davis, with the military rank of colonel. In this close and confidential capacity he continued, even after the collapse of the military power of the insurgents and up to the very last moment of the life of the so-called Southern Confederacy, having been captured with his fugitive chief at Irwinville, Ga., on the 10th of May last. It is thus perceived that his fortunes were inseparably associated with those of his principal in treason, and that his case could not indeed be justly considered apart from that of the other. But it is not alone from the fact of this intimate and continued association with Davis that his relations to the latter as a criminal and traitor and his joint responsibility with him in his crimes are to be ascertained. Of these, permanent written evidence is not wanting, and this evidence is presented in the record of the late conspiracy trial by the letter of Lieut. W. Alston, a rebel officer, to Davis, and by the indorsement of Harrison thereon. This letter was one of a large quantity of official papers and archives of the rebel Confederacy, surrendered by Joseph E. Johnston to Major-General Schofield, at Charlotte, N. C., and thence directly transported to the War Department. The letter is without date, but was contained in a package marked: "Adjutant and Inspector General's Office. Letters received July to December, 1864." It is addressed to "His Excellency the President of the Confederate States of America," from Montgomery White Sulphur Springs, Va., and proceeds as follows:

"I have been thinking some time that I would make this communication to you, but have been deterred from doing so on account of ill health. I now offer you my services, and if you will favor me in my designs I will proceed as soon as my health will permit to rid my country of some of her deadliest enemies by striking at the very heart's blood of those who seek to enchain her in slavery."

Here the writer, as if anticipating the possibility of some unfavorable comment upon this atrocious proposal, adds:

"I consider nothing dishonorable having such a tendency."

He then goes on thus:

"All I ask of you is to favor me by granting me the necessary papers, &c., to travel on while within the jurisdiction of the Confederate Government. I am perfectly familiar with the North and feel confident that I can execute anything I undertake."

His next assertion shows that he has but recently effected a secret transit through our territory in violation of the laws of war, for he says:

"I am just returned now from within their lines."

He then discloses his military antecedents in the following terms:

"I am a lieutenant in General Duke's command, and I was on a raid last June in Kentucky under General John H. Morgan."

In the course of the letter he exhibits the fact that he is no obscure person, but the son of a well-known prominent rebel, and as such likely to find favor in his application. He says:

"Both the Secretary of War and his assistant, Judge Campbell, are personally acquainted with my father, William J. Alston, of the Fifth Congressional District of Alabama, having served in the time of the old Congress, in the years 1849, 1850, and 1851."

And even more significantly, as showing that he had recently been brought in contact with a notorious rebel agent in Canada, found by the late military commission to have been implicated in the assassination of President Lincoln and other chief officers of the Government, he observes in speaking of his escape as a prisoner of war:

"I shaped my course North and went through to the Canadas, from whence, by the assistance of Col. J. P. Holcombe, I succeeded in making my way around and through the blockade."

The letter concludes as follows:

"If I do anything for you I shall expect your full confidence in return. If you do this I can render you and my country very important service. Let me hear from you soon. . . . I would like to have a personal interview with you in order to perfect the arrangements before starting."

Upon this communication there was found to be the following indorsement:

"A, 1390, Lieut. W. Alston, Montgomery Sulphur Springs, Va. (No Date.) Is lieutenant in General Duke's command. Accompanied raid into Kentucky and was captured, but escaped into Canada, from whence he found his way back. Been in bad health. Now offers his services to rid the country of some of its deadliest enemies. Asks for papers to permit him to travel within the jurisdiction of this Government. Would like to have an interview and explain.

"Respectfully referred, by direction of the President, to the Honorable Secretary of War.

"BURTON N. HARRISON,
"Private Secretary."

Here, then, is exhibited the fact that Harrison was fully informed of the contents of this letter, which can be construed only as a deliberate offer to proceed to the assassination of the heads of this Government, and that, being so informed, he did not hesitate to do his part in promoting the infamous designs of the writer by referring it at once to the executive war officer of the rebel Government for action. If he had not been himself an assassin at heart he would have shrunk from furthering such a villainous undertaking, and would have exposed and denounced it, as well as its author. Instead of this he becomes, without a scruple, the instrument by which this fiendish project is made to receive the grave consideration accorded to an important State paper, and as a man of intelligence and education, and in view of the position which he occupied, he must be held personally responsible for the sanction thus awarded to its proposals. When, indeed, it is considered that the offer of Alston, suggested to him, as it may well have been, during his association with the representatives of the rebellion in Canada, was but a part of that deliberate scheme of assassination which was for so considerable a period maturing in the rebel councils, and which but a few months after the date of the letter referred to was

actually executed by the murder of President Lincoln and the attempted murder of the Vice-President and Cabinet, the guilt attaching to the act of one who in any manner advanced such schemes is perceived to be of no slight character. It remains but to notice that the application of Harrison for a pardon or parole from his prison has received the following indorsement:

“Mr. President:

“This is the case I talked with you about a few days ago. The petitioner has been merely an amanuensis to Davis; has never been in the war against the Government. I am interested in him because as soon as released he is to marry a blood-relation of my wife. The fine little girl has had bad luck, for I am told that she came here before the fall of Richmond for the wedding garments and was sent back without them. She begs me to appeal to you to make Merry Christmas of that at hand.

“(Signed) F. P. BLAIR.”

In view of the facts surrounding the case of Harrison it is feared that the Government would gravely compromise itself by complying with this recommendation, which indeed would be ludicrous were it not for the strange insensibility which it manifests to the revolting guilt with which this man's name is connected. No more reason is perceived for its making merry the Christmas of the confidential agent and satellite of Davis than that of Davis himself. Associated as the two have been in their crimes, their flight, and their capture, it is but just that they should not be separated in their confinement. No exercise of Executive clemency, therefore, can be advised in this case, and as for the application to be paroled, which invariably accompanies such communications, it can no more be recommended that this should be granted than that a full pardon should be acceded. To ask that faith be reposed in a party resting under imputations not only of the deepest dishonor and the most intense disloyalty,

BURTON NORVELL HARRISON OF NEW YORK

but also of the gravest crime, is, it is submitted, as unconscionable as it would be unfortunate for the Government to favorably consider such a request.

J. HOLT,
Judge-Advocate-General.

It is a pleasure to turn from this lucubration to the letter which Chief Justice Chase wrote to Attorney-General Speed a few days later, on January 18, 1866, in which he urges the release of Burton Harrison on parole, saying: "I knew his father quite well, and used to correspond with him. He was a gentleman of large information, liberal culture, and the best social position. I cannot but wish his son well from regard to the memory of his father, whom I greatly respected and esteemed; and the best wish I can form for him is that he may regain the character, which I always supposed his father to possess, of a loyal and faithful citizen of the United States." Surely the chief justice's wish came true! Against such opinion, and the freely expressed humane sentiments of President Johnson and General Grant, the power of Holt was not able long to prevail. Under the influence of the good news that his release would be only a question of time, Burton Harrison wrote the story of the negotiations in high good humor to his uncle, Samuel Jordan Harrison, then in New York:

Fort Delaware, Jan. 17, 1866.

I am afraid I neglected to thank you for your letter to the Executive on my behalf, but I do so now, heartily. How long I am to continue here cannot as yet be told, but I think I shall be among the unchained very soon. When I come, I shall have some queer tales to tell & shall be, I hope, none the less entertaining for having been for so long a regular "jail-bird."

They have never had any real charges against me personally, and have had no earthly intention of bringing me to trial or proceeding in any other manner to extremities against me. I am held merely because of my intimate connection with the Chief, tho' all his staff officers & all the members of his cabinet (except Malheureux, & *he* seems to be in quod because he acted as foster-father to the *Volunteer Navy!*) have been let out on parole. A few days ago I had like to have been released—the project was defeated by the Judge-Advocate-Genl., who makes an old newspaper publication a pretext for retaining me. I have doubled on him on that tack, however, & sent to Washington a discourse which will, I think, settle the matter. At any rate, it will all be well with the Chief now—of that I am assured from a direct & trusty source of information—and you may depend upon it. *Then* I shall be turned loose, if not sooner. So I am content to wait, & am in the best of spirits.

I have a cohort of strong partisans in Washington who have been zealous. Genl. Grant came out for me very handsomely—the President has shown the most good-natured disposition to help. Mr. F. P. Blair, Sr. (who in a matter of this sort is the best ally in the City), is my staunch & busy advocate. Governor Sharkey & the Mississippians are stirring, & the list of others includes the names of big 'uns whose appearance in that connection would make my neighbors in Oxford think that I have been sold to the devil, indeed.

I have been vastly entertained at the importance some of the functionaries attach to me. The President sent me word, a month ago, that he would give immediate consideration to any statement I might make in writing. I applied for unconditional liberation, which he endorsed to the Secty. of War. "I can see no reason for keeping H. any longer; if there is no reason of which I am not informed, let an order for his release issue immediately." Unfortunately, Mr. Stanton was out of town, so the paper was referred about from office to office until other people had an opportunity to complicate the case. Otherwise, I think my friends would have prevailed at once. The malignants can't well dignify a

youngster like me with an indictment for treason when so few of the grayheads who controlled the action of the Southern people in 1860-61 are reserved for that special distinction. The fact is that they are in a fix about the Chief—they know that I can tell stories which would complicate their affairs still more—& so I was built into that niche, 8 feet by 4, in the Washington penitentiary, to keep me from talking, & am corked up here to-day for the same good gracious reason. When the Secty. of War came back to Washington, he, the Attorney-Genl. & the Judge-Advocate-Genl. held high debate & decided to go against compliance with my application. So that, ten days ago, the President said: "Many persons have shown an interest in Col. Harrison, & I am not indifferent to that gentleman's condition myself. But my constitutional advisers think that the true interests of the Government demand his continued confinement. I cannot do anything, therefore, for him at present."

Judge Holt declaimed to my representative who went to talk to him about the matter, on the subject of "Col. Harrison's rank, influence, ability & zeal in all projects to destroy the Government." My friend protested that I never had any rank, that of influence & ability I am utterly destitute, that I am an inoffensive youth of good morals & mild manners. To which the Judge replied that all that was in his eye, but did n't prevent his seeing that I am a direful portent, saying: "He was in Davis' confidence & did everything in his power to assist his schemes: for his acts as a subordinate he may not be responsible; but the Government has sufficient reasons for incarcerating him on his own account, & those reasons are as notorious as the fact of his existence, &c." All of which is very flattering, I take it, and conveys an eulogy in every sentence. Indeed, I think of calling on the learned Judge to put those sentiments into writing for future use, engrossed in a fair hand on parchment. Such a character from so astute an observer of mankind would bring me throngs of clients on Broadway & Wall Street and secure my fortune at the bar.

They all insist on making me a Colonel, you perceive. My

friends have protested & explained to no purpose; the denial of military rank is considered one of my deep dodges! At the War office & elsewhere they grow only more resolute about it every time the matter is mentioned. I am afraid to refer to it again lest they should discover that Gettysburg was a grand Confederate victory; that I won it and that I was in fact Field-Marshal commanding on that occasion. So there seems nothing left for me but to keep quiet &, meantime, to send in pay accounts &c. to secure the emoluments proper to the grade they have conferred.

The genl. officer (Hartranft) who had me in charge in Washington, & with whom I had several dissertations, friendly & otherwise, informed his mess-mates (as I learned afterwards) that I had more brains than any prisoner he had ever expected to hold in possession. Here I am given to understand that I "have the reputation of being a very smart fellow &c." And, from the way in which some of the authorities in Washington harangue on the theme, one might suppose that I was in fact the most important person in the Confederate Government, & that Genl. Lee, Mr. Davis, the President of the Volunteer Navy & a few others were only so many lay brothers dexterously put forward by that cunning arch-conspirator, "Col. Harrison," to distract public attention while *he* executed the ingenious machinations which had like to have overthrown the fabric of this glorious Union! Huge fun that, is it not? Verily, there is no telling beforehand who will be the victims of one of these grand evolutions.

But as I have gone through the worst now—summer residence in a felon's cell, a touch of the scurvy & all—now I am very well & very comfortable. Everybody on this island is my good friend & is polite; indeed, so has every officer & man been with whom I have been thrown into actual contact, each doing what he could to soften the rigid orders under which I have been committed to their charge. They have all recognized me as a gentleman & shown a proper consideration—only one fellow having ever spoken a rude word to me & *he* afterwards doing all he could to repair his blunder by zealous and courteous attendance.

Good food, & many a good walk around this island, has made me fat & strong again, & now that the assurance of ultimate safety to the Chief has come, you could n't find a more merry fellow in a day's search in the great city around you. I am allowed to send & receive letters. To most of my friends I have written, tho' not always such protracted epistles as you find this. Those to my mother & sister were nearly all intercepted on the route, but some have at last reached them & now I trust there will be no further difficulty.

As to my personal appearance, I fear Aunt Mary, after surveying the smooth-shaven & genteelly gloved Apollos of N. Y., would not think it attractive; on the contrary, might set me down for a monstrous & baleful phenomenon. Please tell her that there is no barber on this island & that I have tried in vain to tempt one over from the mainland. Some time ago a soldier was admitted to my den with a pair of shears, but hacked me so that I much prefer the disfigurement of nature's luxuriant outgrowth from my proper substance. I don't keep a looking-glass—its stories would not be satisfactory. But, some days ago, I saw something sweetly resting upon the placid surface of a tin plate flooded with molasses, & oh, what scenery! Hair, beard & whiskers, with eyes for lakelets & nose for promontory in the forest! The spectacle was inspiring, & set me to constructing a Spenserian stanza for sister; descriptive, philosophical & pathetic:

This head
Is that of the youth from near Natches,
Who wore such rebellious moustaches.
When they put out his eyes,
He expressed no surprise,
But said:
“That 's the way with rebellious moustaches.”

. . . I shall come to New York as soon as they find “the true interests of the Government” will allow & shall (What think you?) perhaps become your near neighbor in business, practising at the New York bar.

On January 25, 1866, he was released. He wrote, rejoicing, from the railway station in Wilmington, amid a curious crowd collected to gape at the "last rebel prisoner from Delaware Fort," that now once more he could subscribe himself "free, white, and twenty-one."

Hurrah! Here I am at last, and thank God for my deliverance. I am upon parole, but the most indulgent parole yet exacted from any of our prisoners, merely requiring me to report my post-office address and to hold myself in readiness to obey the orders of the President of the United States; nothing more. I am not restricted to any special limits. No oath is demanded. All this is by order of President Johnson, who has shown me an amount of personal good will and interest which is astonishing. He had the order issued in even more gentle terms than I had asked for. So you must all stand by him. He has shown himself a wise and resolute executive and will bring the affairs of the country as straight as our situation will admit of.

The commandant at Fort Delaware during his imprisonment was General Albin Francisco Schoepf, a Hungarian officer who had joined the revolution of Louis Kossuth and in consequence had been banished from his native land. He had served in the Ottoman army, and in 1851 came to the United States, where he was employed in the Patent Office at the time of the outbreak of hostilities in 1861. Volunteering in the service of the United States, he was appointed a brigadier-general of volunteers and served throughout the war. He was a man of spirit and quick sympathy, a true gentleman, and his own experience as a "rebel" enabled him to appreciate the plight of the Confederate prisoners of whom he was put in charge. With Burton Harrison he laid at this time the foundation

of a sincere and enduring friendship which ended only with General Schoepf's death in 1886. He named a son, born in 1868, Burton Harrison Schoepf, and Burton Harrison himself had the satisfaction of giving to another of General Schoepf's sons the opportunity to begin the career which has since carried him to an honorable place in the world.

As Burton Harrison left Fort Delaware a free man, carrying his head high, with untarnished honor, General Schoepf remarked to his wife, as she afterward repeated: "There goes the noblest man and truest gentleman it has ever been my fortune to know."

During the latter part of his imprisonment at Fort Delaware, his Yale College classmates, Eugene Schuyler and S. Davis Page, supplied him law books, and so he resumed his interrupted study of the law.

Where he was to establish himself had been debated while he was still in confinement, and we have quoted the letter in which he sets forth his objections to returning to the Southwest, where his roots were in the soil. But immediately after his release he went to Mississippi to visit his mother, and thence to New Orleans to take a survey of his opportunities in that community. They were, in fact, brilliant opportunities. Judge John A. Campbell, who had been a justice of the Supreme Court of the United States before the war and resigned to become Assistant Secretary of War in the Confederacy, invited him to enter into a law partnership, and he was assured of business, but he had already made up his mind under the stimulus of a tenderer partnership. So he interpreted everything he felt in prison with everything he heard at New Orleans as confirmation of his decision. On March 19, 1866, he wrote to his mother from New Orleans:

Mr. Bradford and other old lawyers have spoken of my father to me very pleasantly. They, and all my other friends who know anything about business, tell me that I could sail out into life here with great advantages, but they all, without an exception, think that New York is a better field for a lawyer now, and all tell me that I am sensible in determining to establish myself there, as I can do even better there than here. So to the Northern city I go.

In the summer of 1866 he went abroad for a refreshing voyage of several months in England ¹ and France; and on his return, acting under the advice of Charles O'Connor, the eminent New York lawyer and Democrat, who had been retained as senior counsel for Mr. Davis, he entered the law office of Judge Fullerton, and there studied until he could be admitted to the bar of the Supreme Court of New York at the December general term of 1866. And so the fateful decision was made and accomplished.

Burton Harrison carried with him to the end of his life, through many years of participation in a most conventional civilization, something of the atmosphere of the vast and mysterious Southwest; it was what Canon Charles Kingsley remarked in him when, after crossing the ocean in the same cabin with Burton Harrison, he said: "He has the freshness and tonic force of a strong west wind, and an outspokenness of manly opinion I have not heard surpassed." It was the

¹ The opportunity for this voyage came in a commission to Burton Harrison to place his young cousins, the sons of his uncle Samuel Jordan Harrison, at Eton College in England. One of these boys, Caskie Harrison, distinguished himself in classical scholarship at Eton and, after his return to the United States, held a professorship at the University of the South. Dr. Caskie Harrison subsequently established, and for a generation conducted, a private classical school for boys in Brooklyn, which was as successful as it was high in educational repute.

Southwest in which his mother's people and his own uncles had found their careers, where his lamented father's "manly heart burst at the end of an unfinished career with the thought that the world had not yet yielded him what it owed him," where he himself spent his earliest boyhood, and whither he returned after leaving college. His natural vocation was in that environment. The high-spirited, emotional men who gave color to that new country, who were its indomitable soldiers and its eloquent statesmen, were the true Americans of the pioneer race, which in 1862 still faced the setting sun with unblinking eyes—a race which found its most typical expression in cutting down a tree and building in a virgin soil such isolated homes as can still be seen in the forests and prairies of Mississippi. Most of them came out of such nests as nurtured the Harrisons of Skimino, and they had inherited a spontaneous resentment of the English colonial influence, with its aristocratic tendencies, which had dominated their ancestors in the eighteenth century. Education and gentle breeding did not alter these race characteristics; they simply intensified them. Burton Harrison's traveled and intellectual father dedicated his life to the principles for which such Americanism stood. In 1832, pleading for a broader recognition in the United States of German learning and Continental civilization, he wrote in his essay on "English Civilization":

Let no one sneer at us, as trying to subtract the American mind from its only natural and mother-jurisdiction. We aver, before heaven, that we believe the instinct of liberty in America will one day be endangered by the uninterrupted influence of contemporary English literature and manners. Undermine a few principles, and efface this instinct the most vital of all, and our Republic could not sustain itself forever

by its own weight. The sentiment of Aristocracy, with which her literature is at present more pregnant than it ever was before—and scarcely more in Scott than in Moore—once fairly introduced, in the train of fastidiousness and exclusiveness, would do the work of our destruction more effectually than sermons preached by a Sacheverell in every village in America for a century. But we should wrong ourselves if we said there was proximate danger of this: enough, that it is a possibility. We dare not go free of all care, knowing the deposit we bear.

When Burton Harrison first went to Richmond in his fervent youth, he truly represented this spirit of the Southwest; but in his approaching marriage he was now about to ally himself with a family which stood for an influence of reaction. The Carys and their kinsmen, the Fairfaxes, were of the small class which governed Virginia during the eighteenth century, and contributed tradition to the nineteenth. They had been large landholders, large slaveholders, frequent office-holders, had sent their sons to be educated in England the better to become loyal servants of the crown, learned in the forum and gallant on the tented field; they had filled their plantation houses with English furniture and English books, and had lived and dressed according to the fashions of the contemporary English country gentlemen who were their kin.¹ They

¹ The family of William Fairfax (1691–1757) of Belvoir-on-the-Potomac illustrates what the men of this class had been. He had served as a boy in the British navy, and was the judge of admiralty under Governor Woodes Rogers, who cleaned the Bahamas of the pirates in 1718. In Virginia he and his eldest son sat successively in his Majesty's Council and were royal collectors of customs for the South Potomac. Two of his younger sons were killed fighting the French in the British military service, one in 1746, "on board the *Harwich* ship of war in an engagement with Monsieur Bourdenaye, commander of a French squadron on the Indian coast," and the other under General Wolfe at the siege of Quebec in 1759. They were all bred at English schools and at home to

took no part in the Revolutionary movement, because they did not believe in it, and for a generation vocally regretted the separation from the motherland. It was a picturesque inheritance, but after the Revolution it represented a dead past. Well into the history of the new nation these families, like others of their class, continued, with just pride in the stately relics of their days of power, to be colonial. Ever they looked backward to the England they still called home; but seldom did they look forward to the boundless industrial future which lay before the new America and is the inspiration of her sons.

It was natural that this influence should be set against Burton Harrison's establishment in a new country where social conditions were still crude, whatever might be the promise for the future; but when such tradition flowered in individual ambition, dauntless for the achievement which comes with work, as in the character of Burton Harrison's wife, the natural compromise was in favor of the community which offered, with the highest rewards, the largest measure of the embellishments of life—in fine, a society which combined with material welfare a just appreciation of tradition and could still cry Progress from the housetops. In the wreck of Southern civilization, this compromise pointed inevitably to New York. To have fulfilled his race destiny, Burton Harrison should have obeyed that other influence which for a moment called him to San Francisco: his sons might then have pushed still

be intense loyalists. George William Fairfax returned to England at the time of the Revolution, and although his younger brother Brian, who succeeded to the dignity and the title of Lord Fairfax of Cameron, remained in America and left a numerous progeny, no member of this ancient family, which had achieved its greatest distinction by leading the army of the Parliament against Charles I, took any part in the American Revolution.

farther westward to rest for a generation in Hawaii, and his grandsons have found their careers in the Philippines! But none of them ever regretted the decision for New York, and, please God, they became none the less good Americans.

Before he began life on his own account, Burton Harrison had a pious duty to perform for his Chief. Mr. Davis was still imprisoned at Fortress Monroe. He had been denied a hearing by the inability of the government to decide what to do with him. The allegation of conspiracy to accomplish the murder of Mr. Lincoln had egregiously failed, and the government was driven back upon the charge of treason. It was planned to expiate on Mr. Davis's single person the crime which consisted in surviving the Confederacy; it was to be a vicarious sacrifice of an entire people. On September 21, 1865, the Senate had called on President Johnson for information as to what was to be done with Mr. Davis; the tide of public sentiment was setting in his favor, but it was not until May 8, 1866, that he was indicted for treason in the court of Judge John C. Underwood at Norfolk, Virginia. An application for the release of the prisoner on bail was made to Judge Underwood by counsel in June, 1866, but it was denied on the ground that Mr. Davis was still in the custody of the military authorities; but this was not the real reason. On June 20, 1866, Burton Harrison wrote:

Mr. O'Connor got back from Washington and sent for me in a hurry to be made use of immediately. He told me the whole story of the fashion in which the Radicals in the House managed to terrify Underwood into refusing to bail the Chief after the Attorney-General had expressed the willingness of the Government that it should be done, after the Chief Justice had told him to do it, and after he himself had

agreed that it is a bailable case and had as much as promised to receive bail as offered. Mr. O'Connor did not ask the President to parole the Chief, because he became satisfied that if he is enlarged on conditions as a military prisoner, the rascals will manage to have him arrested and cast into a common jail as a criminal under indictment by a civil court. That would put the case beyond the control of the President (who, whatever his motives may be, is practically and sincerely our friend), and make it hopeless. For the present, therefore, we must manifest no impatience, waiting until another plan at which we are now working, and which is promising well, can be realized. To report all these facts in proper fashion and to communicate with regard to other matters, Mr. O'Connor hurried me to Fortress Monroe again. . . . The disappointment about his release was very great, but he bore it in good part.

President Johnson was anxious to secure some definite disposition of Mr. Davis's case, and personally he was in favor of unconditional release. Perhaps Burton Harrison's conjecture that Mr. Johnson had a part in Surgeon Craven's book, "The Prison Life of Jefferson Davis," and that it was intended, with official approval, to promote opinion in that direction, was not without foundation. Burton Harrison wrote of the book in June, 1866, when it was first published:

The book is not great or up to its subject, but is the work of a friend and is doing good by its revelations and the discussion it is provoking. Craven was in close communion with President Johnson in March and April last, and I am sure the book was undertaken with His Excellency's knowledge and approval and in the hope that one of its results might be to make public sentiment which would help him to get rid of his "elephant."

The book did aid the efforts for Mr. Davis's release, and when the application for bail was renewed in May, 1867, it was supported by all but the most bitter partisan press.

Burton Harrison began to work for Mr. Davis's release as soon as he was himself free. In a letter of July 13, 1866, he describes a dinner of "conspirators" at the house of his cousin, Mr. William B. Reed, who had been Minister to China in 1857 and was the leading Democrat in Pennsylvania and one of Mr. Davis's counsel. It was a pleasant contrast to prison society.

The dinner-party at Philadelphia was delightful. Mr. Reed met me at the Girard House, and we rode out together to his place at Chestnut Hill. Mrs. Reed was the only lady present and was charming. I handed her into the dining-room and sat beside her in the seat of honour. The company invited to meet me was composed entirely of gentlemen who had approved themselves bold and staunch friends of the South and had nearly all been mobbed during the war for their steadfast principles. They were Mr. Ingersoll, Mr. Biddle, Mr. Montgomery, Mr. Evans and Mr. Welsh, and we, with Mr. Reed himself, constituted an assemblage the most "treasonable" which has gathered in the State of Pennsylvania since Genl. Lee's army crossed its borders after the battle of Gettysburg. The dinner and the wine were of the very best, and the hours passed delightfully. The midnight train brought me on to New York, after I had extracted from my host a promise to spend to-day in Washington, where he and Governor Pratt are at this very moment goading on the authorities in the matter of my Chief's welfare. . . .

He took an active part in the preparation of Mr. Davis's case, representing the State of Mississippi, which bore the expense, in negotiations with Mr. O'Connor and the other counsel who had been retained on behalf of Mr. Davis. Governor Benjamin C.

Humphreys wrote on March 27, 1867, expressing to Burton Harrison the gratitude of the State of Mississippi for his loyalty and continued service to the State in this affair. He went to Fortress Monroe to escort his former Chief to Richmond to appear before Judge Underwood. By reason of sympathy for his long imprisonment, the popularity of Mr. Davis throughout the South had marvelously revived, and his reception in Richmond was an ovation. Burton Harrison's letters to his mother, which have been published by the Mississippi Historical Society (Publications, Vol. VIII), tell the story with spirit:

New York, June 13, 1866.

The letter before this informed you that we expected to secure the Chief's liberation upon bail or parole, that President Johnson himself had said to Mr. Brady and Governor Pratt, but a short time ago, that it would be very impolitic in the Government to bring Mr. Davis to trial now, that the public judgment had practically settled all the questions to be put in issue on a trial for treason, that the Government could not possibly gain anything by prosecuting or even convicting Mr. Davis on a charge of treason, that the discussion of those questions by eminent lawyers would stir up feeling throughout the country, and that the whole Southern people would forever regard Mr. Davis as a vicarious martyr, and cherish his memory with the fondest affection for him and the bitterest hostility to the U. S. Gov't.

It thus became evident that my theories for the last ten months were to be proved true,—that the postponement of the trial was merely a putting off of the ultimate decision of the matter indefinitely, and that the Chief would never be arraigned. This was a great disappointment to the Chief,—he had all along earnestly desired a trial, confident of acquittal, or, at any rate, assured that if an opportunity were offered him and his lawyers to make an argument and vindicate his views and conduct, the world and posterity would

see the thing in its right light, if the court and the jury did not.

As to the charge about complicity in the plot to assassinate Lincoln, some of them still clamor about that occasionally for party purposes, but the people, generally, and the most respected of the party leaders, particularly, have long ago abandoned the use of such a reproach to them rather than to the great man against whom it was directed. President Johnson himself told Mrs. Davis, in the conversation he had with her three weeks ago, that he never had believed that Mr. Davis had anything to do with, or knew anything about, that hideous murder, that he had been compelled by Stanton and Holt to issue that proclamation making the charge and offering a reward for the Chief's arrest, that they had positively assured him that they had conclusive evidence of complicity, that his own (Johnson's) tenure of the presidential chair was then so insecure, and the popular excitement so great, that his refusal to issue the proclamation would have subjected him to a charge of complicity himself for refusing to arrest a man against whom public suspicion was aroused; but that he did not then, and does not now, believe at all in the truth of the charge.

Wilson of Massachusetts, Foster and Dickson of Connecticut, and others, came to visit Mrs. Davis in Washington at that time, too, expressing the kindest feelings and highest regard for their old-time associate in the U. S. Senate, asking her to allow them to make a formal recommendation for his release on parole, and assuring her that they had never for a moment entertained the thought that any of the impious party assaults on his character (charges of assassination of Lincoln, and bad treatment of prisoners especially) were true. Horace Greeley has, from the first, scorned such accusations, and the other day, when one of our friends told him of the proposed attempt to secure bail, he said: "Yes, sir, they have made charges against Mr. Davis, which they knew at the time they made them to be utterly false, and now that they talk about bail, I claim the honor, sir, to be one of his bail bond." He has, personally, been very manly about it from

the moment of our capture,—was the first man in the North to write Mrs. Davis a letter of sympathy and encouragement, taking care that all the world should know of his feeling and that nobody should be able to accuse him of clandestine communication with the great Rebel's wife, by addressing the envelope to "Mrs. Varina Davis, wife of Jefferson Davis, from Horace Greeley," and by sending it to her open, thro' the Secretary of War, and thence down to Georgia thro' the hands of all the military commanders until it reached her. Henry Ward Beecher is understood to have something of the same feeling, and has repeatedly reprobated anything like harsh treatment of the Chief. And, still more striking, Thaddeus Stevens recently sent an offer to become one of Mr. Davis' counsel, if it were agreeable to us to have him serve. Though there the wily old rascal has a purpose of his own to accomplish. His doctrine is that there is no treason in the war after it had once been set on foot, that the opposing enemies represented independent belligerent governments, and that the Southern communities are not now states with rights under the constitution, but merely conquered territories which may be disposed of as he and the radical party in the North see fit. In order to get that doctrine established, he wants Mr. Davis tried for treason and acquitted; then he thinks his nice little political schemes will come along as a natural consequence.¹

So you see what a wonderful change has come over the style of talk of the party leaders within one year. And you can perceive what the opinions of all the world will be in the next generation. Well, Mr. O'Connor, Mr. Brady, Mr. Shea, two young lawyers to hunt up authorities, etc., and I started for Richmond a week ago. In Philadelphia we were

¹ Professor Walmsley comments on this passage in the Mississippi Historical Society Publications, Vol. VIII, p. 83, as follows:

"This belief of Mr. Stevens was first declared in December, 1865. Mr. Harrison's suspicion here was almost prophetic in view of the events of the next decade. He seems to have been one of the few Southern men who saw clearly at this time that 'independence' for four years logically involved the theory of 'conquered territory' afterward."

joined by Mr. Reed, in Baltimore by Governor Pratt and Mr. George Wm. Brown.

Mr. O'Connor, Mr. Shea and Governor Pratt stopped in Washington. The rest of us went to Richmond, where we did nothing whatever except to make a formal demand for trial. The court replied that the Government was not ready for trial, and again postponed the case until October next.

This was as we expected, and we then looked to Mr. O'Connor in Washington to consummate the matter there by securing parole from the President, or bail from the Chief Justice. During the first four or five days of the week everybody in Washington seemed to be all right for us, the President, the Cabinet, the Radicals in Congress and everybody else there,—the Chief Justice also. Mr. O'Connor expected to have bail or parole on Saturday, but between Friday morning and Saturday noon some of that set of slippery rascals managed to give the thing an entirely new direction. They worked over some of the Cabinet, passed a resolution in the House demanding that the Chief be retained in prison until tried, and bullied the President into a declaration of his inability to serve us by granting parole at this time, and so all our hopes seem to be dashed to the ground, and it seems likely, therefore, that we shall have to wait until Congress adjourns before Mr. Davis can be gotten out,—a hard conclusion sure.

New York, May 18, 1867.

I have been in such a rush and whirl for the last few weeks as to have been utterly unable to keep still long enough to write a respectable letter. The newspapers, however, have told you what I have been about, and I presume that you have seen my name mentioned. You know, of course, that we have achieved our great labor and that the Chief has been released on bail at last!

On Monday afternoon (two weeks ago) Mr. O'Connor sent for me and told me I must start off immediately on the great journey. I set out at daybreak next day—spent an hour in Philadelphia with Mr. Reed—pushed on to Richmond and

reached that town before dawn, in a furious rain-storm, on Wednesday. It reminded me (the rain) of the storm thro' which we all went to Richmond last year and seemed a bad omen. But fortunately things have changed since then, and this time our enterprise proved an entire success. I had with me the original writ of "habeas corpus" for Mr. Davis, about which so much has been said, and had to have it signed, etc., etc., by the Clerk of the Court. We attended to that on Wednesday. Thursday Col. Ould (formerly our commissioner for the exchange of prisoners) set off for the Fortress, in company with the marshal, to serve the writ on Gen'l Burton, commanding the fort. I remained in Richmond until next day to receive further instructions from Mr. O'Connor by telegraph. On Friday I went down the James River to Norfolk, then to Fortress Monroe. It was the second anniversary of our capture, and I was glad to be able to spend it with them in their dungeon, and to believe that it was to be the last night of their imprisonment.

Next day we took the boat for Richmond. Col. Burton is a gentleman and has been exceedingly kind to Mr. Davis during all the time he has been in command. He was as considerate and attentive on the boat as possible. Had no guards or sentinels, exacted no parole of any kind, gave us all possible freedom, and any one looking on would have supposed that he was merely our fellow passenger and very polite to us. At all the landings up the river there were little clusters of people to see Mr. Davis. At Brandon they had seen me as I went down the river and had learned that the Chief was coming up next day. They were ready to receive us, therefore, and such a reception one can hardly expect anywhere else in the world. The ladies came on the boat, embracing and kissing him, weeping, praying and asking God's blessing on him, until we were all overcome with the scene. Reaching Richmond, we found a crowd of thousands of people on the wharf,—mainly negroes, some of whom had been instructed, by the vicious Yankee emissaries who are among them, to show their insolence to us. The presence of some soldiers, however, served to keep them in order, and

nothing disagreeable happened. Mr. James Lyons (a conspicuous citizen of Richmond) took Mrs. Davis in his carriage. Col. Burton and Surgeon Cooper marched off the boat, followed by Mr. Davis, who held my arm. We four got into an open carriage and drove rapidly to the Spottswood Hotel, where the proprietors had prepared for Mr. Davis the very rooms which he occupied in 1861 when he came from Montgomery to be president of the C. S. All along the street men stood with uncovered heads and the women waved their handkerchiefs from the windows.

At the hotel there was no guard or constraint upon us. He had his private parlor and received visits from hundreds of friends who called.

Next day, Sunday, he spent indoors, receiving visitors,—particularly just after the congregations came from church. The parlor was crowded with pretty women—he kissed every one of them—and I observed that he took delight in kissing the prettiest when they went out as well as when they came in.

Monday morning the feeling thro'out the community was at fever heat. The judge, Underwood, is the "bête noir" of Richmond,—everybody regarding him with horror and disgust because of that villainous discourse to his grand jury of negroes, which he called his "charge,"—everybody felt certain that he would shut Mr. Davis up in the town jail as soon as he could get control of him. We of the counsel felt more hopeful—we had received every assurance from the Attorney-Gen'l and others that all would go well with us,—and yet even we could not count on what Underwood might do and were afraid that he would seize the occasion as an opportunity to indulge his malignant passions.

However, the first steps had been taken, and there was no backing out. The women, all over the town, were praying, and the men wore the most anxious faces even those streets had ever seen. The people kept their excitement under control, however, because everybody felt that an outburst would only compromise Mr. Davis. As to what happened in the

court-room, the papers will tell you. The officials seemed to have caught the spirit of the crowd, and every one of them did his utmost to be polite. I went with Mr. O'Connor. Mr. Davis appeared, preceded by Gen'l Burton in full uniform, and followed by the marshal. He was conducted to the prisoners' dock and looked somewhat flushed with nervous excitement. The marshal came across the room looking for me, and invited me to come and sit beside Mr. Davis, that he might feel he had a friend near him and not suffer from a disagreeable consciousness of proximity to constables and turnkeys. It was a delicate consideration for the feelings of a man like Mr. Davis, which one would expect from a gentleman—but coming from that fellow I confess it surprised me. I thanked him with effusive gratitude, and taking my seat next "the accused" felt as exalted as if I were enthroned beside a king. In a moment the courtesy was extended by conducting Mr. Davis within the bar to a seat beside his counsel. I stood beside him thro' it all, and was the first person to congratulate him on the result.

Everything went according to our hopes. It had been agreed upon that there should be no "speeches," and the remarks which had to be made were of the most meagre. When it came to the judge's turn to speak and he announced that the case was "bailable" and that he would admit the prisoner to bail, the effect was electrical. Everybody's face brightened, and when it was all over, everybody rushed forward to congratulate Mr. Davis. The court-room, which had been as still almost as a death-chamber, resounded with shouts. He asked me to get him out as soon as possible, and taking his arm, I pushed thro' the crowd to a carriage which was in waiting.

As long as I live I shall never forget the joyful excitement of the crowd outside, as they rushed to the carriage to shake his hand and pursued us with cheers and "God's blessings." At the hotel there was a great company assembled to congratulate him as he came up the stairs upon my arm, but everybody held back with instinctive delicacy as he entered

the room where his wife was. After a moment I followed with Dr. Minnegerode, his pastor—the door was locked, and we all knelt around the table in thankful prayer for the deliverance which God had brought us. We were all sobbing, with tears of joyful emotion. When the door was opened, and the happy multitude of friends came in with their tears and smiles of welcome, I escaped from the room.

You never saw a community in such a glee of good humor, —everybody shaking hands, embracing, weeping, and drinking toasts. The animosities of the war were forgotten for the moment, and for the first time since the war ended, Richmond people showed hospitalities to the Yankees.

Gen'l Burton and Dr. Cooper were feasted day and night, as a mark of gratitude for their long-continued kindness to Mr. Davis at the Fortress. We thought it best to take Mr. Davis at once from a scene of such excitement, and so they took passage for New York on the steamer immediately. He is on his way to Canada to see his children. He remains in New York a day or two to get rested. Last night he had become so exhausted with the excitement and the constant string of visitors who insisted upon seeing him at the New York Hotel, that I took bodily possession of him and (despite his half-expressed unwillingness) drove him out in a carriage to Mr. O'Connor's house at Fort Washington on the Hudson, and I left him there to get a good sleep in the country and to enjoy a day or two of quiet before he continues his journey.

He is looking very thin and haggard and has very little muscular strength, but his spirits are good, he has improved in appearance very greatly since he left his dungeon, and I think he will be in very good condition as soon as he gets rested. Both he and Mrs. Davis have inquired about you.

This was the end of the prosecution of Mr. Davis; the government entered a *nol. pros.* in December, 1868. After his release Mr. Davis went to Canada and to England, and subsequently established himself at

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Memphis as president of the Carolina Life Insurance Company. His relations with his former secretary continued to be cordial, as is shown by the following letter of that time:

Memphis, Tenn., 16th April, 1872.

My dear Sir:

Thanks to your kind attention, the box of swords, etc., etc., has been received. Some of the more attractive contents are missing, but it is rather a matter for surprise that so much was left, and fortunately the one thing most prized for its associations is among the preserved. The charter of the Company in which I am serving fixes the parent office at this city, therefore I could not remove to Balto. without resigning the office I hold, from the salary of which it would be inconvenient to part.

I am glad to hear of your professional success, which, though no prophet, was to my belief but a question of time. No man more ardently desires your prosperity than myself, and I would that it had been in my power to promote it.

Present my affectionate remembrance to "Miss Constance" and Master Fairfax, and tell the young gentleman that I hope to join him in the celebration of some future birthday.

As ever, truly your friend,

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

B. N. Harrison, Esq.

Burton Harrison was now free to turn to the mending of his own fortunes, and this he did with zest and immediate success. In prison he had thought out his politics for the future, bravely facing the inevitable and gazing into the future with a vision of extraordinary penetration. In a letter of July 13, 1866, he told of this mental process:

But, of course, you know that I am altogether too well "reconstructed," too melodiously "harmonized," to agree

with the sentiments of your Independence Day harangue. I am not at all inclined to see America swamped, or to renounce a republican form of government, or to see in our failure in the attempt at Southern nationality any other result than this: that whereas we struggled for the boundary of the Ohio, the issue has given us that of the Great Lakes and of both oceans. The "huge Democracy" is altogether another thing from the Republic we once had, and in very many respects is far from being so good. But the country will hereafter be much more powerful, far more imposing than ever before, in very truth one nation. And whereas, Southern men were in old time necessarily partizans of the interests of a Section, and, from the very conditions of their everlasting wrangling with Northern aggressors, of influence only among the citizens of half the States of the Union, they can now, with all manhood and righteousness, be spokesmen for the whole country, be of opinions which control great political parties in all the States, be of power throughout a great nationality. That, because the necessary and unavoidable result of the war is the destruction of all those peculiar institutions and interests which made it necessary that a Southern man, to be the champion of his own State, must be the antagonist of everybody else. All that is done with, against our wishes, to be sure, and our most strenuous exertions, but done away with nevertheless. *Now* there are no interests which necessarily divide the country in sections, except these two: agriculture and manufactures and the commerce which they foster. *Now* every man chooses (or rather can choose) his party from principle and conviction. *Now* we are in that respect like the condition of things in the British political system. The Member for Liverpool really represents, speaks for, votes for and is member for, London and Edinburgh as well. *Now* the Representative from Mississippi will be representative from Illinois and New York too, and will speak and vote for every other community in the Union, as well as for his own village and its neighbours. Before many years have gone by, every school-boy in the land will see these things. They have, as necessary con-

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comitant, many an ingredient which would have been happily absent from the structure of our dear, glorious, dead Confederacy; but there are in them far too many elements of good for me to be willing to see America swamped, or to justify me in forgetting the sentiment of nationality. I am one of those disposed to get all possible good out of the inevitable. I know that individuals among Southern men have a much wider field for energy and influence than they ever had before or than they could have had in a Southern Confederacy, just as General Grant with his million of ruffianly followers had a larger platform for operations and more control of the world's affairs than had the Captain of the Natchez troop which was composed entirely of gentlemen. I know that in a very few years the Southern people as a community will have a very loud voice in the conduct of this "huge Democracy," and so, not running away, not abandoning my convictions, I "change front" (as Victor Hugo says the world did at Waterloo) and, recognizing the new condition of things, go still forward tho' in another direction, because my former line of march has been interrupted by an impassable barrier which I must avoid or butt my head against, very foolishly.

These are my politics, thought out in prison and very unexpectedly and unintentionally set forth here.

In the alien community of New York he at once seized opportunity and achieved respect among those who were at first fain to brand him "rebel."¹ On the nomi-

¹ How long-continued was the prejudice in certain quarters in New York against any man who had taken a part in the Confederacy, and solely on that ground, was made evident to Mr. Harrison as late as 1891, when he was up for election to membership in the Century Association. He was elected without question because most "black Republicans" took the broader view expressed in the following note from a certain United States Civil Service Commissioner of the time:

"March 23, 1891.

"*My dear Mr. Harrison:*

"It goes without saying that I shall take particular pleasure in writing to the Century Club in your behalf. As you know, I have long felt that

nation of Mr. Charles O'Connor, who since their association in respect of Mr. Davis's affairs had become his firm friend and patron, Burton Harrison had an early opportunity to try his mettle in the public interest. One of the corrupt judges who disgraced New York under the régime of the Tweed ring was J. H. McCunn, who sat on the bench of the Superior Court of the city of New York. Representing David McDonald, Burton Harrison preferred charges against McCunn before the Judiciary Committee of the Assembly at Albany in the winter of 1872, with the result that McCunn was impeached before the Senate of the State of New York. At the subsequent trial Burton Harrison opened for the prosecution, his argument lasting all of a day, and was followed by Messrs. John E. Parsons, Van Cott, and Stickney for the New York Bar Association. Mr. Harrison's opening was so vigorous in its invective that McCunn was himself powerfully affected, and, in his emotion, coughed up a silver tube he wore in his throat, an accident which brought on his death soon afterward. McCunn was found guilty and removed from the bench in disgrace. It was a conspicuous public service, most effectively done.

In 1873 he took part in an interesting adventure. The history is well known of the long-sighted effort of General Grant during his first Presidency to acquire

you were particularly a person who had a claim to be in the Century. Being a "Black Republican," I am not likely to be deemed to be swayed by party motives when I say, as I always have said, publicly and privately, that a man's having played an honorable and distinguished part on the Confederate side ought simply to be a recommendation for his admission to the Century or any other club; and I am loath to believe that any of the Centurians would be so petty-minded as to hold your war record otherwise than in your favor.

"Yours very truly,

"THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

"Burton N. Harrison, Esq."

for the United States a foothold in the West Indies, on the island of Santo Domingo, by cession from the Dominican Republic of a coaling-station on the Bay of Samaná, at the eastern extremity of the island, overlooking Porto Rico, and by annexation of the Black Republic itself, which, of course, must soon have been followed by a benevolent assimilation of Haiti also. President Grant's treaties to these ends with President Buenaventura Baez were rejected by the Senate in June, 1870, largely through the opposition of the negrophile Senator Charles Sumner of Massachusetts, whose moral sense was aroused by a personal quarrel with Grant; his reward being the summary removal of his protégé John Lothrop Motley from the English mission, and a medal stricken in his honor by the grateful Haitians. General Grant nevertheless persisted and sent a commission to examine the island, and the report of this commission in April, 1871, not only recommended annexation, but painted in glowing colors the rich natural resources of Santo Domingo lying ready for profitable commercial exploitation. The soundness of General Grant's project has been amply justified by the subsequent history of the United States in the Antilles; but public opinion did not support a colonial policy at that time, and the measure was pressed no further. The report of President Grant's commission bore fruit, nevertheless. Captain Samuel Samuels, the picturesque sailor who had carried the American flag into all the seven seas on swift clipper-ships, saw in it an opportunity for commercial venture. He organized a syndicate including such names as Alden B. Stockwell, Dr. Samuel G. Howe of Boston, who had been one of General Grant's commissioners, George M. Pullman, Cornelius K. Garrison, Henry Clews, and Oliver Ames, and as-

suming the name of the Samaná Bay Company, they sent a commission, consisting of Burton Harrison, Captain Samuels, and T. Scott Stewart, to Santo Domingo to negotiate a commercial concession from President Baez. That potentate, who was holding on to power by his eyelids, and justly feared the aggression of the neighboring republic of Haiti, was bent upon accomplishing the protection of the United States indirectly, if he could not bring about annexation. General Grant himself gave tacit approval to the plans of the Samaná Bay Company, so that the negotiations of the new commissioners were not difficult. It was indeed somewhat *opera-bouffe*. The commissioners treated with much ceremony and formal dignity with the polite and dusky dignitaries of the Dominican Republic, finding them as affable and anxious to oblige as so many head waiters at a summer hotel; they had the true negro characteristic of wanting to do more than was expected of them, and they solemnly concluded a convention by which the Samaná Bay Company was granted a lease of the peninsula and Bay of Samaná, the identical territory which President Grant had sought to acquire for the United States, and was created a corporation of the Dominican Republic, with powers and franchises which were almost sovereign and scarcely less than those some time enjoyed by the great English trading companies of Elizabeth's time. This convention was obediently ratified by a plebiscite of cheerful negroes, and the commissioners returned to New York to make, on January 20, 1873, a triumphant report. The following winter was spent in London placing the securities of the company, and there were high hopes entertained for the Samaná Bay Company; but in 1874 President Baez was overthrown by the inevitable revolution, and the protection of the United States,

which had been counted on for this expected contingency, was not forthcoming. General Grant dared not risk more in the adventure, so the Samaná Bay Company came to naught.

In the summer of 1875 Burton Harrison was secretary and counsel of the first Rapid Transit Commission of the city of New York, which was appointed under the so-called Husted Act to consider the necessity of a system of rapid transit for New York, and, if it should find such necessity to exist, to fix upon proper routes. This commission, of which Joseph Seligman was chairman, held that "elevated steam railways are not only more likely than any other steam railways to be actually constructed in this city, but are the best for the purpose in view," and, under this decision, the elevated railways on Ninth, Sixth, Third, and Second avenues were constructed, and for many years were the main arteries of the town.

Burton Harrison was counsel for the Western Union Telegraph Company and the New York Telephone Company for many years, and for them and other clients was frequently heard in the Court of Appeals of New York and the Supreme Court of the United States. He was one of the earliest members of the New York Bar Association, and the year-book for 1905 of that honorable body contains a sympathetic memoir of him by his brother-in-law, Clarence Cary. He was unwilling to fall in with the modern development of a large firm of associated lawyers and continued the traditional practice of a barrister, alone, being one of the last notable figures at the bar in New York to hold out against the convenience of junior partners. His office desk was a study in the geology of business, accreted strata of the papers of yesteryear overlaid by current correspondence. In his professional life he exemplified the old-time

American lawyer: "lived well, worked hard, and died poor." Although he commanded large fees, he deliberately allowed many opportunities for riches to pass him by and go to men of less caliber, because, as he resolutely said: "I will crook my back to no man." Applying current standards, one did not always recognize the force of his objections to certain men and certain things they did, but when his eye kindled one never failed to respect his sensitiveness on the point of honor. He viewed life like the black leopard of Lahore—untamed.

For a number of years he was active in politics, particularly in Tilden's campaign in 1876; but he was quite unable to conceal his personal disgust at the failure of Mr. Tilden's advisers to act with vigor in his behalf. On April 26, 1877, he wrote to his sister:

Don't be afraid for the immediate political future of the country. Tho' we have not Tilden in the White House, we shall still have what will, to all intents and purposes, be a Democratic administration. We have the House of Representatives; the Senate is evenly divided now, and will be Democratic in a year or two. There can be no dangerous legislation, and Hayes *must* be moderate and reasonable in all that he does; he can't be otherwise. You must not entertain suspicions or dissatisfaction in reference to Lamar, or any of the Southern men who have acted recently with him. They were wise and patriotic in all they have done, & South Carolina and Louisiana are their first results. Being at a distance from Washington, and having to rely on newspapers and other unreliable sources of information for the facts of the situation in February and March and January last, you cannot judge the men who acted with Lamar. The only possible chance we had for getting Tilden into the White House was the chance offered by that Electoral Commission Bill, and when it was sure to be passed by Congress, and I left Washington (Jan. 19), it was supposed by everybody

there, Republicans and Democrats alike, that it would inaugurate Tilden. That was the general expectation even after Kasson had made the opening argument on the Republican side, before the Commission, in the Florida case; it was not until Stanley Matthews made his argument, and disclosed an ingenious theory by which it was possible to count both Oregon and Florida and Louisiana for Hayes, that the Republicans had any hope. The result we all know—it was very distressing, but it was better than having Hayes declared President by violence and having him put in the White House by Grant and the army. They were sure to do that, and we had no way of preventing them. Had they done so the whole country would have been in a tumult and the Carpet-baggers would still be in possession of South Carolina and Louisiana & striving to get possession of other Southern States. As it is, we have the next best thing to having Tilden for President—we don't have the loaves and fishes and spoils of office, but we do have an orderly and peaceful administration, which is practically under the control of the Democratic leaders, the chief among whom are Southern men. Tilden's best chance was in a bold and determined declaration, *on the 8th of November*, of an unflinching purpose to go into the White House—that should have been done by him and by his leaders and advisers *here*, the moment the scheme to count Florida and Louisiana for Hayes was disclosed, *on the day after the election*. Had that been done, by big meetings and bold speeches here, in the City of New York, on the evening of the 8th of Nov. and during the few days next following, all the country would have been aroused and the villains would have been headed off in their schemes of fraud. There would have been in every State such demonstrations as were made in Columbus, Ohio, and they would have succeeded. The conspirators would have found all the moderate people, all the business men among the Republicans, acting with the Democrats. Some of the young men here, I among the most emphatic of them, insisted on that course, and I myself went with a friend & secured the calcium lights with which to illuminate Gram-

erey Park in front of Tilden's house that night, whilst others engaged bands of music for a serenade to him, speeches, processions, etc., etc. We should have had 50,000 people there, and the echoes of that evening would have been heard on the Pacific Coast; but we were overruled; the lights and music were countermanded from Head Quarters, and when I went there in indignation they told me that it had been decided to keep quiet, not to appeal to passions, which, if aroused, would alarm all the business men of the country with regard to the possibility of trouble from a Democratic administration, etc., etc., and all such other weak-kneed bosh! Whereupon I told some of them that they were a set of Eunuchs; that they showed a lack of manhood and that Tilden would never get into the White House, and I went home and stayed there! The hesitation, indecision, irresolution and want of pluck of those few days, were exactly what Chandler & Morton & Grant wanted us to show. Having nearly all the press of the country with them, they soon got all the newspapers up to their most extreme pretensions, and in ten days all the Republicans everywhere had fallen in with the scheme & the frauds in Florida and Louisiana were completed. My hopes sometimes got the better of my judgment, after that, and Tilden was so confident that I sometimes trusted his calculations; but there never was a time when they could remedy the harm done by keeping quiet between the 7th and 20th of November. They were all to blame—Tilden and Hendricks both approved the policy which was pursued. Now they all admit the mistake they made—but Hayes is in the White House.

But don't be miserable. Keep cool, as I do, and be assured that the country will be decently governed now upon Democratic principles.

In connection with Mr. Tilden's fortunes and misfortunes the following letter from Mr. Justice Stephen J. Field, of the Supreme Court of the United States, who had steadily voted with the Democratic minority

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on the Electoral Commission in 1877, is interesting. The statement was repeatedly made at the time that Mr. Tilden was steadfastly resisting the efforts of his friends to make him a candidate for the Presidency again in 1880.

Private & Confidential.

Washington, April 9, 1880.

My dear Mr. Harrison:

Your telegram enquiring about my visit to New York was received this morning. Before its receipt I had determined to postpone my going to New York, and to write to you that perhaps it would be better to delay my visit until after the meeting of your State Convention—on the 22nd inst.

I will speak frankly to you—and *privately* of course. Mr. Tilden is a candidate for the nomination—and is making most earnest efforts everywhere throughout the country to receive delegates in his favor. I *know* with absolute certainty whereof I speak—he is not going to withdraw in favor of any one. He will remain in the field until his ability to be of advantage to any one will be gone. It is of no use therefore for me to meet him and talk with him. His friends know, he knows—that I am his friend—and that if he could unite the factions in New York—and his health were good—I would be enthusiastically for him. But the opinion of the party is too pronounced against him throughout the South and West to make it in my judgment at all prudent to nominate him. Success with him I fear would be impossible. I shall not oppose him, however, if it can be shown that defeat will not attend his nomination.

I should like very much to have a long and frank conversation with his trusted friend Mr. Bigelow, who is also my friend. It will be impossible for me to leave Washington for some days. There are several very important constitutional cases before the Court under advisement—and several more are to be argued this coming week. So I must stay here for the next ten days. I wish Bigelow could be induced to come to Washington for a few days—he might agree upon some

action for the future. Suppose you suggest this quickly to him.

I am very Sincerely Yours,

STEPHEN J. FIELD.

B. N. Harrison, Esq.

Burton Harrison attended the Cincinnati Convention in June, 1880, which nominated General Hancock, and this was almost his last political service. Press of professional engagements had caused him to eschew the official preferment which was several times open to him, and, for the same reason, he gradually lost touch with practical politics, though in the Presidential campaign of 1896 he was stirred by his abhorrence of Bryanism to go upon the stump in North Carolina for McKinley and sound money; and none who knew him will forget his exhilaration in the campaign of 1902, when his second son was first elected to Congress from the New York district in which he had been born. He declined in 1893 an invitation from Mr. Cleveland to become Ambassador to Italy, as he had previously declined an appointment as Assistant Secretary of State.

His profession took him frequently afield—to England, to the West Indies, and to the far West—and he made holiday excursions to Russia and to the Levant; but he became an inveterate New Yorker and was a constant frequenter of clubs. He was secretary of the University Dining Club,¹ a congenial coterie which

¹ The members of the University Dining Club in February, 1900, were George V. N. Baldwin, Charles T. Barney, Charles C. Beaman, George Blagden, John E. Brooks, Edward Cooper, Frederick J. De Peyster, Henry F. Dimock, Allen W. Evarts, Austin G. Fox, William H. Fuller, Burton N. Harrison, Henry E. Howland, Charles D. Ingersoll, William Jay, J. Frederick Kernochan, Benjamin F. Lee, Frederick H. Man, Cornelius B. Mitchell, Frederic W. Stevens, Alfred J. Taylor, George W. Van Slyck, Edmund Wetmore, Buchanan Winthrop.

represented much of the best in the New York of his generation. While he steadily bore himself with a certain aloofness of spirit which was characteristic, he had a surprising touch with all classes of the community, particularly among younger men, who warmed to his courtesy. His especial friends among his contemporaries were Henry F. Dimock, Francis Lynde Stetson, Peter B. Olney, Buchanan Winthrop, Charles C. Beaman, and, in earlier years, William C. Whitney. As in town, so at Lenox and at Bar Harbor, where he had villas, he took great pleasure in polite society. His handsome presence and courtly manner made him everywhere welcome, while his table-talk was inimitable—spontaneous, learned, witty; it sparkled like his topaz eye.

He was a keen and ardent student of the more obscure periods of American history, particularly in respect to Virginia. When Alexander Brown was compiling his "Genesis of the United States," Burton Harrison volunteered and gave active aid, running down material, tracing rivulets of doubtful suggestion to their fountains of fact, ransacking libraries, and borrowing rare books of Americana wherever they were to be found. His literary enthusiasm when these noble volumes were at last published was infectious. He took sincere pleasure and pride in the growing popularity of his wife's literary work and was her severest, if most affectionate, critic. In "The Anglomaniacs," "Belhaven Tales," and the troupe of charming novels which followed them, as in her more serious but not less charming historical essays, there are many evidences of his strong and sound critical judgment. In her personal memoirs, soon to be published, she fairly measures and proudly acknowledges the value of this stimulus to her best work.

He had married, on November 26, 1867, Constance Cary, daughter of Archibald Cary and Monimia Fairfax of Virginia, and had three sons,¹ all born in New York; all of them he had the satisfaction to see graduated at Yale, two following him in the Skull and Bones and subsequently coming to the bar in New York. He loved and respected his sons, and his sons, in their several ways, loved him. During the last hours of the *Dämmerung* of his life, when they came together from the crowded courses of their own teeming lives and sat awaiting the summons, unanimously his sons agreed that he had been the most stimulating and the most agreeable man they had ever known.

He was preëminently a gentleman, satisfying alike the test of Confucius—"frugal in eating and drinking

¹ Burton N. Harrison's sons are:

1. Fairfax Harrison, born March 13, 1869, and graduated at Yale 1890. He was admitted to the bar in New York in 1892, but in 1896 entered railway service. He married Hetty Cary, daughter of John Brune Cary, Esq., of Baltimore, and has three children, Constance, Ursula, and Richard. He resides at Belvoir, Fauquier County, Virginia.

2. Francis Burton Harrison, born December 18, 1873, and graduated at Yale 1895. He was admitted to the bar in New York in 1897, and for a time was an instructor at the New York Law School. He volunteered for the Spanish War with Troop A, N. Y. N. G., but was soon appointed Captain and A. A. G., U. S. V. In 1902 he was elected to Congress in the Thirteenth New York District, in 1904 was the Democratic candidate for Lieutenant-Governor of New York, and since 1906 has represented the Sixteenth New York District in Congress. He married, first, Mary Crocker, daughter of Charles Crocker, Esq., of California, and, second, Mabel Judson, daughter of Henry Judson, Esq., of Brooklyn, and has four children, Virginia Randolph, Barbara, Burton, and Frances Fairfax. He resides at 876 Fifth Avenue, New York, and Greenway Court, Bar Harbor, Maine.

3. Archibald Cary Harrison, born October 21, 1876, and graduated at Yale 1898. For several years he was treasurer of the Empire Trust Company of New York. He married Helena Bates Walley, daughter of George Phillipps Walley, Esq., of Boston, and has one child, a daughter Mary. He resides at Mount Kisco, Westchester County, New York, and Burnmouth, Bar Harbor, Maine.

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and lavish to the ghosts of the dead," self-restrained and ceremonious—as the test of Browning's hero, dauntless self-effacement:

He held his life out lightly on his hand
For any man to take.

He died on a visit to Washington on March 29, 1904, in his sixty-sixth year.



**THE CAPTURE
OF JEFFERSON DAVIS**



THE CAPTURE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS

BY BURTON N. HARRISON

(Reprinted from the *Century Magazine* for November, 1883, with notes,
never before printed, by Jefferson Davis¹)

IN anticipation of the capture of Richmond, the President had decided to remove his family to a place of probable security. He desired, however, to keep them as near as might be to the position General Lee intended to occupy when obliged to withdraw from the lines around Richmond and Petersburg. Charlotte, North Carolina, was selected for the purpose; and I was requested to accompany Mrs. Davis and the children on their journey.²

We started from Richmond in the evening of the Friday before the city was evacuated. The President accompanied us to the cars; and after the ladies had taken their seats, but while we were still at the station of the Danville railroad, awaiting the signal for the train to move, he walked a short distance aside with me, and gave his final instructions in nearly or quite these words:

"My latest information from General Lee is, that Sheridan has been ordered to move with his cavalry to our right flank and to tear up the railroad; he is to remain there, de-

¹ Mr. Harrison sent the *Century* proof-sheets to Mr. Davis and invited his comments. The notes hereinafter printed and signed (by the present editor) J. D. for identification were written by Mr. Davis in his own hand on the proof-sheets, which now form part of the "Burton Harrison Collection" MSS. in the Congressional Library. It will be noted that Mr. Harrison did not adopt all Mr. Davis's suggestions.

² "To a house there where Mr. Davis had provided for them by the friendly aid of Major Echols."—J. D.

stroying as much of the railroad as he can, until driven off by Hampton or by the lack of supplies; he is then to rejoin Grant in front of Petersburg if possible; otherwise, to go to Sherman in North Carolina. After establishing Mrs. Davis at Charlotte, you will return to Richmond as soon as you can."

I may here remark that, when a prisoner in Washington, in the following July, I one day got possession of a piece of a newspaper containing a part of the report,¹ made by General Sheridan, of the operations under his command known as the "Battle of Five Forks." I remember the impression it gave me of the accuracy and freshness of General Lee's intelligence from General Grant's head-quarters, when I read, that day in prison, Sheridan's own statement showing that his orders were to move with cavalry only, to make a raid on the railroad on General Lee's right flank, and, when driven off, to return to Petersburg if he could, otherwise to join Sherman; and that it was during the night, when he was about to move with the cavalry only, that General Grant notified him of a change of plan, afterward giving him the corps of infantry with which the battle was actually fought.

Bidding good-bye to the President, we got away from Richmond about ten o'clock. It was a special train. Our party consisted of Mrs. Davis, Miss Howell (her sister), the four children, Ellen (the mulatto maid-servant), and James Jones (the mulatto coachman). With us were also the daughters of Mr. Trenholm, the Secretary of the Treasury, on their way to South Carolina, under the escort of midshipman James M. Morgan. That young gentleman was then engaged to Miss Trenholm, and afterward married her. There were no other passengers, and the train consisted of only two or three cars. In one of them, the coachman had the two carriage horses² recently presented to Mrs. Davis

¹ "I have not been able to find Sheridan's report, but General Warren, who was in the Battle of Five Forks and censured by Sheridan, answered him with a good deal of severity, and the detached sentences quoted by Warren are all I can find."—J. D.

² "They were the same Mr. Davis had purchased in Western Virginia and which had been used for several years."—J. D.

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by several gentlemen of Richmond. She had owned and used them for several years; but during the preceding winter the President's household had felt the pressure of the "hard times" even more than before; he had sold all his own horses except the one he usually rode; and, being in need of the money these would fetch, Mrs. Davis had, some time afterward, sold them also through a dealer.¹ The afternoon of the sale, however, they were returned to the stable with a kind letter² to her from Mr. James Lyons and a number of other prominent gentlemen, the purchasers, begging her to accept the horses as a gift in token of their regard. The price they had paid for the pair was, I think, twelve thousand dollars—a sum which dwindles somewhat when stated to have been in Confederate currency (worth, at that time, only some fifty for one in gold), and representing about two hundred and forty dollars in good money.

It illustrates the then condition of the railways and means of transportation in the Confederate States, that, after proceeding twelve or fifteen miles, our locomotive proved unable to take us over a slight up-grade. We came to a dead halt, and remained there all night. The next day was well advanced when Burksville Junction was reached; and I there telegraphed to the President the accounts received from the battle between Sheridan and Pickett.

It was Sunday morning before we arrived at Danville. While preparations were making there to send on our train toward Charlotte, Morgan and I took a walk through the town and made a visit to the residence of Major Sutherlin, the most conspicuous house in Danville. The train got off again by midday, but did not reach Charlotte until Tuesday. At Charlotte, we were courteously entertained³ for a day or two by Mr. Weil, an Israelite, a merchant of the town.

¹ "The expense of supplying forage for the horses having become embarrassing, Mr. Davis sold all of his except the one he usually rode and Mrs. Davis's carriage horses, and after his departure to visit the Army of the West, she offered these for sale through a dealer."—J. D.

² "Without signature."—J. D.

³ "Occupied the house rented for the family and were kindly aided."—J. D.

Communication had been so interrupted that we did not hear of the evacuation of Richmond until Mrs. Davis received a telegram, on Wednesday, from the President at Danville, merely announcing that he was there.

As soon as I could do so, and when we had comfortably established Mrs. Davis and her family in the house provided for them, I returned to Danville and joined the President. With several members of his cabinet, he was a guest at Major Sutherlin's house, where I arrived late in the evening, and spent the night.

A report coming in that the enemy's cavalry was approaching from the westward, the hills around Danville, where earth-works had already been thrown up, were manned by the officers and men that had constituted the Confederate navy in and near Richmond; and command of the force was given to Admiral Semmes (of the *Alabama*), who was made a brigadier-general for the nonce.

The several bureaus of the War Department, and perhaps several of the other departments, had arranged quarters for themselves in the town, and were organizing for regular work. A separate and commodious house had been provided (I think by the town authorities) as a head-quarters for the President and his personal staff; and Mr. M. H. Clark, our chief clerk, had already established himself there and was getting things in order. It was only the next afternoon, however, after my return to Danville, that the President received a communication informing him of the surrender by General Lee of the army of Northern Virginia,¹ and gave orders for an immediate withdrawal into North Carolina. Under his directions, we set to work at once to arrange for a railway train to convey the more important officers of the Government and such others as could be got aboard, with our lug-

¹ "The information was not by a communication from General Lee, but by those who fled to escape being surrendered. I think the first who came was a son of General H. A. Wise."—J. D. In "The End of an Era" John S. Wise confirms Mr. Davis's memory and tells the story of his ride with the dispatch, and of his delivery of it to Mr. Davis after an encounter with Burton Harrison.

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gage and as much material as it was desired to carry along, including the boxes of papers that had belonged to the executive office in Richmond. With the coöperation of the officers of the Quartermaster's Department, the train was, with difficulty, got ready; and the guards I placed upon it excluded all persons and material not specially authorized by me to go aboard. Of course, a multitude was anxious to embark, and the guards were kept busy in repelling them.

As I stood in front of our head-quarters, superintending the removal of luggage and boxes to the train, two officers rode up, their horses spattered with mud, and asked for the news. I told them of the surrender of General Lee's army, and inquired who they were and whence they had come. They had ridden from Richmond, and were just arrived, having made a wide detour from the direct road, to avoid capture by the enemy. One of them was a colonel from Tennessee. He expressed great eagerness to get on as rapidly as possible toward home. I remarked upon the freshness and spirit of his horse, and asked where he had got so good a steed. He said the horse belonged to a gentleman in Richmond, whose name he did not recollect, but who had asked him, in the confusion of the evacuation, to take the horse out to his son—then serving on General Ewell's staff. He added that, as General Ewell and staff had all been captured, he did not know what to do with the horse, and should be glad to turn him over to some responsible person—exactng an obligation to account to the owner. I said I should be glad to have the horse, and would cheerfully assume all responsibilities. The colonel rode off, but returned in a short time. He had tried to get on the railway train, but found he could n't do it without an order from me; whereby he remarked that, if I would furnish such an order, he would accept my proposition about the horse. The arrangement was made immediately, and the colonel became a passenger on the train, which also conveyed my horse, with others belonging to the President and his staff.

That horse did me noble service, and I became very much attached to him. Further on, I shall tell the sad fate that

befell him. Long afterward, I ascertained the owner was Mr. Edmond, of Richmond, with whom I had a conversation on the subject, when I was there attending upon the proceedings in the United States Court for the release of Mr. Davis from prison upon bail. I related the adventures of his steed, and offered to pay for him; but Mr. Edmond promptly and very generously said he could not think of taking pay for the horse; that the loss was but an incident of the loss of everything else we had all suffered in the result of the war, and that his inquiries had been made only because the animal was a great pet with the children, and they were all anxious to know his fate.

Among the people who besieged me for permits to enter the train was General R——, with several daughters and one or more of his staff officers. He had been on duty in the "torpedo bureau," and had with him what he considered a valuable collection of fuses and other explosives. I distrusted such luggage as that, though the General confidently asserted it was quite harmless. I told him he could n't go with us—there was no room for him. He succeeded at last, however, in getting access to the President, who had served with him, long years before, in the army; in kindness to an old friend, Mr. Davis finally said I had better make room for the General, and he himself took one of the daughters to share his own seat. That young lady was of a loquacity irrepressible; she plied her neighbor diligently—about the weather, and upon every other topic of common interest—asking him, too, a thousand trivial questions. The train could not yet be got to move; the fires in the locomotive would n't burn well, or some other difficulty delayed us; and there we all were, in our seats, crowded together, waiting to be off, full of gloom at the situation, wondering what would happen next, and all as silent as mourners at a funeral; all except, indeed, the General's daughter, who prattled on in a voice everybody heard. She seemed quite unconscious of the impatience Mr. Davis evidently to everybody else, felt for her and her conversation. In the midst of it all, a sharp explosion occurred very near the President,

and a young man was seen to bounce into the air, clapping both hands to the seat of his trowsers. We all sprang to our feet in alarm, but presently found that it was only an officer of General R——'s staff, who had sat down rather abruptly upon the flat top of a stove (still standing in the car, but without a fire), and that the explosion was made by one of the torpedo appliances he was carrying in his coat-tail pocket.

Among the servants at the President's house in Richmond had been one called Spencer. He was the slave of somebody in the town, but made himself a member of our household, and could n't be got rid of. Spencer was inefficient, unsightly, and unclean,—a black Caliban,—and had the manners of a corn-field ducky. He always called Mr. Davis "Marse Jeff," and was the only one of the domestics who used that style of address. I fancy the amusement Mr. Davis felt at that was the real explanation of the continued sufferance extended to the fellow by the family for a year or more. Spencer would often go to the door to answer the bell, and almost invariably denied that Mr. Davis was at home. The visitor sometimes entered the hall, notwithstanding, and asked to have his name sent up; whereupon Spencer generally lost his temper and remarked, "I tell you, sir, Marse Jeff 'clines to see you"; and unless somebody came to the rescue, the intruder rarely got any further. This Spencer had accompanied the party from Richmond to Danville, but had made the journey in a box-car with a drunken officer, who beat him. The African was overwhelmed with disgust at such treatment, and announced in Danville that he should go no further if —— was to be of the party. When he had learned, however, that his enemy (being in a delirium and unable to be moved) was to be left behind at Danville, Spencer cheerfully reported at the train, and asked for transportation. I assigned him to a box-car with the parcels of fuses, etc., put aboard by General R——; and he had not yet made himself comfortable there, when somebody mischievously told him those things would certainly explode and blow him to "kingdom come." The ducky fled immediately, and de-

manded of me other quarters. I told him he could n't travel in any other car; and that, happily, relieved us of his company. Mournfully remarking, "Den Marse Jeff 'll have to take keer of hisself," Spencer, the valiant and faithful, bade me good-bye, and said he should return to Richmond!

We halted for several days at Greensboro' for consultation with General Joseph E. Johnston, whose army was then confronting Sherman. The people in that part of North Carolina had not been zealous supporters of the Confederate Government; and, so long as we remained in the State, we observed their indifference to what should become of us. It was rarely that anybody asked one of us to his house; and but few of them had the grace even to explain their fear that, if they entertained us, their houses would be burned by the enemy, when his cavalry should get there.

During the halt at Greensboro' most of us lodged day and night in the very uncomfortable railway cars we had arrived in. The possessor of a large house in the town, and perhaps the richest and most conspicuous of the residents, came indeed effusively to the train, but carried off only Mr. Trenholm, the Secretary of the Treasury. This hospitality was explained by the information that the host was the alarmed owner of many of the bonds, and of much of the currency, of the Confederate States, and that he hoped to cajole the Secretary into exchanging a part of the "Treasury gold" for some of those securities. It appeared that we were reputed to have many millions of gold with us. Mr. Trenholm was ill during most or all of the time at the house of his warm-hearted host, and the symptoms were said to be greatly aggravated, if not caused, by importunities with regard to that gold.

Colonel John Taylor Wood, of our staff, had, some time before, removed his family to Greensboro' from Richmond, and took the President (who would otherwise have probably been left with us in the cars) to share his quarters near by. The Woods were boarding, and their rooms were few and small. The entertainment they were able to offer their guest was meager, and was distinguished by very little comfort

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either to him or to them, the people of the house continually and vigorously insisting to the colonel and his wife, the while, that Mr. Davis must go away, saying they were unwilling to have the vengeance of Stoneman's cavalry brought upon them by his presence in their house.

The alarm of these good people was not allayed when they ascertained, one day, that General Joseph E. Johnston, with General Breckinridge (Secretary of War), General Beauregard, Mr. Benjamin (Secretary of State), Mr. Mallory (Secretary of the Navy), Mr. Reagan (Postmaster-General), and perhaps one or two other members of the cabinet and officers of the army, were with the President, in Colonel Wood's rooms, holding a council of war.

That route through North Carolina had been for some time the only line of communication between Virginia and Georgia and the Gulf States. The roads and towns were full of officers and privates from those Southern States, belonging to the Army of Northern Virginia. Many of them had been home on furlough, and were returning to the army when met by the news of General Lee's surrender; others were stragglers from their commands. All were now going home, and, as some of the bridges south of Greensboro' had been burned by the enemy's cavalry, and the railways throughout the southern country generally were interrupted, of course everybody wanted the assistance of a horse or mule on his journey. Few had any scruples as to how to get one.

I remember that a band of eight or ten young Mississippians, at least one of them an officer (now a prominent lawyer in New Orleans), and several of them personally known to me, offered themselves at Greensboro' as an escort for the President. Until something definite should be known, however, as to our future movements, I was unable to say whether they could be of service in that capacity. After several days of waiting, they decided for themselves. Arousing me in the small hours of the night, their self-constituted commander said if I had any orders or suggestions to give they should be glad to have them on the spot, as, otherwise, it had become expedient to move on immediately. I asked what had

happened. He showed me the horses they had that night secured by "pressing" them from neighboring farmers, and particularly his own mount, a large and handsome dapple-gray stallion, in excellent condition. I congratulated him on his thrift, and in an instant they were off in a gallop through the mud. The President's horses, my own, and those belonging to the other gentlemen of our immediate party, were tied within a secure inclosure while we remained at Greensboro', and were guarded by the men (about a dozen) who, having received wounds disabling them for further service in the field, had acted as sentinels during the last year at the President's house in Richmond, under the command of a gallant young officer who had lost an arm.

The utmost vigilance was necessary, from this time on, in keeping possession of a good horse. I remember that at Charlotte, some days later, Colonel Burnett, senator from Kentucky, told me he had just come very near losing his mare. He had left her for a little while at a large stable where there were many other horses. Going back after a short absence, Burnett noticed a rakish-looking fellow walking along the stalls, and carefully observing the various horses until he came to the mare, when, after a moment's consideration, he called out to a negro rubbing down a neighboring horse: "Boy, saddle my mare here; and be quick about it." The negro answered, "Aye, aye, sir," and was about to obey, when the senator stepped up, saying: "My friend, you are evidently a judge of horseflesh; and I feel rather complimented that, after looking through the whole lot, you have selected my mare!" The chap coolly replied, "Oh! is that your mare, Colonel?" and walked off. When we had laughed over the story, I asked Burnett, "Well, and where is she now?" "Oh," said he, "I sha'n't trust her out of my sight again; and Gus Henry is holding her for me down at the corner until I can get back there." The person thus familiarly spoken of as "Gus" Henry, then acting as a hostler for his friend, was the venerable and distinguished senator from Tennessee, with all of the stateliness and much

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of the eloquence of his kinsman, Patrick Henry, the great orator of Virginia.

At Greensboro' were large stores of supplies belonging to the quartermaster and commissary departments. These were to be kept together until it could be ascertained whether General Johnston's army would need them. I recollect, as one of the incidents of our sojourn there, that, after many threats during several days to do so, a formidable attack was made by men belonging to a cavalry regiment upon one of the depots where woolen cloths (I think) were stored. They charged down the road in considerable force, with yells and an occasional shot; but the "Home Guards," stationed at the store-house, stood firm, and received the attack with a well directed volley. I saw a number of saddles emptied, and the cavalry retreat in confusion. Notwithstanding the utmost vigilance of the officers, however, pilfering from the stores went on briskly all the time; and I fancy that, immediately after we left, there was a general scramble for what remained of the supplies.

From Greensboro', at this time, a railway train was dispatched toward Raleigh with a number of prisoners, to be exchanged, if possible, for some of our own men then in General Sherman's hands. They were in charge of Major William H. Norris, of Baltimore (Chief of the Signal Corps), and Major W. D. Hennen. The latter had, before the war, been a distinguished member of the New Orleans bar, and has since been at the bar in New York. Those two officers were at Yale College together in their youth, and had shared in many a frolic in Paris and other gay places. They evidently regarded this expedition with the prisoners as a huge "lark." The train moved off with a flag of truce flying from the locomotive. When, a day or two afterward, they approached the enemy's lines, the prisoners all got out of the cars and ran off to their friends, and Norris and Hennen were themselves made prisoners! Indignant at such treatment, they addressed a communication to the commanding officer (Schofield, I think), demanding to know why they were treated

as prisoners, and why their flag had not been respected. Schofield considered the Confederate Government was now no more, and asked what flag they referred to. This gave Hennen a great opportunity, and he overpowered the enemy with a reply full of his most fervid eloquence: "What flag? The flag before which the 'star-spangled banner' has been ignominiously trailed in the dust of a thousand battle-fields! The flag that has driven from the ocean the commerce of the United States! The flag which will live in history as long as the heroic achievements of patriotic men are spoken of among the nations! The glorious, victorious, and immortal flag of the Confederate States of America!"

We moved southward on, I think, the day following the council of war held with General Johnston, starting from Greensboro' in the afternoon. The President, those of us who constituted his immediate staff, and some members of the cabinet, were mounted. Others rode in ambulances, army wagons, or such conveyances as could be got. Almost at the last minute I was told I must provide an ambulance for Mr. Judah P. Benjamin, Secretary of State. His figure was not well adapted for protracted riding, and he had firmly announced that he should not mount a horse until obliged to.¹

¹ That he could handle a steed in an emergency was very well known, and was afterward shown when he dexterously got himself into the saddle upon a tall horse, and, with short legs hanging but an inconsiderable distance toward the ground, rode gayly off with the others of the President's following until, after their night march from Abbeville, South Carolina, across the Savannah River, sniffing the danger of longer continuance with so large a party, he set out alone for the sea-coast, whence he escaped (to Bermuda and Havana, I think, and finally) to England. I am told that in his pocket, when he started, was a document from one of the assistants to the adjutant-general of the army, certifying the bearer to be a French citizen, entitled to travel without hinderance, and ordering all Confederate officers and pickets to let him pass freely; and that it was understood that if he should encounter inquisitive detachments of the United States forces, he was to be unable to talk any other language than French, which he speaks like a native. So long as he remained with us his cheery good humor, and readiness to adapt himself to the requirements of all emergencies, made him a most agreeable comrade. He is now a Queen's Counsel in London, and has just retired from the active work of a great and lucrative practice in all the courts there, after a career of singular interest. He was born,

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By good fortune, I was able to secure an ambulance; but the horses were old and broken down, of a dirty gray color, and with spots like fly-bites all over them,—and the harness was not good. There was no choice, however, and into that ambulance got Mr. Benjamin, General Samuel Cooper (Adjutant General, and ranking officer of the

in 1812, in one of the British West India possessions, the ship, conveying his parents to this country from England, having put in there on learning at sea of the declaration of war by the United States. At Yale College when a boy; at the bar in New Orleans; in the Senate of the United States, from Louisiana; at first attorney-general, next secretary of war, and finally secretary of state of the Confederate States, at Richmond. When he was recently entertained at dinner, in the beautiful Inner Temple Hall (surrounded by the portraits of the most illustrious of those who have given dignity to the profession in the past), the bench and bar of the United Kingdom were assembled to do him special honor; about two hundred sat at the table; the Attorney-General presided, as leader of the bar of England; the Lord Chancellor and the Lord Chief Justice were among those who spoke to toasts, and if there was any speech more graceful and striking than those made by them, it was the reply of Mr. Benjamin himself, with singular modesty and felicity, to the words of praise he had just heard from the eloquent Attorney-General. Lord Chancellor Selborne then said of him: "If I had to speak of Mr. Benjamin only as an English barrister, as I have known him from the bench, I should say that no man, within my recollection, has possessed greater learning, or displayed greater shrewdness or ability, or greater zeal for the interests intrusted to him, than he has exhibited. (Cheers.) To these high qualities he has united one still higher—the highest sense of honor, united with the greatest kindness and generosity (cheers), and the greatest geniality in his intercourse with all the branches of the profession. (Loud cheers.) That we should no longer have the benefit of his assistance and the light of his example, is a loss to us all. (Cheers.)"—B. N. H. Mr. Davis commented on this note as follows: "Mr. Benjamin did not leave us at Abbeville, but went on horseback in the night ride we made across the Savannah River, and at a house [where] we stopped for breakfast, about fourteen miles from Washington, he told me he was suffering so much from traveling on horseback that he felt he would be unable to continue with me, and that he proposed to buy a gig from the man at whose house we had stopped, and to go to the coast, where he would take the first practicable mode of going to Matamoras or Tampico, and thence proceed to join me in the Trans-Mississippi Department, whither he knew it was my fixed purpose to go. He did expect to pass as a Frenchman if he fell in with any of the enemy's detachments, but of course he had no certificate from the Adjutant-General, and indeed we had no such officer then with us, General Cooper having been left sick on the road."

whole army), Mr. George Davis (of North Carolina, Attorney-General), and Mr. Jules St. Martin, Benjamin's brother-in-law.

By the time they got off, the front of our column had been some time in motion, and the President had ridden down the road. Heavy rains had recently fallen, the earth was saturated with water, the soil was a sticky red clay, the mud was awful, and the road, in places, almost impracticable. The wheeled vehicles could move but slowly; and it was only by sometimes turning into the fields and having St. Martin and the Attorney-General get out to help the horses with an occasional fence-rail under the axles, that their party got along at all—so difficult was the road because of the mud, and so formidable were the holes made during the winter, and deepened by the artillery and heavy wagons that day. I was near them from time to time, and rendered what assistance I could. Darkness came on after awhile, and nearly or quite everybody in the column passed ahead of that ambulance. Having been kept latterly in the rear by something detaining me, I observed, as I rode forward, the tilted hind-part of an ambulance stuck in the mud in the middle of the road, and recognized the voices inside, as I drew rein for a moment to chuckle at their misfortunes. The horses were blowing like two rusty fog-horns; Benjamin was scolding the driver for not going on; that functionary was stoically insisting they could proceed no whit further, because the horses were broken down; and General Cooper (faithful old gentleman, he had been in Richmond throughout our war, and had not known since the Seminole war what it is to "rough it") was grumbling¹ about the impudence of a subordinate officer ("only a brigadier-general, sir"). It seems the offender had thrust himself into the seat in another ambulance drawn by good horses, that was intended for the Adjutant-General. Getting alongside, I could see the front wheels were over the hubs in a hole; the hind legs of the horses were in the same hole

¹ The proof read, "grumbling and swearing." Mr. Davis noted: "Not swearing; he was pious and patient," and, as a consequence, Mr. Harrison struck out the "swearing."

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up to the hocks; and the feet of the driver hung down almost into the mud. Mud and water were deep all around them, and their plight was pitiful indeed! They plucked up their spirits only when I offered to get somebody to pull them out. Riding forward, I found an artillery camp, where some of the men volunteered to go back with horses and haul the ambulance up the hill; and, returning to them again, I could see from afar the occasional bright glow of Benjamin's cheerful cigar. While the others of the party were perfectly silent, Benjamin's silvery voice was presently heard as he rhythmically intoned, for their comfort, verse after verse of Tennyson's ode on the death of the Duke of Wellington! The laureate would have enjoyed the situation could he have heard the appreciative rendering of his noble poem—under the circumstances of that moment!

Reaching the house at the top of the hill, we halted on hearing that the President and his party, including General Breckinridge, were the guests of the hospitable owner, and that we were expected to join them. There we had the first good meal encountered since leaving Virginia, and when bedtime came a great bustling was made to enable us all to sleep within doors, though the house was too small to afford many beds. A big negro man, with a candle in hand, then came into the room where we were gathered about a huge fire. Looking us over, he solemnly selected General Cooper, and, with much deference, escorted him into the "guest-chamber" through a door opening from the room we occupied. We could see the great soft bed and snowy white linen the old gentleman was to enjoy, and all rejoiced in the comfort they promised to aged bones, that for a week had been racked in the cars. The negro gravely shut the door upon his guest, and, walking through our company, disappeared. He came back after awhile with wood for our fire; and one of us asked him, "Are n't you going to give the President a room?" "Yes, sir, I done put him in thar," pointing to the "guest-chamber," where General Cooper was luxuriating in delights procured for him by the mistaken notion of the darky that he was Mr. Davis! The President and one or two others were

presently provided for elsewhere, and the rest of us bestowed ourselves to slumber on the floor, before the roaring fire.

A better team for Benjamin's party was furnished next morning; and, just as we were about to start, our host generously insisted upon presenting to Mr. Davis a filly, already broken to saddle. She was a beauty, and the owner had kept her locked for several days in the cellar, the only place he considered safe against horse-thieves.

The next night we bivouacked in a pine grove near Lexington, and were overtaken there by dispatches from General Joseph E. Johnston, with information of his arrangement for negotiations with General Sherman. General Breckinridge and Mr. Reagan (the Postmaster-General) were thereupon directed by the President to proceed immediately to General Johnston's head-quarters for consultation with that officer, and with large discretion as to what should be agreed to. They set off instantly.

In Lexington and in Salisbury we experienced the same cold indifference on the part of the people, first encountered at Greensboro', except that at Salisbury Mr. Davis was invited to the house of a clergyman, where he slept. Salisbury had been entered a few days before by a column of the enemy's cavalry (said to be Stoneman's), and the streets showed many evidences of the havoc they had wrought. With one or two others, I passed the night on the clergyman's front piazza as a guard for the President.

During all this march Mr. Davis was singularly equable and cheerful; he seemed to have had a great load taken from his mind, to feel relieved of responsibilities, and his conversation was bright and agreeable. He talked of men and of books, particularly of Walter Scott and Byron; of horses and dogs and sports; of the woods and the fields; of trees and many plants; of roads, and how to make them; of the habits of birds, and of a variety of other topics. His familiarity with, and correct taste in, the English literature of the last generation, his varied experiences in life, his habits of close observation, and his extraordinary memory, made him a charming companion when disposed to talk.

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Indeed, like Mark Tapley, we were all in good spirits under adverse circumstances; and I particularly remember the entertaining conversation of Mr. Mallory, the Secretary of the Navy.

Not far from Charlotte, I sent forward a courier with a letter to Major Echols, the quartermaster of that post, asking him to inform Mrs. Davis of our approach, and to provide quarters for as many of us as possible. The major rode out to the outskirts of the town, and there met us with the information that Mrs. Davis and her family had hastily proceeded toward South Carolina several days before. He did n't know where she was to be found; but said she had fled when the railway south of Greensboro' had been cut by the enemy's cavalry. The major then took me aside and explained that, though quarters could be furnished for the rest of us, he had as yet been able to find only one person willing to receive Mr. Davis, saying the people generally were afraid that whoever entertained him would have his house burned by the enemy; that, indeed, it was understood threats to that effect had been made everywhere by Stoneman's cavalry.

There seemed to be nothing to do but to go to the one domicile offered. It was on the main street of the town, and was occupied by Mr. Bates, a man said to be of northern birth, a bachelor of convivial habits, the local agent of the Southern Express Company, apparently living alone with his negro servants, and keeping a sort of "open house," where a broad, well equipped sideboard was the most conspicuous feature of the situation—not at all a seemly place for Mr. Davis.

Just as we had entered the house, Mr. Davis received by courier from General Breckinridge, at General Sherman's headquarters, the intelligence that President Lincoln had been assassinated; and, when he communicated it to us, everybody's remark was that, in Lincoln, the Southern States had lost their only refuge in their then emergency. There was no expression other than of surprise and regret. As yet, we knew none of the particulars of the crime.

Presently, the street was filled by a column of cavalry

(the command, I think, of General Basil Duke, of Kentucky) just entering the town. As they rode past the house, the men waved their flags and hurraed for "Jefferson Davis." Many of them halted before the door, and, in dust and uproar, called loudly for a speech from him. I was in the crowd, gathered thick about the steps, and not more than ten feet from the door. Mr. Davis stood on the threshold and made a very brief reply to their calls for a speech. I distinctly heard every word he said. He merely thanked the soldiers for their cordial greetings; paid a high compliment to the gallantry and efficiency of the cavalry from the State in which the regiment before him had been recruited; expressed his own determination not to despair of the Confederacy, but to remain with the last organized band upholding the flag; and then excused himself from further remarks, pleading the fatigue of travel. He said nothing more. Somebody else (Mr. Johnson, I think, a prominent resident there) read aloud the dispatch from General Breckinridge about the assassination of President Lincoln, but no reference was made to it in Mr. Davis's speech. There was no other speech, and the crowd soon dispersed.¹

Colonel John Taylor Wood, Colonel William Preston Johnston, and Colonel Frank R. Lubbock, staff officers, remained in Bates's house with the President. There was no room for more. I was carried off by my Hebrew friend Weil and most

¹ In pursuance of the scheme of Stanton and Holt to fasten upon Mr. Davis charges of a guilty foreknowledge of, if not participation in, the murder of Mr. Lincoln, Bates was afterward carried to Washington and made to testify (before the military tribunal, I believe, where the murderers were on trial) to something about that speech.

As I recollect the reports of the testimony, published at the time, they made the witness say that Mr. Davis had approved of the assassination, either explicitly or by necessary implication; and that he had added, "If it was to be done, it is well it was done quickly," or words to that effect. If any such testimony was given, it is false and without foundation; no comment upon or reference to the assassination was made in that speech. I have been told the witness has always stoutly insisted he never testified to anything of the kind, but that what he said was altogether perverted in the publication made by rascals in Wash-

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kindly entertained, with Mr. Benjamin and St. Martin, at his residence.

On Sunday (the next day, I think), a number of us attended service at the Episcopal Church, and heard the rector preach vigorously about the sad condition of the country, and in reprobation of the folly and wickedness of the assassination of President Lincoln. As Mr. Davis walked away, after the sermon, with Colonel Johnston and me, he said, with a smile, "I think the preacher directed his remarks at me; and he really seems to fancy I had something to do with the assassination." The suggestion was absurd. No man ever participated in a great war of revolution with less of disturbance of the nicest sense of perfect rectitude in conduct or opinion; his every utterance, act, and sentiment was with the strictest regard for all the moralities, throughout that troubled time when the passions of many people made them reckless or defiant of the opinions of mankind.

His cheerfulness continued in Charlotte, and I remember his there saying to me, "*I cannot feel like a beaten man!*" The halt at Charlotte was to await information from the army of General Johnston. After a few days, the President became nervously anxious about his wife and family. He had as yet heard nothing of their whereabouts, but asked me to proceed into South Carolina in search of them, suggesting that I should probably find them at Abbeville. He told me I must rely on my own judgment as to what course to pursue

ington. Colonel William Preston Johnston tells me he has seen another version of the story, and thinks Bates is understood to have fathered it in a publication made in some newspaper after his visit to Washington; it represents Bates as saying that the words above mentioned as imputed to Mr. Davis were used by him, not, indeed, in the speech I have described, but in a conversation with Johnston at Bates's house. Johnston assures me that, in that shape, too, the story is false—that Mr. Davis never used such words in his presence, or any words at all like them. He adds that Mr. Davis remarked to him, at Bates's house, with reference to the assassination, that Mr. Lincoln would have been much more useful to the Southern States than Andrew Johnson, the successor, was likely to be; and I myself heard Mr. Davis express the same opinion at that period.—B. N. H.

from there; that, for himself, he should make his way as rapidly as possible to the Trans-Mississippi Department, to join the army under Kirby Smith.

I started at once, taking my horse on the railway train to Chester. On the train chanced to be Captain Lingan, an officer from New Orleans, recently serving at Richmond as an assistant to the commissioner for the exchange of prisoners. He had his horse with him, and from Chester we rode together across the country to Newberry, there to take the train again for Abbeville. In Chester the night was spent in the car that brought us there. On the march to Newberry we bivouacked. The weather was fine, and the houses surrounded by jessamines and other flowers. The people were very hospitable, and we fain to rely upon them. Nothing could be bought, because we had no money. Our Confederate currency was of no value now, and there was no other. Riding through a street of Newberry in search of the quartermaster's stable, Lingan and I were saluted by a lady, inquiring eagerly whence we had come, what the news was, and whether we knew anything of Mr. Trenholm, adding she had heard he was ill. The town was lovely, and this the most attractive house we had seen there. It had a broad piazza, with posts beautifully overgrown by vines and rose-bushes, and the grounds around were full of flowers. I replied I had just left Mr. Trenholm in Charlotte; that he had somewhat recovered; and that, if she would allow us to do so, we should be happy to return, after providing for our horses, and tell her the latest news. As we rode off, Lingan laughingly said, "Well, that secures us 'hospitable entertainment.' " And, sure enough, when we went back and introduced ourselves, we were cordially received by the mistress of the house, who invited us to dine. The lady we had seen on the piazza was only a visitor there for the moment. It was the residence of Mr. Boyd, the president of a bank, and when that gentleman presently came in he courteously insisted upon our making his house our home. An excellent dinner was served, and I was given what seemed to me the most delightful bed ever slept in. After a delicious breakfast next morning, Mrs.

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Boyd dispatched us to the train with a haversack full of bounties for the rest of the journey.

At Abbeville, Mrs. Davis and her family were the guests of the President's esteemed friends, Colonel and Mrs. Burt; and there, too, were the daughters of Mr. Trenholm, at the house of their brother. Abbeville was a beautiful place, on high ground; and the people lived in great comfort, their houses embowered in vines and roses, with many other flowers everywhere. We had now entered the "sunny South."

Mrs. Davis insisted upon starting without delay for the sea-coast, to get out of the reach of capture. She and her sister had heard dreadful stories of the treatment ladies had been subjected to in Georgia and the Carolinas by men in Sherman's army, and thought with terror of the possibility of falling into the hands of the enemy; indeed, she understood it to be the President's wish that she should hasten to seek safety in a foreign country. I explained to her the difficulties and hardships of the journey to the sea-coast, and suggested that we might be captured on the road, urging her to remain where she was until the place should be quietly occupied by United States troops, assuring her that some officer would take care that no harm should befall her, and adding that she would then be able to rejoin her friends. Colonel and Mrs. Burt (a niece of John C. Calhoun) added their entreaties to mine; and to her expression of unwillingness to subject them to the danger of having their house burned for sheltering her, Colonel Burt magnanimously replied that there was no better use to which his house could be put than to have it burned for giving shelter to the wife and family of his friend. But she persisted in her purpose, and begged me to be off immediately. It was finally decided to make our way to the neighborhood of Madison, Florida, as fast as possible, there to determine how best to get to sea.¹

¹ "When Mrs. Davis parted from me the event which rapidly followed was certainly not anticipated, but, looking to every possible contingency, I had impressed upon her that she should not allow herself and our children to be captured, and afterward wrote to her not to delay anywhere, but hasten on to the sea-coast and seek safety in a

We had no conveyance for the ladies, however, and were at a loss how to get one, until somebody told me that General John S. Williams, of Kentucky (now United States Senator from that State), was but a few miles from the town recruiting his health, and that he had a large and strong vehicle well adapted to the purpose. I rode out in the direction indicated, and discovered that officer at the house of a man called, queerly enough, "Jeff" Davis. General Williams evidently perceived that, if he allowed his wagon and horses (a fortune in those times) to go beyond his own reach, he would never see them again, such was the disorder throughout the country. But he gallantly devoted them to Mrs. Davis, putting his property at her service as far as Washington, Georgia, and designating the man to bring the wagon and horses back from there, if possible, to him at Abbeville. Whether he ever recovered them I have not learned; but they started back promptly after we had reached Washington.

Among the "refugees" in Abbeville was the family of Judge Monroe, of Kentucky. At their house were Lieutenant Hathaway, Mr. Monroe, and Mr. Messick,—Kentuckians all, and then absent from their command in the cavalry, on sick leave, I think. These three young gentlemen were well mounted, and volunteered to serve as an escort for Mrs. Davis.

We started the morning of the second day after I arrived at Abbeville, and had not reached the Savannah River when it was reported that small-pox prevailed in the country. All the party had been vaccinated except one of the President's children. Halting at a house near the road, Mrs.

foreign country. At Abbeville she was the guest of our esteemed friends, Colonel and Mrs. Burt. She had heard of threats made by the enemy that any house which gave shelter to myself or family should be burned; she was unwilling to expose our friends, the Burts, to such possible loss, and gave to them that reason for declining their invitation to remain in their house. Colonel Burt magnanimously said there was no better use to which his house could be put than to [be] burned for giving shelter to my family."—J. D.

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Davis had the operation performed by the planter, who got a fresh scab from the arm of a little negro called up for the purpose.

At Washington, we halted for two nights and the intervening day. Mrs. Davis and her family were comfortably lodged in the town. I was the guest of Dr. Robertson, the cashier of a bank, and living under the same roof with the offices of that institution. Here, too, was my friend Major Thomas W. Hall (now a busy and eminent member of the Baltimore bar), talking rather despondingly of the future, and saying he did not know what he should do with himself. After we had discussed the situation, however, he brightened up, with the remark that he thought he should write a book about the war. I comforted him with the observation that that would be just the thing; and that, as we ought all to have a steady occupation in life, if he would write a book, I should try to read it!

Near the town was a quartermaster's camp, where I selected three or four army wagons, each with a team of four good mules, and the best harness to be got. A driver for each team, and several supernumeraries, friends of theirs, were recruited there, with the promise, on my part, that the wagons and mules should be divided between them when at our journey's end. These men were all, I believe, from southern Mississippi, and, by volunteering with us, were not going far out of their own way home.

It was night-fall when these arrangements were completed, and I immediately moved my teams and wagons to a separate bivouac in the woods, apart; a wise precaution, for, during the night, some men, on the way to their homes in the far South-west, "raided" the quartermaster's camp and carried off all the best mules found there. Senator Wigfall, of Texas, had allowed to remain in the camp some mules he intended for his own use; the next day they were all missing.¹

¹ A story told afterward well illustrates Wigfall's audacity, resources, and wit. It seems that he made his way as best he could to Vicksburg, and there, mingling with a large number of paroled soldiers returning to the Trans-Mississippi, and having in his pocket a borrowed "parole

Into the wagons, next morning, we put Mrs. Davis's luggage, a few muskets with ammunition, two light tents for the ladies and children, and utensils for cooking, with supplies for ourselves and feed for the animals supposed to be sufficient to take us to Madison. As most of the country we were to pass through had been recently devastated by Sherman's army, or was pine woods, sparsely inhabited, these things were necessary.

We had expected to leave Washington with only the party we arrived with, consisting of Mrs. Davis, Miss Howell, the four children, Ellen, James Jones with the two carriage horses, the three Kentuckians, and myself,—adding only the teamsters. But, at Washington we were acceptably re-enforced by Captain Moody, of Port Gibson, Mississippi, and Major Victor Maurin, of Louisiana. Both had served with the artillery in Virginia, had been home on leave, and had reached Augusta, Georgia, on their return to duty. Hearing there of the surrender of the army, they set out for home together, and met us at Washington, where Captain Moody kindly placed his light, covered wagon at the service of Mrs. Davis; and he and Major Maurin joined our party as an additional escort for her. Captain Moody had with him, I think, a negro servant.

In Washington, at that time, were Judge Crump, of Richmond (Assistant Secretary of the Treasury), and several of his clerks. They had been sent by Mr. Trenholm in advance, with some of the (not very large amount of) gold brought out of Richmond. The specie was in the vaults of the bank at Washington, and I did not hear of it until late at night. We were to start in the morning; and, as nobody in our party had a penny of the money needed to prosecute the intended paper," certifying the bearer to be "Private Smith," availed himself of the transportation furnished by the United States quartermaster to such prisoners, by steam-boat, I think, to Shreveport. On the voyage he had a discussion with some of the guard as to what should be done by the Government with the secession leaders. "And as to Wigfall," said one of the men, in excitement, "if we catch *him*, we shall hang him immediately." "*There* I agree with you," remarked Private Smith, "'t would serve *him* right; and, if I were there, I should be pulling at the end of *that* rope myself!"—B. N. H.

exit from the country, I was determined to get some of that gold.

One of the Treasury clerks went with me to the house where Judge Crump was; we got him out of bed; and, after a long argument and much entreaty, the Assistant Secretary gave me an order for a few hundred dollars in gold for Mrs. Davis, and one hundred and ten dollars for myself. The amounts were to be charged to the President and me, as upon account of our official salaries. Armed with the order, my friend the clerk got the money for us that night.

The last two people I talked to in Washington were General Robert Toombs, who resides there, and General Humphrey Marshall, of Kentucky.

The latter was enormously fat. He had been in public life for many years, and was one of the notables of his State. As I waited while my horse was shod, he sat down beside me in a door-way on the Square, and, though I was but a slender youth, almost squeezed the breath out of my body in doing so. He discussed the situation, and ended with, "Well, Harrison, in all my days I never knew a government to go to pieces in *this* way," emphasizing the words as though his pathway through life had been strewn with the wrecks of empires, comminuted indeed, but nothing like this! The next time I saw him, we were in New Orleans, in March, 1866. He told me of his adventures in escaping from Georgia across the Mississippi River. The waters were in overflow, and made the distance to be rowed, where he crossed, a number of miles. He said he was in a "dug-out" (a boat made of a single large log, with a cylindrical bottom and easily upset), and that the boatman made him lie down, for fear they might be seen by the enemy and he recognized by his great size, and so captured. All went well until the mosquitoes swarmed on him, and nearly devoured him in his fear of capsizing if he ventured to adopt effective measures to beat them off! In this connection, I remember that, when Marshall commanded a brigade in the mountains of East Tennessee and Kentucky, he was warned that the mountaineers, Union men, all knew him because of his size, and that some sharp-shooter would be sure to single him out and pick him

off. He replied: "Ah! but I have taken precautions against that. I have a fat staff! There be six Richmonds in the field!"

As I rode out of Washington to overtake my wagons, then already started, I saw General Toombs, and sung out "Good-bye" to him. He was dressed in an ill-cut black Websterian coat, the worse for wear, and had on a broad-brimmed shabby hat. Standing beside an old buggy, drawn by two ancient gray horses, he told me he was going to Crawfordsville to have a talk with "Aleck" Stephens (the Vice-President); and, as I left, the atmosphere was murky with blasphemies and with denunciations of the Yankees! He had been informed of a detachment of the enemy's cavalry said to be already on the way to capture him, and was about to start for the sea-coast. The next time I saw him, he was at the "Théâtre du Châtelet," in Paris, in August or September, 1866. The spectacle was one of the most splendid ever put upon the stage there, and the French people were in raptures over the dazzling beauty of the scene. Toombs, fashionably dressed, sat in an orchestra chair, regarding it all with the stolid composure of an Indian, and with an expression of countenance suggesting that he had a thousand times seen spectacles more brilliant in Washington, Georgia.

From Washington we went along the road running due south. We had told nobody our plans; though, starting as we did, in the broad light of the forenoon, everybody saw, of course, the direction taken. Our teamsters were instructed not to say anything, to anybody whatever, as to who we were or whence we came or whither we were going. They were all old soldiers and obeyed orders. It frequently amused me to hear their replies to the country people, during the next few days, when questioned on these matters.

"Who is that lady?"

"Mrs. Jones."

"Where did you come from?"

"Up the road."

"Where are you going to?"

"Down the road a bit," etc., etc.

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We had not proceeded far when a gentleman of the town, riding rapidly, overtook us with a letter from the President to his wife. It had been written at York, South Carolina, I think; was forwarded by courier to overtake us at Abbeville, and had reached Washington just after we started. It merely informed us that he and his immediate party were well, and that he should probably ride south from Washington¹ to cross the Mississippi, if possible. I think no reply was made by Mrs. Davis to the letter; and, if my memory serves me, we left behind us nothing to advise the President as to where we were going.

That afternoon I was overcome with dysentery and a low fever, and dropped behind for a time, to lie down. When I overtook the party, they had already gone into camp; and, after giving my horse to one of the men, I had hardly strength enough to climb into a wagon, there to pass the night.

The next day we made a long march, and had halted for the night in a pine grove, just after crossing a railway track, when several visitors sauntered into our camp. Presently, one of the teamsters informed me that, while watering his mules near by, he had been told an attempt would be made during the night to carry off our mules and wagons, and that the visitors were of the party to make the attack. A council of war was held immediately, and we were discussing measures of resistance, when Captain Moody went off for a personal parley with the enemy. He returned to me with the news that the leader of the party was a fellow-Freemason, a Mississippian, and apparently not a bad sort of person. We agreed he had better be informed who we were, relying upon

¹ Mr. Harrison had written that Mr. Davis intended to "ride South from Washington to the Coast." Mr. Davis noted: "Cross the Mississippi, if possible." "The publication made some time since by Judge Reagan refers to the story about my purpose to escape from the seacoast, and answers it by a reference to a conversation he had with me in which I told him I would not leave Confederate soil as long as there were any Confederate soldiers asserting our cause and told how the opposite conduct of Kossuth had caused me when in the Senate to vote against giving him the privileges of the floor."—J. D.

him not to allow an attack upon us after learning that Mrs. Davis and her children were of the party. Captain Moody made that communication in the confidence of Freemasonry, and the gallant Robin Hood immediately approached Mrs. Davis in all courtesy, apologized for having caused her any alarm, assured her she should not be disturbed, and said the raid had been arranged only because it had been supposed we were the party of some quartermasters from Milledgeville, making off with wagons and mules to which he and his men considered their own title as good as that of anybody else. He then left our camp, remarking, however, that, to intercept any attempt at escape during the night, he had already dispatched some of his men to the cross-roads, some distance below, and that we might be halted by them there in the morning; but, to provide for that emergency, he wrote and delivered to Captain Moody a formal "order," entitling us to "pass" his outposts at the cross-roads! The next morning, when we reached the cross-roads, some men were there, evidently intending to intercept us; but—as all the gentlemen of our party were in the saddle, and we appeared to be ready for them—there was no challenge, and we got by without recourse to Robin Hood's "pass."

About the second or third day after that, we were pursued by another party; and one of our teamsters, riding a short distance in the rear of the wagons on the horse of one of the Kentuckians,—the owner having exchanged temporarily for one of the carriage horses, I think,—was attacked, made to dismount, and robbed of his horse, with the information that all the other horses and the mules would be taken during the night. By running a mile or two, the teamster overtook us. It was decided, of course, to prepare for an effective defense. As night came on, we turned off into a side road, and reaching a piece of high ground in the open pine woods, well adapted for our needs, halted—corralling the animals within a space inclosed by the wagons (arranged with the tongue of one wagon fastened by chains or ropes to the tail of another) and placing pickets. About the middle of the night, I, with two

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teamsters, constituted the picket on the road running north. After awhile we heard the soft tread of horses in the darkness approaching over the light, sandy soil of the road.¹ The teamsters immediately ran off to arouse the camp, having no doubt the attack was about to begin. I placed myself in the road to detain the enemy as long as possible, and, when the advancing horsemen came near enough to hear me, called "Halt." They drew rein instantly. I demanded "Who comes there?" The foremost of the horsemen replied "Friends," in a voice I was astonished to recognize as that of President Davis, not suspecting he was anywhere near us.

His party then consisted of Colonel William Preston Johnston, Colonel John Taylor Wood, Colonel Frank R. Lubbock, Mr. Reagan, Colonel Charles E. Thorburn (the latter, with a negro servant, had joined them at Greensboro', North Carolina), and Robert (Mr. Davis's own servant). Some scouts were scattered through the country, and were reporting to the President from time to time; but I don't recollect that either of them was with him on the occasion now referred to.

He had happened to join us at all only because some of his staff had heard in the afternoon, from a man on the road-side, that an attempt was to be made in the night to capture the wagons, horses, and mules of a party said to be going south on a road to the eastward. The man spoke of the party to be attacked in terms that seemed to identify us, as we had been described in Washington. The President immediately re-

¹ "Just before daybreak, as the moon was setting below the tops of the trees, a party of men on foot, with bridles in their hands, and a short distance from our encampment, was met by the President and the members of his staff, and upon being questioned said they belonged to an Alabama regiment; that they had been to a village in the neighborhood and were going back to join their own company. They admitted they had passed an encampment where there were several wagons and asked if we belonged to that party. Upon being answered in the affirmative, they probably thought that with that reinforcement to your party they thought [*sic*] it was useless to wait for the moon to go down that they might in darkness rob your encampment."—J. D.

solved to find us,¹ and, turning to the east from his own route, rode until after midnight before he overtook us. He explained to us, at the time, how he had tried several roads in the search, and had ridden an estimated distance of sixty miles since mounting in the morning; and said he came to assist in beating off the persons threatening the attack. As we had camped some distance from the main road, he would have passed to the westward of our position, and would probably have had no communication with us and no tidings whatever of us, but for the chance remark about the threatened raid upon our animals. The expected attack was not made.

The President remained with us the rest of that night, rode with us the next day, camped with us the following night, and, after breakfast the day after that, bade us good-bye and rode forward with his own party, leaving us, in

¹ "Secretary Reagan's horse had cast a shoe. In passing a blacksmith about noon, we stopped to give our horses some rest and have that one reshod. There we learned from the landlord that some pillagers had started after a party that had some fine horses, wagons, and mules. With these particulars we made it quite certain they referred to the party of Mrs. Davis. We could not learn what road your party was on or anything which enabled us to tell with any certainty how far you might be. We, however, started promptly in pursuit, judging our direction to the eastward, and rode rapidly on, taking all easterly roads in search of one on which the wagon-tracks could be seen until about midnight, when we came upon a large party representing themselves to be paroled soldiers. They were about to cross a ferry, and as you had not been seen or heard of there, I turned then square to the East on a bridle-path which it was said would lead to a wagon-road in that direction; and here the Captain of my Guard announced his horses too much exhausted to go any further. I could not wait and started off; my staff and servant followed me. After riding about eight or ten miles, I came upon your encampment as described by you, having ridden without drawing rein an estimated distance of sixty miles. After traveling several days with you, I concluded that we had gone far enough to the South and East to be free from the dangers of marauders, and resolved to resume my original route to the West, having with that view sent the Captain of my Guard and one of the men to reconnoiter to the West so as to learn whether [there was] any expedition of the enemy in that direction.'"—J. D.

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deference to our earnest solicitations, to pursue our journey as best we might with our wagons and incumbrances.

He camped that night with his own party at Abbeville, Georgia, personally occupying a deserted house in the outskirts of the village. As they had reached that place after dark, and a furious rain was falling, but few of the people were aware of his presence, and nobody in the village had had opportunity to identify him.

I halted my party on the western bank of the Ocmulgee River as the darkness came on, immediately after getting the wagons through the difficult bottom-lands on the eastern side, and after crossing the ferry. About the middle of the night I was aroused by a courier sent back by the President with the report that the enemy was at or near Hawkinsville (about twenty-five miles to the north of us), and the advice that I had better move on at once to the southward, though, it was added, the enemy at Hawkinsville seemed to be only intent upon appropriating the quartermaster's supplies supposed to be there. I started my party promptly, in the midst of a terrible storm of thunder, lightning, and rain. As we passed through the village of Abbeville, I dismounted and had a conversation with the President in the old house, where he was lying on the floor wrapped in a blanket. He urged me to move on, and said he should overtake us during the night, after his horses had had more rest. We kept to the southward all night, the rain pouring in torrents most of the time, and the darkness such that, as we went through the woods where the road was not well marked, in a light, sandy soil, but wound about to accommodate the great pines left standing, the wagons were frequently stopped by fallen trees and other obstructions. In such a situation, we were obliged to wait until a flash of lightning enabled the drivers to see the way.

In the midst of that storm and darkness the President overtook us. He was still with us when, about five o'clock in the afternoon (not having stopped since leaving Abbeville, except for the short time, about sunrise, required to cook breakfast), I halted my party for the night, immediately

after crossing the little creek just north of Irwinville, and went into camp. My teams were sadly in need of rest, and having now about fifty miles between us and Hawkinsville, where the enemy had been reported to be, and our information being, as stated, that they did not seem to be on the march or likely to move after us, we apprehended no immediate danger. That country is sparsely inhabited, and I do not recollect that we had seen a human being after leaving Abbeville. Colonel Johnston says that he rode on in advance as far as Irwinville, and there found somebody from whom he bought some eggs.

Colonel Thorburn had been, before the war, in the United States navy, and was, I think, a classmate of Colonel Wood in the Naval Academy at Annapolis. During the first year or two of the war he had served in the army; he afterward became engaged in running the blockade, bringing supplies into the Confederate States. He says he had a small but seaworthy vessel then lying in Indian River, Florida; that his object in joining the party had been to take the President aboard that vessel and convey him thence around to Texas, in case the attempt to get across the Mississippi should for any reason fail or seem unadvisable; and that Colonel Wood and he had arranged that he should, at the proper time, ride on in advance, make all the necessary arrangements for the voyage, and return to Madison, Florida, to await the President there and conduct him aboard the vessel, if necessary. We had all now agreed that, if the President was to attempt to reach the Trans-Mississippi at all, by whatever route, he should move on at once, independent of the ladies and wagons. And when we halted he positively promised me (and Wood and Thorburn tell me he made the same promise to them) that, as soon as something to eat could be cooked, he would say farewell, for the last time, and ride on with his own party, at least ten miles farther before stopping for the night, consenting to leave me and my party to go on our own way as fast as was possible with the now weary mules.

After getting that promise from the President, and arranging the tents and wagons for the night, and without waiting

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for anything to eat (being still the worse for my dysentery and fever), I lay down upon the ground and fell into a profound sleep. Captain Moody afterward kindly stretched a canvas as a roof over my head, and laid down beside me, though I knew nothing of that until the next day. I was awakened by the coachman, James Jones, running to me about day-break with the announcement that the enemy was at hand! I sprang to my feet, and in an instant a rattling fire of musketry commenced on the north side of the creek. Almost at the same moment Colonel Pritchard and his regiment charged up the road from the south upon us. As soon as one of them came within range, I covered him with my revolver and was about to fire, but lowered the weapon when I perceived the attacking column was so strong as to make resistance useless, and reflected that, by killing the man, I should certainly not be helping ourselves, and might only provoke a general firing upon the members of our party in sight. We were taken by surprise, and not one of us exchanged a shot with the enemy. Colonel Johnston tells me he was the first prisoner taken. In a moment, Colonel Pritchard rode directly to me and, pointing across the creek, said, "What does that mean? Have you any men with you?" Supposing the firing was done by our teamsters, I replied, "Of course we have—don't you hear the firing?" He seemed to be nettled at the reply, gave the order, "Charge," and boldly led the way himself across the creek, nearly every man in his command following. Our camp was thus left deserted for a few minutes, except by one mounted soldier near Mrs. Davis's tent (who was afterward said to have been stationed there by Colonel Pritchard in passing)¹ and by the few troopers who stopped to plunder our wagons. I had been sleeping upon the same side of the road with the tent occupied by Mrs. Davis, and was then standing very near it. Looking there, I saw her come out and heard her say some-

¹ "I saw one trooper, the leading one, coming down to put himself near the tent when I left it. He had not been stationed there by Colonel Pritchard or anybody else and was only part of the deployment."—J. D.

thing to the soldier mentioned; perceiving she wanted him to move off, I approached and actually persuaded the fellow to ride away. As the soldier moved into the road, and I walked beside his horse, the President emerged for the first time from the tent, at the side farther from us, and walked away into the woods to the eastward, and at right angles to the road.

Presently, looking around and observing somebody had come out of the tent, the soldier turned his horse's head and, reaching the spot he had first occupied, was again approached by Mrs. Davis, who engaged him in conversation. In a minute, this trooper was joined by one or perhaps two of his comrades, who either had lagged behind the column and were just coming up the road, or had at that moment crossed over from the other (the west) side, where a few of them had fallen to plundering, as I have stated, instead of charging over the creek. They remained on horseback and soon became violent in their language with Mrs. Davis. The order to "halt" was called out by one of them to the President. It was not obeyed, and was quickly repeated in a loud voice several times. At least one of the men then threatened to fire, and pointed a carbine at the President. Thereupon, Mrs. Davis, overcome with terror, cried out in apprehension, and the President (who had now walked sixty or eighty paces away into the unobstructed woods) turned around and came back rapidly to his wife near the tent. At least one of the soldiers continued his violent language to Mrs. Davis, and the President reproached him for such conduct to her,¹ when one of them, seeing the face of the President, as he stood near and was talking, said, "Mr. Davis, surrender! I recognize you, sir." Pictures of the President were so common that nearly or quite every man in both armies knew his face.

It was, as yet, scarcely daylight.

¹ "Some insolent language was used by our captors around the fire, and Mrs. Davis did reply to one of them, and I did say what I felt like, but there was no conversation at the moment of my arrest."—J. D.

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The President had on a water-proof cloak. He had used it, when riding, as a protection against the rain during the night and morning preceding that last halt; and he had probably been sleeping in that cloak, at the moment when the camp was attacked.¹

While all these things were happening, Miss Howell and the children remained within the other tent. The gentlemen of our party had, with the single exception of Captain Moody, all slept on the west side of the road and in or near the wagons. They were, so far as I know, paying no attention to what was going on at the tents. I have since talked with Johnston, Wood, and Lubbock, and with others, about these matters; and I have not found there was any one ex-

¹“I certainly was not a party to that arrangement by which I was to get upon a boat in Indian River, and my promise to leave that night after taking tea with my family was to execute my original plan, which was to cross the Chattahoochee below the point at which the enemy had garrisons, and Taylor and Forrest were still maintaining themselves in the field to join them and wait reinforcements, or otherwise to cross the Mississippi immediately with the hope of carrying on the war in that country until we could get some kind of treaty to secure the political rights of the States. All this I had fully explained to Reagan, who had been impressed by Wood and Thorburn with the plan of seeking the sea-coast, as I had previously done to Benjamin and Breckinridge; to all of them announcing that I would not leave the soil of the Confederacy as long as there was an organized command displaying its flag. But that I did not tell anybody, when I said I was going to leave, what road I would follow or what would be my objective point, was a caution which the circumstances sternly imposed as much for their safety as my own. My change of purpose as to leaving on that night was caused by the report Colonel Johnston brought me that marauders were to attack the camp; as they would probably be for the most part ex-Confederate soldiers, I thought they would so far respect me as not to rob the encampment of my family. In any event, or whoever they might be, it was my duty to wait the issue. My horse was saddled, hitched near to the road, and I was about to start when the intelligence reached me of the intended attack. Still expecting to go on during the night, my horse remained saddled, my pistols within the holsters, and I lay down in my wife's tent, with all my clothes on, to wait for the arrival of the marauders; but, being weary, fell into a deep sleep, from which I was aroused by my coachman, James Jones,

cept Mrs. Davis, the single trooper at her tent, and myself, who saw all that occurred and heard all that was said at the time. Any one else who gives an account of it has had to rely upon hearsay or his own imagination for his story.

In a short time after the soldier had recognized the President, Colonel Pritchard and his men returned from across the creek—the battle there ending with the capture by one party of a man belonging to the other, and by the recognition which followed.

They told us that the column, consisting of a detachment of Wisconsin cavalry and another of Michigan cavalry, had been dispatched from Macon in pursuit of us, under the command of Colonel Harnden, of Wisconsin; that when they reached Abbeville, they heard a party of mounted men, with

telling me that there was firing over the creek. The idea with which I had fallen asleep was still in my mind when, stepping instantly out of the tent, I saw the troopers deploying from the road down which they came, and immediately turned back to inform my wife that these were not the expected marauders, but were cavalry, having recognized them as such by the manner of their deployment. The road was some distance to the west of the tent, and none of the soldiers were then near the tent. My wife urged me to leave immediately, the way being still open to the eastward; my horse and arms, however, were near to the road down which the assailants came, so that I must go on foot. As I started, the foreman of the deploying troopers advanced toward me and ordered me to halt, at the same time aiming his carbine at me and ordering me to surrender, to which I replied with angry defiance and started toward him. My wife, who had been watching the whole proceeding, rushed after me and threw her arms around my neck. Whether it would have been possible for me to escape the trooper's fire and get his horse by a very sudden movement, it was quite certain that an instant's delay, with the hurrying approach of other troopers, rendered the case hopeless; I therefore walked back with my wife to her tent, and passed on, without entering it, to the fire in the rear of it, where I sat down, as the morning was chilly. I do not think I went fifty feet from the tent door, and so far from Colonel Pritchard having a sentinel stationed there, the one truth he told, so far as I know, was that he was not aware of my presence in the encampment until some time after its capture. Subsequent revelations sufficiently showed that the object of the expedition was to capture the wagons supposed to be laden with that hypothetical gold of the Confederate Treasury.'—J. D.

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wagons, had crossed the river near there, the night before; that they immediately suspected the identity of the party, and decided to follow it; but that, to make sure of catching us if we had not already crossed the river, Lieutenant-Colonel Pritchard had been posted at the ferry with orders to remain there and capture anybody attempting to pass; that Colonel Harnden, with his Wisconsin men, marched down the direct road we had ourselves taken, and, coming upon us in the night, had halted on the north side of the creek to wait for daylight before making the attack, lest some might escape in the darkness; that Lieutenant-Colonel Pritchard had satisfied himself, by further conversation with the ferry-man, that it was indeed Mr. Davis who had crossed there, and, deciding to be in, if possible, at the capture, had marched as rapidly as he could along the road nearer the river, to the east of and for most of the distance nearly parallel with the route taken by Colonel Harnden; that he reached the cross-roads (Irwinville) in the night, ascertained nobody had passed there for several days, turned north, and found us only a mile and a half up the road; that, to intercept any attempt at escape, he had dismounted some of his men, and sent them to cross the creek to the westward of us and to post themselves in the road north of our camp; that, as these dismounted men crossed the creek and approached the road, they came upon the Wisconsin troopers, and not being able, in the insufficient light, to distinguish their uniforms, and supposing them to be our escort, opened a brisk fire which was immediately returned; and that, on that signal, Colonel Pritchard and his column charged up the road into our camp, and thence into the thick of the fight. They said that, in the rencontre, a man and, I think, a horse or two were killed, and that an officer and perhaps one or two men were wounded.

During the confusion of the next few minutes, Colonel John Taylor Wood escaped, first inducing the soldier who halted him to go aside into the bushes on the bank of the creek, and there bribing the fellow with some gold to let him get away altogether. As Wood was an officer of the navy, as well as an officer of the army, had commanded cruisers along

the Atlantic coast, had captured and sunk a number of New York and New England vessels, and was generally spoken of in the Northern newspapers as a "pirate," he not unnaturally apprehended that, if he remained in the enemy's hands, he would be treated with special severity.

He made his way to Florida, and there met General Breckinridge, with whom (and perhaps one or two others) he sailed down the east coast of the State in a small open boat, and escaped to Cuba. When in London, in September, 1866, I dined with Breckinridge, and had from him the story of their adventures. He said they kept close alongshore, and, frequently landing, subsisted on turtles' eggs found in the sand. When nearing the southerly end of the coast, they one day perceived a boat coming to meet them and were at first afraid of capture; but presently, observing that the other boat was so changing its course as to avoid them, they shrewdly suspected it to contain deserters or escaped convicts from the Dry Tortugas, or some such people, who were probably themselves apprehensive of trouble if caught. Wood therefore gave chase immediately, and, having the swifter boat, soon overhauled the other one. The unsatisfactory account the men aboard gave of themselves seemed to confirm the suspicion with regard to their character. The new boat was a better sea-craft than the one our voyagers had, though not so fast a sailor. They were afraid theirs would not take them across the Gulf to Cuba, and so determined to appropriate the other. Turning pirates for the occasion, they showed their side-arms, put on a bold air, and threatened the rascals with all manner of dreadful things; but finally relented so far as to offer to let them off with an exchange of boats! The victims were delighted with this clemency, and gladly went through what President Lincoln called the dangerous process of "swapping horses while crossing a stream." Each party went on its way rejoicing, and our friends finally, as I have said, reached the coast of Cuba, though almost famished. Indeed, Breckinridge said they were kept alive at all only by a loaf or two of bread kindly given them

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by a Yankee skipper as they sailed under the stern of his vessel at day-break of the last day of their voyage.

All of the other members of the President's party, except Colonel Thorburn, and all those of my own party, remained as prisoners—unless, indeed, one or two of the teamsters escaped, as to which I do not recollect.

I had been astonished to discover the President still in camp when the attack was made. What I learned afterward explained the mystery. Wood and Thorburn tell me that, after the President had eaten supper with his wife, he told them he should ride on when Mrs. Davis was ready to go to sleep; but that, when bed-time came, he finally said he would ride on in the morning—and so spent the night in the tent. He seemed to be entirely unable to apprehend the danger of capture. Everybody was disturbed at this change of his plan to ride ten miles farther, but he could not be got to move.

Colonel Thorburn decided to start during the night, to accomplish as soon as possible his share of the arrangement for the escape of the party from the sea-coast; and, with his negro boy, he set out alone before day-break. He tells me that, at Irwinville, they ran into the enemy in the darkness, and were fired upon; and that the negro leveled himself on his horse's back, and galloped away like a good fellow into the woods to the east. Thorburn says he turned in the saddle for a moment, shot the foremost of the pursuers, saw him tumble from his horse, and then kept on after the negro. They were chased into the woods, but their horses were fresher than those of the enemy and easily distanced pursuit. Thorburn says he went on to Florida, found his friend Captain Coxsetter at Lake City, ascertained that the vessel was, as expected, in the Indian River and in good condition for the voyage to Texas, arranged with the captain to get her ready for sailing, and then returned to Madison for the rendezvous. There, he says, he learned of Mr. Davis's capture, and, having no further use for the vessel, sent back orders to destroy her.

The business of plundering commenced immediately after the capture; and we were soon left with only what we had on and what we had in our pockets. Several of us rejoiced in some gold; mine was only the one hundred and ten dollars I have mentioned, but Colonel Lubbock and Colonel Johnston had about fifteen hundred dollars each. Lubbock held on to nearly or quite all of his. But Johnston had found the coins an uncomfortable burden when carried otherwise, and had been riding with them in his holsters. There his precious gold was found, and thence it was eagerly taken, by one or more of our captors. His horse and his saddle, with the trappings and pistols, were those his father, General Albert Sidney Johnston, had used at the battle of Shiloh, and were greatly prized. They and all our horses were promptly appropriated by the officers of Colonel Pritchard's command; the colonel himself claimed and took the lion's share, including the two carriage-horses, which, as he was told at the time, were the property of Mrs. Davis, having been bought and presented to her by the gentlemen in Richmond upon the occasion already mentioned. Colonel Pritchard also asserted a claim to the horse I had myself ridden, which had stood the march admirably and was fresher and in better condition than the other animals. The colonel's claim to him, however, was disputed by the adjutant, who insisted on the right of first appropriation, and there was a quarrel between those officers on the spot.

While it was going on, I emptied the contents of my haversack into a fire where some of the enemy were cooking breakfast, and there saw the papers burn. They were chiefly love-letters, with a photograph of my sweetheart,—though with them chanced to be a few telegrams and perhaps some letters relating to public affairs, of no special interest.

After we had had breakfast, it was arranged that each of the prisoners should ride his own horse to Macon, the captors kindly consenting to waive right of possession meantime; and that arrangement was carried out, except that Mr. Davis traveled in one of the ambulances.

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We marched in a column of twos, and Major Maurin and I rode together. He was very taciturn; but when, on the second or third day, we came upon a cavalry camp where a brass-band, in a large wagon drawn by handsome horses, was stationed by the road-side, and suddenly struck up "Yankee Doodle" as the ambulance containing Mr. Davis came abreast of it, the silent old Creole was moved to speech. The startling burst of music set our horses to prancing. When Major Maurin had composed his steed, he turned to me with a broad smile and revenged himself with: "I remember the last time I heard *that* tune; it was at the battle of Fredericksburg, when a brass-band came across the pontoon bridge with the column and occupied a house within range of my guns, where they began 'Yankee Doodle.' I myself sighted a field-piece at the house, missed it with the first shot, but next time hit it straight. In all your life you never heard 'Yankee Doodle' stop so short as it did then!"

It was at that cavalry camp we first heard of the proclamation offering a reward of \$100,000 for the capture of Mr. Davis, upon the charge, invented by Stanton and Holt, of participation in the plot to murder Mr. Lincoln. Colonel Pritchard had himself just received it, and considerably handed a printed copy of the proclamation to Mr. Davis, who read it with a composure unruffled by any feeling other than scorn. The money was, several years later, paid to the captors. Stanton and Holt, lawyers both, very well knew that Mr. Davis could never be convicted upon an indictment for treason, but were determined to hang him anyhow, and were in search of a pretext for doing so.

The march to Macon took four days. As we rode up to the head-quarters of General Wilson there, an orderly (acting, as he said, under directions of the adjutant) seized my rein before I had dismounted, and led off my horse the moment I was out of the saddle. When, that afternoon, we were sent to the station to take the railway train arranged to convey the prisoners to Augusta, on our way to Fortress Monroe, the horses of all or most of the officers of our party

were standing in front of the hotel, and the several ex-owners rode them to the station. My horse was not there, and I had to go to the station afoot.

Several years afterward, on the grand stand at the Jerome Park race-course, in New York, I met Colonel ———, from whom, in Danville, Virginia, I had got the horse under the circumstances narrated. He told me he was in that part of Georgia shortly after our capture, and said the quarrel between Colonel Pritchard and his adjutant, as to who should have my horse, waxed so hot at Macon that the adjutant, fearing he would not be able to keep the horse himself, and determined Colonel Pritchard should not have him, ended the dispute by drawing his revolver and shooting the gallant steed dead.

At General Wilson's head-quarters in Macon, I met General Croxton, of Kentucky, one of Wilson's brigadiers, who had been two classes ahead of me at Yale College. He received me with expressions of great friendship; said he should have a special outlook for my comfort while a prisoner; and told me that it was at his suggestion that Harnden and Pritchard had been dispatched to intercept Mr. Davis at the crossing of the Ocmulgee River at Abbeville—having heard from some of the Confederate cavalry who had been disbanded at Washington, Georgia, each with a few dollars in silver in his pocket, that the President had ridden south from that place.

Had Mr. Davis continued his journey, without reference to us, after crossing the Ocmulgee River, or had he ridden on after getting supper with our party the night we halted for the last time; had he gone but five miles beyond Irwinville, passing through that village at night, and so avoiding observation, there is every reason to suppose that he and his party would have escaped either across the Mississippi or through Florida to the sea-coast, as Mr. Benjamin escaped, as General Breckinridge escaped, and as others did. It was the apprehension he felt for the safety of his wife and children which brought about his capture. And, looking back now, it

THE CAPTURE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS

must be thought by everybody to have been best that he did not then escape from the country.

To have been a prisoner in the hands of the Government of the United States, and not to have been brought to trial upon any of the charges against him, is sufficient refutation of them all. It indicates that the people in Washington knew the accusations could not be sustained.



ESSAYS BY
JESSE BURTON HARRISON



THE PROSPECTS OF LETTERS AND TASTE IN VIRGINIA

A discourse pronounced before the Literary and Philosophical Society of Hampden-Sidney College, at their fourth anniversary, in September, 1827

BY J. BURTON HARRISON

. . . Tibi

Externa non meus; Italus, Italus.

Statius, Syl. iv. 5. 45.

Mr. President,

and Gentlemen of the Philosophical Society,

I SHOULD be uncandid, were I to express any great reluctance to perform the part, which you have been pleased to assign to me on this day. I am glad at this opportunity of appearing in the presence of my old friends and well-remembered acquaintances, whose kind forbearance I have often experienced within these walls. I know that it will not be withheld at this time. Perhaps, Sir, I may need it much for reasons additional to those which were the head and front of the offending of the more immature student, crudeness of thought and bad taste; with not years enough on my head to insure me against liability to these sins, I deprecate the possibility of others. I have been separated from these friends for the space of six years; for a season, far distant from them, and at no time since within the atmosphere of their opinions. If therefore, amidst other scenes and other studies ardently pursued, it has been my chance to imbibe sentiments relative to any matters within the scope of this occasion, different from those of any among them, I shall hope to be pardoned.

I have not thought proper to undertake to entertain you with high-sounding generalities, applicable, or rather inap-

plicable, alike to all countries and to all times; nor to attempt to amuse you with the display of a portion of that great stock of sentiment and opinion, which, after the civilians, I may call matter *communis juris*; opinions, which no one is so obtuse as not to have adopted, and sentiments which no one is perverse or sluggish enough not to feel. The times need minuter observation and the suggestion of palpable faults. I am sure, too, that *you* chiefly desire individuality in the speaker, who is called before your learned body at each returning annual meeting. Such, in a high degree, have been all the discourses hitherto delivered to the Society. And at the outset, I cannot but dread the contrast, which it may occur to some to institute between my own humble efforts and the display which it was the good fortune of the Society to witness at its last assembling here. No one admires, more than myself, the classical propriety, the rare felicity of speech of the member to whom I allude; with you, I listened with astonishment at the elegant fluency, I will even say, the provoking fluency, with which he pours out the richest thoughts in aptest phrase; with you may I regret the occasion which draws him away from Virginia and from this Society.

I am come then to speak, as you may most naturally expect, in my humble manner of our own Virginia, with reference to the prospects of letters, taste, and refinement among us. Nothing is more frequent than to hear, even among ourselves, lamentations over the departing greatness of our commonwealth, sad repinings at the retrospect of our fortunes, and sadder forebodings of what another and another census may unfold of our diminished importance; but the most pointed complaint is of the disappearance of the old Virginia character. The mistake appears to me to consist in *regretting* it. Observe, Sir, I do not mean to deny that there were good points in that character, or that there were many circumstances in the condition of Virginia at the period of the Revolution (for to this time I suppose the complainers look), which I should delight to see perpetuated. When I think of the princely munificence of Thomas

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Nelson's patriotism, of the Roman loftiness of George Mason's statesmanship, and the liberal learning of George Wythe, the last but a sample of the many ripe scholars we then boasted, I should be disingenuous indeed, did I not own with sorrow, that perhaps none of our public men may claim to themselves a near resemblance to any one of these names. But yet I must maintain, that the general condition of Virginia at that time has not been altered for the worse, and that the then prevailing character of the state, by whatever circumstances lost, need not be mourned over.

An error, which is an ingredient of the mistake of which I speak, is in supposing the old Virginia character to be a *peculiar* character. Whoever is familiar with the history of the literature of two or three nations, will perceive a remarkable coincidence among their writers in this. Juvenal complains of the passing away of the good old time when, to quiet the mind of Regulus, the senate voted him new garden utensils and a single servant to till his ground until his return; other writers of antiquity have lamented the departure of a happy age of contented poverty among the majority, and of affluence in a few meekly borne. The Spanish gentleman of an age subsequent to that of the knight-errant, the Frenchman of the old *régime* on his own country estate, the old English gentleman of the seventeenth century, or the old English squire of Fielding in the eighteenth, are characters nearly analogous to the old Virginian. Mark, however, that the bright side of the picture of Spain, France, and England in those times exhibits but little of the retainers, the peasants, the small tenants and laborers, as they respectively might be, of the people; they are always spoken of as in a happy ignorance and a stationary contentment. Now, taking this general national character just named, as a whole (and nothing is so true as that the better part of it essentially demands the other for its counterpart), I boldly allege that no statesman ought to regret its departure in any part of the world.

I am yet too young not to feel the glow of the poet when he mourns over the pastoral simplicity of past days, and no

one can have read without delight the sketch, by a living English traveller, of the quiet, insulated little spots in the mountains of Colombia. But were there no other reason for dissatisfaction with these, I should think it enough to say, that this simple state of society cannot last in the nature of things. The stranger will visit these regions, the merchant will bring his tempting novelties; and commerce first, then selfishness, then wealth unequally distributed, but constantly changing hands, lastly luxury will come, and the vision melts away. More robust than this was the state of society in Virginia, but alike dependent on the hopeless chance of escaping from the all-pervading and all-disturbing step of progressive commerce, or the equally hopeless chance of putting any narrow bounds to its inroads. The ancient condescending, kind-hearted rich will become poor and selfish, the once contented poor will be stirred up to activity and love of gain; and thus the idolized dignity of the former, and the quiet submission of the latter, pass away into that state, to which I verily trust all things are tending, *a state of equality*. I said, I thought it enough to allege, that this state of things could not last. Sir, it cannot last any where, unless the great globe itself and all who inherit it, shall stand still; and when I find the course of general events unerring, I believe beforehand, that there is wisdom in it, and I am always glad when I find out the specific wisdom to justify and make us satisfied with it.

There is a state of society far beyond any I have yet mentioned, which, too, has passed away; I mean the age of chivalry. Certainly, I am glad of it. Never, while the spirit of this so much boasted age existed, never might we expect the least encouragement to the equalizing genius of democracy. When I estimate the value of any institution of government, I see no criterion whatsoever, except the effect on the great body of the people; and though it be true, that under that institution the great were made more illustrious; yet when it disappeared it left the lowly, private citizens more happy. It is precisely this change, to borrow the sentiment of Madame de Staël, which many causes have been uniting their

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greater or less influence, for two centuries, to produce, in life and society in Europe. The ancient manners made the great more exalted and admirable; the modern make the obscure more secure, independent, and manly. It is in this view that I look on its influence as antagonist to the cause of liberty, and as dangerously inimical too, because of the tendency it had to quiet and torpify the people by the pure and lofty feelings, which the particular few exhibited to their admiration.

But this is only collateral to my declaration, that the departure of the old Virginia character is not to be regretted. I am convinced that as soon as a republican form of government was established, and the statute of distributions passed, its days were numbered. It died with the men of that generation and not all the world could keep it alive in their children. What was this character? That high spirit which we derived from England, raised still higher by dominion over our slaves; a pride of blood and of hereditary wealth, rather greater than was desirable perhaps, but never highly offensive; a courtesy and condescending kindness; an open-handed hospitality, which never looked to the possibility that the means might give out; a total want of selfishness or meanness arising from cupidity. All this was doomed to that fate, which, in a commercial age, awaits wealth distributed into small portions; doomed to suffer diminished regard and cold applause; and almost all has departed, and left behind cautious prudence, restricted hospitality, candid familiarity instead of condescension, and propriety rather than dignity. As to the individual character of our large landholders, for it is only their character, I know no fault, in it, except a want of enterprise, a degree of inertness, to which it was undoubtedly subject. But unexceptionable, enviable as it was in itself as an individual character, it was in its main features irreconcilable with institutions which are too dear to us to be compromised; its existence was inconsistent with the course of events of the present age.

Do you want the old Virginia character brought back? It can be done; it is the easiest of political problems. You must

repeal the statute of distributions, and introduce hereditary wealth; then check the spirit of commerce by abolishing the banks, bringing back all wealth to consist in land and slaves; and then you will have it restored in two generations: but for how many generations it would last, I cannot say. It is not wise in us, depend upon it, to sigh after that, which the equal division of estates among heirs cuts up by the roots. All the improvement now going on in the world tends inevitably to equalization, and he who looks at the whole ground will perceive at what cost we have bought a levelling democratic government. Some may be appalled at a philosophical consideration of its exclusive course. I speak most sincerely, when I declare it to be worth, in my mind, more than all which falls before it. I do not then join in this delusive regret; in the nineteenth century it is too late. I throw my eye on that basis, that residuum which we have chosen for ourselves. I think there is in the Virginia character of the present day a greater fitness for improvement and capacity for an excellence, not only beyond what we once knew, but, my respect for other people does not forbid me to say, beyond that of any other nation. Let us but see our faults and apply the remedies, and she shall one day, not far distant, be more than she ever yet has been imagined by her sons to be. Virginia is lower, none can deny, in the scale of the Union than she once was. I firmly believe that a better destiny is prepared for her than she has ever experienced, were there but sagacity enough among us to take advantage of all her capabilities. And I would even fix upon this event, the acknowledged and recognised decline of Virginia, however paradoxical it may seem, as an important circumstance promotive of the future greatness of the Commonwealth.

It must be acknowledged, that from the time of the Revolution, a period at which we boasted statesmen, orators, and scholars of the highest rank, Virginia seems to have rested content with the honor which had been laboriously attained for her by some of her sons, to have abandoned a valuable standard of education, and, becoming her own eulogist and her own worst enemy, to have reposed her high claims upon

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her genius, and that genius, too, surrendered up to become enervated by indolence and imbruted by ignorance. In this state of things the men of the Revolution pass away, yet in their career securing for Virginia high renown for that philosophic wisdom and disinterested patriotism which belonged to all the distinguished Virginians of their generation; but while they pass away, it is not perceived that we had made no provision for the continued reproduction of men of that same class. Nor was it in the nature of things that they should be produced, while the vanity of believing ourselves the greatest people on earth checked our exertions to attain or preserve real greatness, and while the very worst plan of education, that ever dulness invented to pamper vanity, prevailed, as it did from the Revolution until about the year 1820. Is it not incredible, that a youthful people, with almost none of her energies developed; her enterprise not yet shown in any one great public work, continuing on its undiminished utility to succeeding times; her love of learning not shown by any venerable seats of learning, founded and liberally patronized by her wealth; with not one poem, one history, one statue, one picture, one work of laborious learning to exhibit to the world in rivalry of the land of Tasso and of Raphael, or of Gibbon and of Chantrey,—that this people should fold its arms to dream of its secure supremacy over all others, should voluntarily cut itself off from the fountains of rich learning by means of a bad system deliberately taken and persevered in for thirty years, and should by inertness and stagnation of public spirit draw on itself, in its early youth, signs of old age?

Sir, I say these things in sorrow. You know that I say them out of love for Virginia. Such, none can deny, was Virginia from the Revolution till very lately; and the eminent men who have sprung up in that period have only become so by private means and private study, in spite of and in entire opposition to the system and notions prevalent throughout the state. I know that now, when all acknowledge that something must be done to repair our decayed greatness and lessened strength, we shall see the vigor and irresistible spirit

of our own land put forth in continually increasing might; so true is it that it was necessary that we should be brought to some humiliation in order to make us begin again the career of fame, which to be true must be well earned. Such I humbly believe to be an impartial sketch of the varying condition of Virginia, and such the light in which Virginia's best friends regard it.

Many persons know, that not greatly diverse from these views were the feelings of him, who was second only to Washington, a Virginian in heart and mind. Born and grown up to manhood with Pendleton and Henry, filled with the genius of their time and a perpetual love for the high spirit and the whole character of the prominent men of that generation, he yet did not regret the revolution in that character which was inevitable under our republican institutions; he saw afterwards with pain the long course of our diminishing greatness, but he felt that it would eventually produce good. He saw where the error lay; he desired better things, when we were content; he used, without tiring, his great influence on a reluctant people, and having prepared everything, *Heu! dolenda Nestoreæ brevis senectæ*,¹ he departs content, just when the glowworm began "to pale his uneffectual fire," and the morning air, fresh and revivifying, was not to be mistaken as the sign of the approaching sun. Highly as he estimated Virginia, he knew that with the qualities which lie at the bottom of our present character, with the means of perfect education now in our reach, and the wholesome consciousness lately acquired that we need some aid from letters, we shall attain a vastly higher estimation in the opinion of the world than we have ever yet possessed.

It has been to me always an interesting inquiry, how great was the extent of the means of education in Virginia before the Revolution and in what respect they differed from those of our own time. Let me dwell for a few minutes on this topic. No very extensive plan seems to have been projected for a generation or two after the settlement at Jamestown,

¹ Smith's *Pocockius*, in *Musæ Anglicanæ*, Vol. II. 199. Edit. 1761.

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so unsettled was the state of the times, and so restless were the immediate emigrants from that love of gain which brought our fathers hither. The London Virginia Company, one of the noblest, most illustrious and public-spirited societies, says Stith, that ever yet perhaps engaged in such an undertaking, at the head of which was Shakspeare's patron, the Earl of Southampton, seems early to have recommended a regard for education; but I do not find that they furnished any efficient means, during their government of the colony, for carrying their recommendation into effect.¹

The first successful plan which seems to have been organized, was under the management of the clergy of the Established Church. The colony was in the diocese of the Bishop of London, and from his nomination were all the livings filled. The counties, according to their population, composed one, two, or three parishes, and it is believed that every clergyman taught a parish school in his own precincts. These parochial schools were the only institutions of learning in the colony, until shortly after the English Revolution, when the college of William and Mary was founded. Whoever, in considering these parish schools as the only places of instruction, should estimate their fitness to give a mature education by the analogy of the mostly wretched grammar schools of the present day, and thence conclude that no valuable learning could have been imparted in them, is very far from truth. There has seldom been known a class of men, whose characters presented so many varied qualities, such mingled subjects of censure and good-natured approbation, as did the clergy of Virginia before the Revolution. They were nearly

¹ That literature was not, however, altogether neglected by the agents whom the Company maintained here, we know from the fact that Sandys, the Company's treasurer in Virginia, wrote his translation of Ovid here—a work perhaps not known at this day in Virginia, but which had great reputation at the time and mainly assisted, together with Chapman's Homer, in forming the perfect versification of Pope. Nevertheless every one remembers the devout exclamation of the accomplished Sir William Berkeley sixty years after the planting of the colony: "Thank God, there are no printing-presses yet in the colony to make the people factious and turbulent."

all Scotchmen, sent hither by that uneasy spirit of adventure, which was at that time conducting the internal commerce of all Europe by Scotch pedlars, and helping to render interminable the German wars, that labyrinth of history, by Scotch soldiers of fortune; a spirit which long made that nation notorious, until the fuller glory of New England thrift and enterprise rose on the world of *meum* and *tuum*, to rest for ever in the ascendant. It may seem strange, that so few Englishmen were selected. Perhaps the pecuniary prospects of the Virginia parishes were not inviting enough to the colder and more inactive English; while to the craving of Scotch poverty, the inducement was irresistible. The number of Virginians, who were presented to livings is said to have been very small, even up to the Revolution. In some cases, perhaps, persons were frocked and sent over to us without any previous clerical education; but I apprehend that it was not often so. Too many of them, undoubtedly, without the impulse of pious purpose, and without the decency of religious profession, came among us to enjoy the comparative wealth which the law made their right; but the education of these men had been regular, and their learning was never despicable. Little would any one, who had noted the robustious horseman that was loudest in the view-halloo, and foremost in at the death of the fox; and who had joined the laughing chorus at the rare jest of the same person, the boon companion faithful to the end, the dear lover of the practical joke, and the skillful adept in the hieroglyphics of whist and piquet;—little would he suspect that it was a clerical Nimrod, whom he had seen exulting in the worldly glories of the chase, and that it was the prince of good fellows, whom he would next see comely with band and cassock. But still less would he suspect, that the shelves of this incongruous being were stored with the rare treasures of good learning, and that the transactions of the world of letters were scarce less familiar to his mind than to the grave and austere, who make learning their occupation and their fame.

The instruction in the parish schools, chiefly in ancient

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learning, in Latin particularly, was little inferior to that in any part of the world at the time. When actually engaged with their pupils, the tutors showed a familiarity with their authors, an enthusiastic admiration of them, and a love of learning in general, which inspired all their pupils with an eagerness not immediately satisfied, and which became a permanent part of their character in after life. It may not be amiss to observe here, that though the scholarship of the clergy, as far as it consists in an intimate acquaintance with the spirit of the authors, was most thorough, yet their pronunciation, as it is even now in Scotland, was very wretched; a matter of no great moment in this connexion, seeing that the true classical enthusiasm was so much diffused by them.

But besides these schools, the college, established under munificent royal patronage, offered means of most excellent education; this is proved by the admirable library which still exists in the ancient capital of the State, as testimony of the spirit of those who selected it.

In making an estimate of the condition of learning here before the Revolution, I feel warranted in saying, that while the lower orders were scarcely at all instructed, the richer class were vastly better educated in proportion to the light and spirit of the age, than the present generation are, acknowledging a great advancement of society since in Europe. I might safely say this, even excluding from the estimate those who were sent abroad to be educated, who were not a few. Many are the relics that still lie scattered in the region where these latter men usually had their abode, seeming like the fossil remains of some long gone species. The traveller treads the sandy barrens, grown up with pines and cedar, casts a look of pity on the paltry farm of unthankful soil, nor can readily believe this to have been once a favorite portion of this wide extended State. By and by the delapidated form of some stately mansion rears its jagged summit above the scene, and then the elaborate, orderly structure of some church, sacked of its ornaments, and its aisles robbed of the beauties of their chequered pavement; and not a day, that some mutilated volume of pure learning, of philology, or of

speculative divinity, some Elzevir or Wetstein, which to read must have been a labor of love to the owner, does not offer its rare treasures to his hands. Now, for the first time, he suspects that there must have been once far other inhabitants here; and now he knows that there may be, in this infant and growing country, a large territory with every vestige of depreciation and decay, nay, of DESOLATE ANTIQUITY; a state of things, I am convinced, to be found in Virginia alone, of all America. How far may we not conclude the eager research and patient toil of the scholars, who sought wisdom in these uninviting books, to have been above those of our own day!

While we may set down the education of those men, who were trained abroad, as equal to the best standard of foreign education, we may form a very exact estimate of the learning of those who were carefully educated wholly in the Colony. The education which they received, was exactly the Scotch education of the period. Now Scotch education, in the three first quarters of the eighteenth century, consisted chiefly in Latin. Of Greek, there was but little taught in Scotland, and that, as it is now, rather superficially. Indeed, among the learned, it appears to have been as great a question, whether a Scotchman could, in the nature of things, be a good Grecian, as whether a Dutchman could be a *bel esprit*. The rage for noisy politics, which has seized the Scotch literati of the present day, was then unknown, most of them being of the quiescent party, the vanquished Jacobites. The mathematics of the day were taught in Latin, as was almost all the science, which was thought proper to be learned. The lectures of the schools were all in the same tongue. That greater passion of the Scotch, a love of metaphysics, had not then spread far. Always disputative, they shared, with the rest of Europe, a grave respect for the *entity* and *quiddity* of ancient logic and metaphysics, but nothing like the present fury, which "raves, recites, and maddens" around Edinburgh, was known. Their studies in *belles-lettres* were all founded on the ancient authors, but by no means confined to these; they were made *fond of books*, and hence they found

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congenial to their most matured tastes the treasures of English literature, which every one knows were rich and diversified long before the end of the eighteenth century. On this whole view of Scotch education, it would be folly to deny that it is more judicious now than it was then; indeed, I am clear, that their present system would be the most perfect in the world, if the new sciences, now such monopolists of their time, had been added, instead of being introduced to the comparative exclusion of the grand *substratum* of ancient learning. All foreigners attest, that their classical knowledge is now pretty much after the model of poor Shakspeare's "little Latine, and less Greek." Indeed, I know nothing to regret in the good Whigs of Great Britain, so much as a disposition to undervalue the ancients, steadily maintained for many years, with a few bright exceptions in the last generation and in this.

I beg that it may be distinctly understood, that all my views are confined to those who are to be educated for the professions, for politics, and for literary pursuits to be mingled with the higher avocations of life; for to these belongs almost exclusively the opportunity of lettered leisure. Now, when a plan of education is to be prepared for young men, who, it is hoped, may be ornaments to polite society, enlightened with liberal knowledge, and with faculties cultivated to the utmost advantage for the employments of active life, and the still more necessary quiet of private meditation, for my own part I would not stipulate for the parsimonious allowance of classical learning, which the Scotch critics would grant; I would not be content with the *modicum*, which the Scotch critic possesses, but I would declare that little short of classical enthusiasm, arising from rich classical attainments, would be a fit basis, and that, too, to be secured before any other part was thought of. So thought the Whigs of America, and chiefly the eminent men of Virginia at that day. Acquainted, as many of them were, with the ancients face to face, their passion for letters and divine philosophy, pure and elevated as it must have been from its ancient source, was the parent of their love of liberty. Be-

sides the innate worth of republicanism, it taught them the generous, high genealogy of freedom, beyond the pride of Bourbon or Nassau, or more, far beyond "the race of Thebes, or Pelops' line." Whenever I review the names of these men, I think I see their models distinct in the foreground of antiquity. Where, where shall we find their exemplars, but in the pictured page of Livy, or in the animated lessons of Plutarch?

Did this spirit now prevail in Scotland, not inconsistent, I contend, with their favorite pursuits, but the fittest preparative for valuable success in them, what would not now be the brilliance of the Scotch intellectual character! On the bright glow of a classical spirit, behold how the successive hues might be superinduced! First would come the glory of opening the lists of Political Economy, with that great work, "The Wealth of Nations," ever *germinant*, let me say, of instruction and utility, as new events rise up; next, the scarcely inferior glory of the first public instruction in the Science of Government, by Ferguson. Then Burns, at the time of which I spoke, yet uninspired by that spirit which afterwards made him walk "in glory and in joy, behind his plough upon the mountain side," destined soon to render Scotch the universal Doric of the poetical world. Mackenzie had not yet given to English prose the mellow richness of sentiment, the sweet tone of not unmanly philosophy, and shown that the round and clean composition of the sentence, and the sweet falling of the clauses, are not inconsistent with vigor and weighty wisdom. Lastly, the splendor of Scott, the brightest name in this quarter of the nineteenth century, whom to call "the Ariosto of the North," is but to give the inadequate praise of imitation, or of sufficient success in introducing in this age a style of poetry that cannot be naturalized in England, now that it is not feudal, or unlettered; but let me rather term him the truest history-painter of human life (come in at a time when strong individuality of character is receding to the Scotch mountains, and a few other fastnesses), prepared to embody the distinct spirit of the last seven centuries, with a truth, doubtless, greater than

that wherewith a cotemporary could have done it in either instance. Not with the painfully just severity of the grotesque Dante, nor the ludicrous distortion of the too acute Fielding, nor yet the exaggerated coloring of Byron, always autobiographical in every thing but his incidents, he paints with the candor and feeling of Chremes in Terence; he is a man, and all humanity is a personal interest to him.

But to return. You perceive my drift, then, Mr. President, when I avow, that I believe education to have declined here, since the Revolution. It has declined in the very vital part of learning, namely, classical knowledge; and to the decline in this point is attributable, in my mind, or with this is necessarily connected, a decline in general learning. A single remark will throw light on this proposition. So completely is classical knowledge transfused into all the works of taste in the English language, so entirely is it taken for granted, that the reader is a classical scholar, capable of translating direct quotations and relishing covert allusions, that any mere English scholar is forced to admit, while he proceeds, that the work he reads was not written for him. Take the British reviews, for an example, among the most popular works of the day. Look along their pages, "bristling with inverted commas," as has been happily said, and infested throughout with the ambushed beauties of ancient eloquence and wit; which, who is willing to read when the conviction strikes him, that they were written for a sphere of society higher than his own? In fact, this is scarcely at all the case in any of the modern languages but the English, and hence I only urge it on Britons and Americans. For myself, I would as soon read the French prose translation of *Paradise Lost*, as Milton, in his own divine form, if stripped of classical allusions. Although there are not a few excellent works of purely English *matériel*, I am clear, that he enters the great gallery of modern art without guide or key, who undertakes to compass the higher beauties of English prose and poetry, with no more than a handful of Latin. The English literature I hold to be the noblest in the world, and it is so, not more from embodying in its energetic, copi-

ous, and grand dialect more profound thought and bold sentiment, than any other, than from the vast number of ancient beauties with which it is rich, whether by direct incorporation, successful imitation, or most frequently by shadowy allusion. Except the discovery of some perfectly original train of thought, of which I remember Buffon gives information, in rapturous terms, there is perhaps no pleasure of the intellect equal to that of the reader of refined taste, entertained with a succession of thoughts, pregnant with rich associations and recollections, as the successive passages are read. And were I called on for a signal instance of a writer capable of imparting this pleasure, I would beg leave to name the late articles on Milton and Machiavelli, in the Edinburgh Review, by Mr. Macaulay.

In completion of this single view of classical learning,—for nothing is more alien from my mind than the idea, that classical learning requires a systematic defence before a society of men of letters, such as this,—let me only add, that thus necessary as it is for the full appreciation of English literature, it may justly be considered a wonder, when any person, not familiar with antiquity, is found to be ardently fond of English *belles-lettres*, or to be possessed of habits of enthusiastic study in liberal learning, who has not formed them early in the company of the ancients. And English literature has not left its great debt undischarged. In truth, I have often thought, Sir, that in the light, which English literature has thrown back by way of return upon antiquity, it has done more to illustrate and beautify the ancient works, than the labors of all the ancient scholiasts and critics. What Pope has done for Horace, and Johnson for Juvenal, are but small instances of the service done in this way. To one who speaks the English language, I think it is hardly a question, whether as much would be gained to the cause of ancient letters, if the Alexandrian library could be restored, and all the *palimpsest* manuscripts be made to give up their defaced treasures to the curious eye, as would be lost to it by blotting out the illustrations and imitations in English poetry and prose.

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The chief operative cause of a decline of letters in Virginia, has undoubtedly been the premature inclination of most of our young men for political life, absorbing their thoughts from an early age, tempting them by the ease with which political advancement to a certain stage is to be obtained, and making irksome the toil of acquiring any knowledge of which they do not see the immediate need. Taking up an idea, which we hear prevails in Edinburgh, that to advance any farther in the classics than a few elementary books, is to bring no profit, but will only involve them at the first step in the endless frivolities of long and short syllables, they wholly deprive themselves of the means of apprehending the true value of antiquity, the spirit of its authors, the *igneus vigor et cælestis origo* of ancient sentiment. Really, just as reasonable would it be, to refuse to go beyond the multiplication table from the absurd fear of entangling one's self in the mysteries of analytical mathematics. The consequence of all this is, that the education of our young politicians has been precisely this: just as much Latin as would enable them to read the newspapers; Greek enough to remember the alphabet for four or five years; the history of England for the last fifty years, embracing the parliamentary lives of Burke, Fox, and Pitt; and, in fact, a better knowledge of American politics, than prevails any where in America. Nay, Sir, this is not all. These geniuses usually learn a little law, also. They make that profession the stepping-stone of their greatness, the school wherein to train their faculties; and it is lamentable how large a part of the bar, in Virginia, they make.

When a friend of Virginia reflects on the melancholy folly and imposture of such pretensions, he may well exclaim, with Tacitus;¹ "They are ignorant of the laws; they retain not the decrees of the Senate; they hold in derision the profound principles of general jurisprudence; they shrink, with alarm, from the study of wisdom, and the precepts of the experienced sages; and eloquence, expelled from her own fair kingdom, is driven into the contracted compass of a few

¹ *De Caus. Cor. Eloq.* cap. 32.

commonplaces and stale saws. So, that she, who, once queen of all the arts, filled the bosom with her august retinue (and strained every faculty to its utmost in the breast in which she resided), now shorn of her glory, without pomp, without honor, without even the character of a liberal art, is learned like any the most sordid handicraft;—*sine apparatu, sine honore, pæne dixerim sine ingenuitate, quasi una ex sordidissimis, artificiis, discatur!*”

But I am proud to say, that such are not all the lawyers of Virginia. We have at this moment at least three, on either of whom the character of our state might safely rest, who for learning in their profession, for liberal information, and pure eloquence, are unsurpassed by any advocate living. You anticipate me, Sir, in thinking of him, whom our eyes sought here to-day, and to whom the Society and myself had trusted to give grace and interest to this meeting. Of him, in his absence, I will take leave to speak first.

Mainly intent on acquiring the profoundest knowledge of a most extended profession, he has not failed to give to the sacred Muses that part of his time, which Coke solemnly allots from the pursuits of the jurist. Gifted by nature with a peculiar distinctness and singleness of perception, as well as an energy and warmth of mind rarely accompanying the mathematical exactness of his thoughts, he is not more eminently fitted for the advocacy of great causes, or for directing the public mind by admirable popular essays, in the most enviable of all styles, than he is for shining in that brilliant list of advocates, Brougham, Mackintosh, and Jeffrey, who have given lustre to the age, and imparted a new merit to the bar by the finest pieces of criticism, and the most luminous views of the philosophy of letters, that any age has known. Experienced lawyers, indeed, if possessed of understandings thus widened and liberalized by education, always bring to the discussion of any topic, a capacity for a more than usually dispassionate consideration, a clearness of vision, a vigor of pursuit, a *justesse* of mind altogether, which perceives the true weight of arguments, and (what I have often thought a more rare and not less valuable

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faculty) allows their due merit to those prejudices, which hang about almost all subjects, so naturally forestalling the judgment, so difficult to be appreciated, and certainly not be set down as worth only as much, as gross reason "of the earth, earthy" may I not say, may palpably discern in their intangible shapes. These qualities are part of the intellectual character, which their professional pursuits form for them. A disposition to view every thing according to real life and nature, nursed by a familiarity with the strong and manly wisdom of business and practical truth;—with this, a rhetorical cast of mind, formed by habits of public speaking for purposes of conviction and persuasion, often kindled into eloquence, often sublimed into poetry;—these are characteristics of a class of men of letters, best of all, perhaps, suited for laying the foundations of a permanent literature.

Of our elder Senator, well known to all the Union, I need say nothing. But there is a third name, becoming every day more and more dear to us, that from beyond the mountains has stolen into the universal heart of Virginia, and lifts up the gratified spirit of the land. I mean him, who was but lately of the State Senate. I need not name him farther. To this person would I offer my undissembled personal homage, did I think the offering worthy his acceptance. Sweeter, I know, will be the praise to him who bestows, than to him who is the subject of it. Of all his contemporaries, it is he, who has, perhaps, the justest claim to the praise of being one of those, who *sui memores alios fecêre merendo*. *Merendo*, let me repeat, by quiet, unsoliciting merit. Checked by his own invincible modesty, he wears no honors won by successful daring, nor has he gained eminence, like other men, by seeking it. Honors have gathered around his unpretending greatness, and the golden harvest has bent forward to the hand of the reaper. Possessed of the most truly Herculean powers of candid, convincing argumentation, that Virginia has ever boasted (which to characterize, I would point to Madison's Report in 1799, that most perfect piece of consecutive reasoning, wherein every successive step of the writer's own mind is unveiled, so that not even stupidity can resist

conviction, and declare this to be the model after which his own argumentation is, perhaps, unconsciously, moulded), these powers are made vital in his bosom by an unreachd depth of manly feeling. But I do not name him so much as a monument of talent, as an astonishing instance of progressively growing talent; the most convincing example of the indefinite extent to which learning, philosophically collected, digested, and assimilated, may strengthen the faculties. Had this eminent man listened to the prevailing cant of Virginia genius, and surrendered himself up to a restless anxiety for political life, and contentment with newspaper science, instead of the great jurist of constantly cumulative powers, we should perhaps have had only another village wonder, to make more and more conspicuous the departing greatness of a once learned and enlightened Commonwealth. Perhaps there are contemporaries of his youth, who knew him with no precocious talents, a matter of never forgotten consequence in Virginia.

But note, I pray you, the paltry weed of the marshes. It early springs high, rank, shortlived, and useless; while, like this man, the royal oak, destined to permanence, solidity, and majesty, slowly lifts its boughs higher and higher, till a successive century has defined its annual circles around its heart. When the public voice shall compel him, as the public feeling has long solicited him, to go forth in our name to the Union, Virginia will offer him to the common service with a pride as elevated, as when in old and better times she sought the highest glory of the country in honors demanded for her best loved sons. It is such men as these, and a few others, scarcely inferior, who are worthy to redeem, and will redeem, Virginia from the reproach of making the noblest of the sciences a debased, illiberal trade.

It was, perhaps, as much an effect as a cause of the decline of learning, that the college of William and Mary abolished the study of the classics altogether. The truly diverting reasons are to be found in Mr. Jefferson's Notes; and it is 3 Call's Reports, I think, wherein the Rev. Mr. Bracken was turned out to starve, according to law, and the poor humani-

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ties relegated to the grammar schools. The ludicrous phenomenon of a college, without the ancient languages, and the lamentable sight of the dust thick on the shelves of a noble library, for the honor of Virginia, no longer exist. Let us trust, that a not unworthy successor of the late lamented President may supply to the cause of learning the great loss sustained by his premature decease.

It is from a combination of the prevalent evil influences, and it is the consummation of them all, that so few of our young men return from college with a deep passion and enthusiasm for learning. With admiration of intellectual excellence and pride of understanding, enough of them do begin life, but few, indeed, with that hot eagerness for knowledge, which I term enthusiasm, because that term admits it to be overstrained, and overstrained it ought to be at the beginning. Sir, will you bear with me, while I attempt an inadequate portraiture of the state of mind of such a student, one whom nothing may lightly cheat of the resolution to become learned and useful. With aims, that are loftier than after life will ever permit to be attained, and contemplated means that are purer than can ever be used with success, he lives, for the first year or two after returning home, in an ideal world. Through all that period he sees on every object "the light that never was on sea or land." This light, alas, must soon pass away; but a brief period, and it is vanished; but if in future time the meditative spirit catch the elasticity of some unearthly, buoyant essence, it is ever this light, which again illumines it, and, through life, this is "the fountain light of all our day." This lettered man's state of preparation for the world resembles not the blank, passive, unimagined condition of the young and yet uneloquent Patrick Henry, with no stirring presentiments, no gropings of the mighty spirit,—the consecrated weapons not yet sought out in the armory of his genius, *nondum Ætneo quæsitum fulmen ab antro*,¹ but, like Chatterton, he warms already with solemn emotions, like those which must be felt in the heat of performing some great action. Then he begins to form

¹ Val. Flac. *Argonaut.* Lib. I. 277.

for himself models for his future life. *Now*, is he fixed in delight over the rich glories of the great advocate. He anticipates the pleasure of rising up amid a circling crowd all turned on him, hanging on his lips and imbibing every successive passion, as the orator may put them on; or, passing by these, which Tacitus, whose words I use, calls the vulgarly known and inferior pleasures, he rests on the continued, equable stream of delight, which buoys up the orator when pronouncing a meditated discourse, or the dearer bursts of pleasure from successful extempore audacity; he thinks of these, and then he bows to the fame of Erskine! *Now*, is he fixed on the rival glories of the great poet. He feels, while most others but profess to feel, the God-given strength of Milton; he exults in the learned raptures of Gray, and he wanders often in the high and melancholy mysteries of Spenser's Gothic labyrinth! then, he feels within himself the impulse of thoughts, that "voluntary move harmonious numbers." He walks in retired groves, and cherishes the daring hope of rivalling, in some happy hour, each immortal name, save some solitary *one*, exempted by superior veneration from his unrespectful ambition. To that one Campbell points me the way, and I accept the sentiment as universal:

"To rival all but *Shakspeare's* name below."

Next (I believe I trace the gradation in philosophic order), the elegancies of society enter into his fancy, and he mingles these with his ideal combinations of excellence: then he dwells on the mild character of the younger Pliny, the advocate, the scholar, and the man of the world; or rather on that character, but yesterday fleshed in life and action, more perfect than any ideal combination,—that of George Canning, the statesman, orator, poet, wit, classical scholar, and accomplished gentleman.

Last in the order of nature, he rises to the admiration of that disinterested usefulness, wherein fame is not thought of, for, credulous, he trusts that there has been such disinterestedness; he covets the merit of the people's friend; he searches out them, who, in history, have borne the proud im-

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press of the "great commoner"; but he little dreams of the deep disgust of party strife, the poisoned barb of party hostility, the drugged cup of party friendship, and the heart-sickness at popular caprice, that drew Pulteney down, and has dragged down many a pure patriot, and surrendered them to the embrace of their pitying enemies.

Dear, delusive moments, you fleet away! the cold contact of the world banishes you far away. Yet happiness is it to have known you; it is good for them, who have felt your unreal assurances; you are not wholly gone. The seeds, that you alone can sow, are left, and in these are the vigor, the vitality, that shall perish never. These are feelings that will be scorned, I know, by them who are grave and austere, and, perhaps, I owe an apology to the Society for what may be suspected to be *confessions*, rather than a picture of general nature in certain minds. The philosophical observer of nature will not scorn them; for, though perhaps unfelt by him, he knows that they are useful at the age at which they prevail, and that they leave the most precious influences behind. "Go on," he will say, "enjoy, while you may, these transports, before you are given up either to the dim radiance of real success, or the blackness of that despair, which is *mute* of all light."

Such is human nature! unfit for useful action, till it has dropped the luminous mantle that shrouds it, but deriving all its subsequent nobleness from the remaining recollections of that gay vesture. Of this lettered enthusiasm, how few of our young men have even a spark on quitting college; and it is in great part from a false estimate of the value of learning. They undervalue true learning much, who suppose it only capable of crowding the mind with other men's thoughts. When rightly acquired, it is not so much pleasant food, as healthful aliment. The mind is not a passive storehouse, with materials either heaped in confusion, and so useless, or else arranged in order for useful remembrance, or for vanity; but it is a living receiver. It digests; it assimilates; it grows on this aliment; and though learning may not, cannot open new arteries, or form new muscles, yet will it be to all,

but a choice few in the world, that absolutely essential material, which must quicken, and animate, and make elastic every organ and every channel, or else they are never quick and never to be made animate.

And now, Mr. President, having pointed out these deficiencies and these much to be lamented inclinations, which none can well deny to exist in Virginia, I have no systematic plan to propose, nor any new remedy. I am waiting, with anxious expectation, for the fuller developement of the effects of causes now in active, cheerful operation in Virginia. From these, I scarcely doubt that eminently good results will issue.

There is one peculiar direction, to which, I confess, my mind is wholly turned on this subject. Others have directed their fertile ingenuity to plans for the advancement of popular education: it is a beneficent and patriotic object, and demands and deserves able and ardent friends. My own thoughts, I acknowledge, are exclusively devoted to another, though kindred theme: it is the prospect of raising up in Virginia a class of men of letters of the higher order; professional men, of high literary taste mingling with their professional feelings; but not without a few purely literary characters.

It is not unusual to hear it said, that America does not stand in need of men of this latter class. Sir, it is just the kind of men that we do need. What do they, who say this, think the destiny most to be desired for our country? Are we not the second branch of the Anglo-Saxon stock, that only stock of modern times fit for freedom in its purity and its perilous might, and dare we preërdain this to perpetual inferiority? Know we not, who we are, and what our capacity? Would we have commerce, and agriculture, and the professions, to absorb our talents, and shut up, except to occasional visits, the boundless regions of polite learning and pure science? Do they wish, by universal mediocrity in learning, to see the English language in America made disgusting with barbarisms, with professional phrases, and refinement hopelessly banished from our manners and our

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taste? The men whom we could least dispense with, to prevent these things, at this moment, are the few persons in America, who are of no profession but letters.

True, we want all the professions filled; but were it not a breach of professional decorum, I could tell how many advocates might be spared from the pressing emergencies of the public service, from every bar with which I am acquainted. There is but little doubt, from the latest authentic astronomical accounts, that there are lawyers enough in America at this day to settle the wars of *meum* and *tuum*, in all the seven primary planets; and, indeed, when, as Bishop Wilkins hoped it would be at one day, it becomes as common to call for our wings, as for hat and gloves, it is much to be hoped, that instead of the Western country, which I hear is full, *nostris plena laboris*, some gentlemen may assay those fine fields.

Of the learned faculty in America, who, with Molière's diploma, and a whole pharmacopœia in their pockets, and with the inestimable beneficence of horseback ubiquity in our forests, make our days so long and so free from pain, and thus richly deserve the motto which they assume, *A Deo salutem*, literally translated by Lord Mansfield, *God help the patient*, why, Sir, I trust it is not disrespectful to say, that we do not need all of that profession, whom we have.

Nor do I think, that there is a scarcity of that other class of public servants, politicians. But in fact and in seriousness, I will say thus much, and it will in a few words express the radical mischief of our system, according to my apprehension. As soon as the first ten years of our Union, under this Constitution, were past, I would, that it had been engraven over the doorway of every college in America, that it is to be the error of America, that every one will think that the community needs some direct service from him; he will set out for public utility, and never once imagine that he is a part of that community, and that there is no way for promoting the public good like that of self-improvement by individuals.

We want men of refined minds in our country residences;

we want accomplished writers; we want men of elegant leisure. To this last the rich only are privileged. But we want, more than all, a number of political men, who are not lawyers. The humanizing influence of these classes would do every thing for the cause of letters, refinement, and true philosophical policy among us. Of political science, this is most to be observed: in the last two centuries it has made two prodigious strides. First, when the romantic realities of chivalry passed away, this science, which had been but the art of reigning by dissimulation, and which had been given up by the knights to ecclesiastics, as unworthy of their own consideration, soon became, "in shape and gesture, proudly eminent," the most important, and demanding the loftiest talents. Who can believe, that the cabinet would have contained the untamed soul of Chatham had the lists been still open to him to rival the renown of Sir Philip Sidney? Who would degrade Charles Fox so much as to imagine him seated at a council-board of monks, striving in the ignoble war of words, while the shock of the tournament rung in his ears; while his shield was yet white, his escutcheon unemblazoned, and that motto, so justly his own, *Without fear and without reproach*, yet unearned? But a second great step has been taken. Fox did not think it unworthy of himself to throw out a sarcasm on the new Political Economy; he professed not to comprehend it, and would not read Adam Smith. The statesman who should now repeat this remark, would be laughed at, as behind the age, and pronounced incompetent for his business; but there are some men, who, if they cannot outstrip the age, make a merit of lagging behind its upstart audacity in knowledge. The first improvement made it liberal, the last alone has made it philosophical.

I trust that we shall, within fifty years, have some men devoted to every single branch of liberal knowledge. I trust we shall have some lawyers, who are devoted to the curiosities of their profession; some physicians, who will love to seek into the history of disease, among all nations, in all ages; some passionate lovers of black letter; classical scholars, thoroughly versed in the higher criticism of Germany, than

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which metaphysics has no more interesting field, and history no more valuable supplement; scholars, who will leave no ancient passage extant unread, with all the commentators thereon; that the minute labors of prosody may not escape their microscopic search, but rather be to some a source of extreme delight; some lovers of metaphysics, who will leave not even Duns Scotus unexplored; many mathematicians, who will permit no mystery of infinitesimals to hide itself from them. In short, I desire these things because then I shall be sure that there are some among us, who love knowledge for itself. All knowledge of what ever sort, it will, I hope, be possible to find in the hands of some among us, for no knowledge is useless. No national evidence, but this extreme passion in some few for knowledge most of which is not strictly practical, can be given to prove that we possess all necessary practical information. But really it is so far, that we in Virginia have to travel before we shall reach this extreme border, that it is not needful to talk of the possibility or desirableness of our ever attaining it.

I chiefly long for an ardent love to rise up for rich, diversified, and profound practical knowledge, that will be of use in all our active, in all our quiet moments, such as the nineteenth century demands and can afford us. There are some among us, who cry out for practical education, and their plan seems to be to teach the sciences only,—the arts of life. I have one answer to all these: he who thinks that all practical education consists in learning the sciences, is much more mistaken than he who places it solely in literature. I give it as my opinion, that if either were exclusively taught, it should be the latter. Practical to all intents will that knowledge be, that raises and keeps alive any feelings “touched to fine issues,” just in the same sense that poetry is practically useful. The practical loss to man, if arithmetic were reduced to counting on the fingers, would not be so great, as if poetry, the department of fancy, were wholly neglected. Let us have, first, a love of books; then, having that in view, all experience bids us lay a deep *substratum* of ancient learning, to which add all knowledge apt for peace and war.

In conclusion,—for I have already detained you too long,—I think we do not delude ourselves when we imagine that our own Society is to become a useful agent in the progressive work of American literature. Composed wholly of persons graduated with credit, and thus advanced to no inconsiderable degree of knowledge, it is a valuable institution; first, on account of the familiar conferences on curious points of knowledge, which it enjoins, at its weekly meetings; for at these will be scientifically laid the first parts of that edifice, which we must build, each with his own hands, on the foundation secured at college. But better than this is the annual assembly of its distant members, met to interchange their zealous wishes for the success of the good cause in Virginia first, and then throughout the land; to listen to the pleasing verse, and hear, besides, the sentiments of some one, who, though he be not wise, will have ever sought wisdom.

I consider the capacity of America for intellectual excellence of every sort now put beyond doubt. But few books have yet been written; still the partial exhibitions that have been made, will satisfy the world, that the taunts, always illiberal, are now absolutely false. Europe yet knows our literature only in the very respectable writings of Irving and Cooper; that much better literary talents, than either of these men possesses, are scattered through America, but few of us are ignorant. I rejoice that the spirit is now cheerily up. I rejoice at the struggling gleams of genius, that are bursting out from our large cities, and consecrating our retired places; and, above all, I rejoice at the unequivocal dawn of that crowning power, the latest and noblest mode of national refinement, the power of true poetry, in Bryant, and Percival, and Halleck.

Methinks, even now, I behold, as in solemn vision, two superhuman figures: the one an aged minstrel, that with grand and melancholy gesture, yet with greater pride, points to the receding past. First, the calm pleasure of learned contemplation stills his mind; now, he fires with the abrupt and lurid flash of Scaldic genius; now, rushes, with lyric rapidity, over the glories of the tournament and the banquet. Spain

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lends the inspiring memory of her Cid; France, the happy buoyancy of her gay land, and Saxon England lifts up his soul with the wisdom of sturdy philosophy and the holy sentiment of long desired freedom, alas! not yet wholly enjoyed. I kneel before this vision; it is the Literary Spirit of the old world.

But behold, another! It is a youth. For a brief moment his spirit seems dim, like the sun, "unlightsome first, though of ethereal mould;" but soon he looks abroad; he contemplates, with all the delighted astonishment of inexperience, the charms of nature, the beauty and harmony of moral truth; he hears the two awful voices of liberty, those of the mountains and the ocean; his eye kindles, and his chest expands, with the first consciousness of the inrushing afflatus; he extends his arm already with the swelling emotion of tragedy and the energy of epic; fresh and vivid are his sentiments, and his glance is forward; he scorns the submission of monarchy, the right of hereditary imbecility, and turns from the poor, dishonest pageant of pensioned literature; unchecked, he walks abroad, and all the good influences, piety, and patriotism, and civility, left to spontaneous growth in but one land in the world, there acknowledge his life-giving services. Him I hail, with deep delight and pride. He is THE LITERARY GENIUS OF AMERICA!



ENGLISH CIVILIZATION

AN ESSAY BY J. BURTON HARRISON

(Reprinted from the *Southern Review*, February, 1832)

The History of England. By the Right Hon. Sir JAMES MCINTOSH, M. P. Vols. 1, 2. Philadelphia. 1830.

THE subject, of which the present article is to treat, is an august nation. In the statistics of the world, no people count larger items of power than England; none rivals her wealth, and in the perfection to which she has brought the arts of life she is the wonder and the benefactress of all. There are other titles, more venerable far, to exalt her in all eyes: these were nobly indicated by Wordsworth in 1802, when he mourned for the tardy arising within her of a spirit commensurate with the great part of liberatress of the world, which he predicted she was to play. He fondly complained that

altar, sword and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness.

If each single word of this complaint be well meditated, it opens all the characteristic glories of his country. To America, however, this power, thus august and venerable in herself, may stand in a peculiar relation. All men know the intimate intellectual affiliation which has hitherto connected America with her. For ourselves, we have too often felt within us the impulse of doubts touching this interesting relation, to suppose its consideration wholly indifferent to others. We intend to examine it, therefore, in a two-fold view. First, we shall endeavour to put a philosophic esti-

mate on some of those opinions and sentiments, which are the main elements of the English civilization. By the civilization of a nation, we desire here to express the sum of those results which constitute the character, intellectual and moral, public and domestic of that nation. Suppose a Linnæus of the intellect wished to impersonate all the characteristics distinctive of the European man, from the Asiatic, the African, the American: he would, in the eclectic process of getting materials, find some traits peculiar to single nations of Europe, some so much more strongly pronounced in one than in the rest, as almost to deserve to be called peculiar, and others common to them all as Europeans. Having finished his work he would exult that he had embodied the noblest specimen of all intellectual and moral physiology. He would be at no loss to mark to which nation belongs the glory of any one of his endowments, nor which endowment it is that contributes most to make him the lord of creation. We beg to divine, in our humble way, what he would have borrowed from the *homo sapiens Britannus*, and how far he would consider that the European man, (who has confessedly traced nature "up to the sharp peak of her sublimest elevation,") owes his supremacy to his British blood. We subjoin, however, that if it be true as Justinian in the first preface to the Pandects, §5th, says: "*artes cum etsi vilissimæ sint, omnes tamen infinitæ sunt,*" more true it is, that to take the height and depth of a nation's entire reason, is indeed, an infinite work. We, therefore, shall only adventure to throw out some hints on a small number of points in our topic. Secondly, we shall endeavour to weigh the influence which the civilization of England is having on us, for good or ill.

I. The philosophical mind of Hegel has divided the past history of civilization into four Missions, the Oriental, the Greek, the Roman, and the Teutonic. But we think it too vague to embrace all modern civilization under the name Teutonic: there are distinct lines enough in that of Europe at present to admit of a partition, and we avail ourselves of the hint to ask what seems to have been the mission of England in the great toil? In pondering on this inquiry there

figures itself to the respectful imagination, something like a solemn vision of the Peers of the Fairy Queen, issuing forth on great and definite vocations, to reclaim a world in barbarism to the cause of truth, honour and justice. There are certain domestic sentiments, which we might almost admit are emphatically English, which the world could as ill spare as any of the richest jewels of modern life: these hardly require enumeration. The free inquiring spirit, in matters of religious faith, also might be set down as theirs emphatically, had not Protestant Germany equalled it. Then again, beyond all doubt, there is much about Shakspeare's psychology and manner that is essentially English—we should be glad to have time and sagacity enough to develope this and add it to our summary. In no other great light of her literature might it be very profitable to search for the nationalisms. Bacon might have been D'Aguesseau, or Newton Kepler, or Gibbon Bayle, with only the alteration of more or less talent and learning. But we will not detain the reader by an inadequate sketch of these general titles. We love to admit that in the matter of civil liberty, she was blessed with the destiny of maintaining in practice, more or less perfect, many of the principal rights of man. The representation of the Commons, the voting the supplies, freedom of the press from previous censorship, the unlawfulness of arbitrary imprisonment, the trial of accused persons and of differences about *meum* and *tuum* conducted *viva voce*, not before Prætorian Judges merely, but *selecti iudices* of the vicinage; of these gréat rights was she the depositary, and with more or less vestal purity did she preserve them. What, though the civilians always had held that “domus tutissimum cuique refugium atque receptaculum sit?” (l. 18 ff. *de in jus. voc.*) —England only had truly made every man's house his castle. What, though Ulpian could write, and Tribonian sanction under Justinian, the formal declaration that all men are by nature free, and by nature equal? Yet no where but in England was there equality before the law, and true impartiality in the courts. What, though it is written in letters of gold in the German publicists that “the right of voting taxes is

as old on the German soil, as the polity of the States itself," nay, that in the old Electorate of Hanover, not to mention the liberal States bordering on France, this right anciently existed in the Provincial Estates, and was still in practice in the Austrian Tyrol up to 1815? Yet still, England, it was, of all the monarchies, who alone kept the right inviolate, that she might serve as a safe model to so many kingdoms whose charters secure that right to their subjects since the General Peace. What though the glory of the rule in Somerset's case is not peculiar to her, but has always been law in France as Dupin declares—or though Madame de Staël pronounces that in France, and not in France only, but in Naples and Spain, what is modern is not privilege—for this is ancient—but it is prerogative that is *parvenu*. Yet to England again, must the liberal monarchies of the present day pay a large homage for her pattern.

The greatest civil glory of England was, when she was alone among nations, in the practice of any thing called liberal; when the great theorists of human rights in other countries, who made all Europe ring from side to side with their dogmas, whether the fearless Voltaire or the wiser Montesquieu, could find but one model and that England. At that era was England the idol of all the paladins of liberty—she had a shrine in every student's tower, a little chapel on the side of the remotest roads for the wayfaring devotee. But, though it may seem invidious, yet it must be said, the moment that nations began to imitate her, she effectually forbade their idolizing her. In fact, English freedom is, at the core, essentially selfish and exclusive, and free England has been fated never to be the champion of struggling freedom in any other country. When Sheridan pictured to the House of Lords that sublime prosopopœia of Great Britain stretching her arm across the ocean to vindicate the rights of helpless India, the nation adored his rhetoric, but the cause of justice was as fairly in mortmain before Parliament as if it had been in Chancery. While the weary years of the trial were elapsing, what did magnanimous England, who is so scrupulously just in the Common Pleas and King's

Bench, communicate to India from her stores of distributive justice? Let Mr. Hastings answer, who like Verres survived the vote of impeachment nearly thirty years in affluence, but happier than Verres, found no Antony come to do tardy justice to his pillaged province. It is a question, how much of the hostility of the British people to the French Revolution is to be traced to this selfish, exclusive quality—to the fact that British liberalism has a wholly different basis from all other, that she builds on precedent not right, on history not theory, on the custom of England not the dicta of the new-created “College of the Rights of Man.” However this may be, her opposition to France, until the treaty of Amiens, was far more consistent, more *raisonnée*, than that even of the Sovereigns at Pillnitz. Her system was the truest foe in Europe to the revolutionary principle—truer than that of Austria—just as Arminianism may be said to have its mortal foe not in Paganism or Mahommedanism but in the system of Calvin. From 1803 till 1814 no Frenchman durst pretend that the cause of France was the cause of liberalism, although it was, in part, the cause of national independence, for England distinctly refused ever to recognize the ruler elected by France for herself; but neither can it be asserted that England was fighting the battle of the world’s rights. This self-complacent notion is airier than any vanity that floats in Limbo. She was, in truth, fighting for self-preservation, for the destruction of France, and for the unfettering of her commerce from the Continental system.—She ought, too, to be content with her gains. She has acquired command of the mouths of the Elbe, the Weser and the Ems, with Heligoland; has added to the mastery of the Straits of the Mediterranean the control of the Nile with Malta, of the Adriatic with the Ionian isles; has nothing to desire in the passage to India now that she owns the cape of Mauritius, and can wish for nothing in the gulf of Mexico—except Cuba. But the war at an end, let us attend the Liberatress of the World to Vienna. And first comes Genoa; she falls at the feet of England, pleads that a British General had liberated her, and had proclaimed the restoration of the liberties once so jealously main-

tained within her walls. Sardinia interposes, and England meekly disavows the right of Lord Bentinck to have made such proclamation, and confesses that reasons of high policy have led her to consent to the incorporation of that republic into the kingdom of Sardinia. Behold! poor Genoa departs and is led *sub hastâ*. Next comes the case of the King of Saxony, once co-Elector of the Empire with the head of the House of Hanover. Here Prussia stands up, and exhibits the deed of Lord Castlereagh, signed and sealed before the opening of the Congress, agreeing for England that the whole kingdom of Saxony shall be absorbed by Prussia. Of all outrages on the Law of Nations suffered at that Congress, this would have been the most atrocious. The moral sense of Europe thrilled with the horror of it. Who so well as England, the only power who had preserved her independence from the pollution of a foreign footstep, who so well as England, whose gold, and that alone, had fed and armed the contingents of all the Allies, thus making her the *primum mobile* of the entire campaigns of 1813 and 1814, and therefore entitled to dictate submission at least to what was just—who so well as she, could have covered Saxony with her patronship—Champion of the Independence of States? But she was bound by solemn parchment; had covenanted with the hot haste of shame, before suspicion of their purpose had called out the scorn of the world. It is curious to know who it was that did stand up for Saxony against Prussia, England and Russia. For various reasons, Austria was not inactive on the side of humanity, but there was another voice: it was that of France, conquered France, proceeding from the mouth of Talleyrand. This man (a true Frenchman, we sincerely believe, to whom the Duke of Wellington and Lord Holland do nothing more than justice,) had, by his extraordinary genius, speedily succeeded in rendering the influence of France as great as if she had been an Ally through the war, and not now the thrall and victim of them all. It was he who admonished them that the war they had all been waging was based, first, on the right of ancient rulers, second, on the maxim, that mere conquest gives no just right

of dominion. The indignation of Europe, and the tenacity of the imprisoned King of Saxony, finally induced the British Cabinet to recede from its ground, and Prussia, finding herself unsupported except by Russia, submitted, just as Napoleon was landing from Elba, to accept the larger half of the Saxon territory with the smaller half of the population. So much for the Liberatress! In the summer that preceded the Congress, she had played a *rôle* no less conspicuous and not more to be proud of between Sweden and Norway. Heaven knows what feelings England has when she hears the name of Denmark! But it is a stale topic—that affair of 1807; Denmark had forgotten it we hope. But to signalize her tyrannous might once more in the Baltic, the Liberatress most honourably fulfils a stipulation made with Bernadotte to guarantee him Norway as an appendage to Sweden, in consideration of his consenting to the retention of Finland by Russia. Denmark had been terrified into submission to this spoliation. In vain Norway avouches history to prove hers an independent crown, elects a Prince of the royal line of Holstein for her King, and utterly refuses to be subject to her natural enemy, Sweden. Bernadotte marches in by land, and an English fleet in the exercise of a gentle force, blockades the coast to intercept the annual supply of corn which nature compels Norway to import: this mild admonition soon brings her to reason. Need we behold her on another field, the Peninsula? If there were any country where gratitude was chiefly due to England, it was Spain. While the King was detained a captive and an ignoble trifier at Valençay and the Trianon, England, by her men and money, together with the Junta, went on to achieve what was perhaps the most difficult of all the enterprises against Bonaparte. Wellington swept over the Pyrenees and the Junta held sway over a land not burdened by one single Frenchman. They call to the King with romantic loyalty, he comes among them under promise to accept the Constitution they had framed. That it was the duty of England to see that this noble people received some compensation, in chartered privileges, for their heroism and loyalty, none can deny. She must therefore have

been gratified by the King's acceptance of the Constitution, even if she did not wholly approve of the Constitution. It was perhaps quite as good as that brought by Lord Ponsonby from Brazil for Portugal. The King retracts his promises; did England remonstrate in her own right, and demand at least the bestowal of a modified charter? True, when Riego afterwards re-established the Constitution, England was neither aiding nor consenting to the invasion by the French, but a protest is all the world knows her to have used to save Spain. Nor is it enough for her to plead the absence of right to interfere in the internal concerns of other nations: whence then comes the assumption by Five Powers of the Right to hold General Congresses to regulate the highest interests of foreign sovereignties? Whence the share that England herself had in dictating to Russia and Holland that they should grant Constitutions to Poland and Belgium? Consistency and honour alike require that she should not have permitted this interference against liberty.

Admit that she never soiled herself by becoming a member of the Holy Alliance, though it is possible that the main reason was that alleged by Lord Castlereagh at the time, viz: that the instrument was signed by the emperor and kings in their own names, not by their ministers, whereas the King of England can constitutionally do no official act, except it be accompanied by the counter signature of some responsible minister. It is, however, not the accession to the Holy Alliance which need make criminal all its signers. The President of the United States was invited to sign it: he replied that our permanent policy would not permit us to entangle ourselves in European leagues; but, this apart, that there was little in the Act of Alliance that was not already the practice of America. The act itself, the work of Alexander's own pen at Paris, is called by the continental writers *the consecration of politics by religion*, and merely amounts to an engagement of each sovereign who signs, to observe the precepts of Christianity in his relations with other powers and towards his own subjects. It was in the act of the congress of Aix-la-Chapelle, (a congress of the Five Powers rather than of the

Holy Allies, who are not fewer than eleven perhaps of fourteen kings) and subsequently at Troppau, Laybach and Verona, that the odious claim of interference to uphold the two principles of morality and legitimacy whenever subverted, was first proclaimed. Now, though true it is, that even Castlereagh protested, through the English Ambassador at Troppau, against the recognition of the right of any one of the Five Powers to invade Naples, and though Mr. Canning not only did the same subsequently with regard to Spain, but also most effectually plucked England from the pollution of longer fraternization with the legitimates, yet with protest it began and with protest it ended. The four other Powers did their will.

A word of two points wherein she assumes to have deserved well of general humanity about this time. She was busy in procuring the consent of the nations, at the first and second treaties of Paris, to the abolition of the slave trade: had this been purely disinterested, we do not know that it would set England *rectus in curia* on that subject. The eagerness with which she bargained to make herself the worst agent in its history, by the *pacto del assiento* in the treaty of Utrecht, whereby she was assured the monopoly of the right to supply the Spanish American Provinces with slaves for thirty years, (about four thousand annually) and the tenacity with which, when war had suspended its exercise, she claimed its liberal execution to the end, will not be easily compensated. Again, Lord Exmouth's treaty with Algiers in 1816, stipulates that "in the event of future wars with any European power," all Christian prisoners should be subject to ransom or exchange during the war, according to the custom of Europe, and to unconditional liberation at the end. Mr. Kent says, there would be no praise too high for this treaty, as for that of which Montesquieu said *il stipuloit pour le genre humain*, "if a great Christian power on this side of the Atlantic, whose presence and whose trade is constantly seen and felt in the Mediterranean, had not seemed to have been entirely forgotten."—(*Comm.* I. 177.) There is something mysterious, in fact, in the unconcern manifested before that time in

England about letting these same barbaresques go loose out of the Mediterranean to pillage the American trade. And by the way, her declaration at Ghent that she regarded as a *sine qua non*, our covenant not to purchase any more lands of the Indians, shews that she thinks the interests of general humanity by no means required the farther spread of civilization in America, and that the Mistress of the Ocean, unlike the heathen gods, does not love to see men congregate in cities, except they be under British subjection. But something more conclusive than all this, is the following: there is one department where her liberality and regard for general humanity, may be put to the test with peculiar propriety. We mean her administration of international maritime law. This is that part of the great field of sovereign justice, which, it would seem, should differ the least of all codes from the pure maxims *æqui et boni*. Ask how a nation interprets this law, and answer for yourself her claim to be thought philanthropical. Now, if the truth be told, of all tyrannies existing in theory or practice, the maritime law of Great-Britain is the most unmitigated. And all Europe is galled by it. The common prayer of the whole continent is that America (their only hope in this) may speedily attain to a naval strength sufficient to rebuke and check her, and to compel her to renounce her odious doctrines, as do she will, most assuredly one day.

After the events connected with the general pacification in 1814, it were to be imagined that not one foreign admirer would exist to impute to England the chief patronage of liberalism. Madame de Staël was the last of that list of which Montesquieu is the first, and De Lolme the middle name. That illustrious lady in her last years, could only say for England that the House of Commons was the tribune of Europe, where the public reason and rights of the Continent were asserted; but the voices that she loved to hear were only those of the opposition members, and a liberal opposition alas! makes no epochs in history. Still that this lofty assumption continues to dwell in the English mind, none can forget since the ever memorable speech of Mr. Canning, on

the motion for sending troops to Portugal. England has scarcely ever shone in a more imposing light than in that speech. The England he that day bodied forth was in truth a Titan, and he lent her words suited to the "large utterance of the early gods." It were unfair to note how so noble a speech led to an issue merely the smallest and most imperceptible of all the foreign expeditions on record; for, who knows the end of it? Quite as invidious would it be in any one to carp at his attributing to himself the introduction of the South American States into the circle of nations, calling them in to redress the balance of Europe, though neither was England the earliest among the first-rate powers of the earth to recognize them, nor will they serve in any degree to redress the equilibrium of Europe. A better purpose they will serve England, and that is as a market for those manufactures which the policy of self-preservation among the continental powers has excluded from their own ports. We are so bold as to say, that Mr. Monroe's warning to the Holy Alliance, that we should regard any interference by its members to reduce the colonies under Spanish subjection as an act unfriendly to us, did more for the freedom of those colonies, and for the patronage of liberty, than has been done by England in her whole history, since the day when Queen Elizabeth sent troops to aid the Protestants in the Low Countries. The voice of the earth-born democracy, was indeed, on that occasion, worthy of the reverend listening of Lucretius, of Hooker or of Jones. But we pass by these two circumstances to come to the prediction which the minister hazarded of a general war, and that a war of opinions, at hand. Mr. Canning was a great statesman, but then again he was an Englishman and an insular, as Berkeley calls them. He thought he foresaw, if such a war came on, a perilous part assigned to England, for, she would naturally be the Champion of Liberty, avouched by all aspirants, the refuge of the discontented, looked to, prayed to by all liberals, among whom he knew there were many turbulent spirits. This would, indeed, be a responsible part—the *Æolus* of politics, and would demand immense discretion. To-day we

smile at his prescience. He did not dream of the French Revolution, though there were politicians not endowed with second sight who had little doubt, after the fall of Villèle, that the throne of the restored Bourbons would not last much longer. In fact, such a war as Mr. Canning described was only to be apprehended from the bosom of France. But suppose France to have remained as in 1823, and a general war of opinion, of the people demanding constitutions in Prussia, Austria, Italy, and the Peninsula, all at once—England is precisely that power in the world which could least play the part of patron-saint and protectress of the votaries of the free opinion. We do but suppose a case which had virtually occurred between 1817 and 1823; and which of the nations was absolutely insignificant, counting for nothing, in that memorable period, except England alone? Austria and legitimized France quell Naples, Sardinia and Spain, while Prussia and Russia stand ready to back them; the Demagogues of Germany are crushed by Prussia, while England remains the imperturbable neutral, a spectatress of it all. No! no! millions in armament and subsidies to overthrow the Continental System she would freely give again, if needed; but she is of too good a taste for enthusiasm, too fastidious for knight errantry, too aristocratic to patronise levellers, too concrete to give countenance to theory, and too reverend of authority and history ever to uphold subjects against their ancient rulers. This prediction was therefore only the noblest incense that was ever offered to English vanity. It is manifest that there is but one power in Europe gifted by nature with endowments for that sublime part on the scene of history: that power of course is France. Whenever France is mute, kept mute by rulers whose cautious prudence chooses for a while to thwart her ruling passion, then has the struggling freedom of other countries no advocate indeed. That such is the vocation of France in future history, who doubts? Such did she begin to know herself splendidly even under the Martignac ministry. England has another vocation. She would prove the conservative principle in Europe to prevent all change, except that conducted by the extremity of cau-

tion. Even Austria will not equal her in this. The problem of the amelioration of human nature, as of the immortal strife between liberty and fate in the Greek tragedies, is to reconcile the perpetual antagonism of the desirable with the actual. France and America will stand for the desirable, but England in consistency only for the actual. This, though not the most amicable of titles, is yet, we submit, very respectable.

But to proceed to another division of our topic. We confess that we put a lower estimate on English civilization, because of the undeniable absence of a love of the ideal which runs through it all. It seems a received canon wherever the English language prevails, that the nature before our eyes, its interpretation, its imitation, its adaptation, is the highest object of intellectual action. We venture to hold this to be far from true. There is an ideal arising out of all the exhibitions of this very nature, which is a just object of that action, and plainly its highest object. Above and beyond nature (but out of materials which nature furnishes) exists the empire of pure philosophy and the just domain of what is strictly called imagination. There is a beauty higher and truer than nature in the physical world; it was in the mind of Claude; for, as Forsyth felt, even when viewing the enrapturing prospect "at evening from the top of Fiesole," and in Vallombrosa, nature but rarely gives more than the elements of superb landscapes which the abstracting artist combines into perfect beauty. In no department of any one of the fine arts, we dare to say, is copying implicitly even from nature the highest reach of the art. The quarry of Raphael is a nature sublimated far above reality, yet in no respect false to the nature it leaves below it. Let no one here imagine that thus to claim a resort higher than nature herself, is to abandon all standard and discard all rules. The contrary holds literally. All just rules are oracles of the ideal: the abstracted principles found true in general experience. Let us illustrate this position. A youthful reader of the Fourth Canto of *Childe Harold*, would imagine Byron to have most genuine sense of the beauty of the Venus of the

Tribune; he is captivated first by the sincere enthusiasm of the poet, and still more by the unaffected scorn expressed for all the *base mechanic rules* of criticism in sculpture. Now, it may be an uncourtly opinion, but every one who travels in Italy, will be apt to utter it for some reason or other: the noble bard was wholly devoid of taste in the arts. For ourselves we will presume to conclude it from this very scorn expressed for rules. It proceeded in him from an indiscriminating sentiment of admiration which is far from being the highest homage due to the marble art, or from an inaptitude to view in detail the beauty which enchanted him in the *ensemble*. The term mechanical is a singular misnomer. Would Byron but have read da Vinci or Mengs, or could he but have listened to Goethe, he would have known that those who feel most intensely, and most unerringly on the subject of the imaginative Sisters, Painting and Sculpture, treat most reverentially the great rules which are the common sentiments of the wise, the refined and definite observers of all countries and ages. Let any common person of that army of English who annually overrun the Tribune, the Vatican and the Studio, bearing under their arm Madame Starke's Guide-book, and in their memory distinct recollection of Tooke's Pantheon, analyze the emotions he experiences on observing any particular piece. If he have obtained a distinct idea of the subject of the painting or statue, in legend or history, and finds it well set forth, he is apt to feel satisfied: this is the pleasure of Eustace. He may go farther than that. If he possess much sensibility, he studies the passion of the work with interest, and if of an exclusive turn, he is apt to feel an imaginary elevation above common mortals whom nature has not privileged with similar nerves: this is the pleasure of Byron. The discipline of the heart through the sensibility thus experienced in galleries, is, it must be confessed, no ignoble effect of the fine arts. The inflation of soul experienced, if from a sound and healthy source, becomes the enthusiasm of virtue; this is often permanently ennobling to the character. The operation of the fine arts is in that case parallel to the effect which

invariably follows the reading of a page of Seneca: and we are yet to see the justice of the disparagement cast on stoicism by the Christian Doctors, who have at least unnecessarily striven to render Christianity the antagonist principle to it. Methodism is its only necessary opposite.

But to return to our observer. Beyond this effect of the arts he cannot commonly go. Higher than this, perhaps he would assert, no one can go, for he had himself enjoyed the poetry of art. It is, however, possible to go higher, in painting often, in sculpture always. Let us convince him of it. We need not for this purpose call in to our aid a professor from that half-divine southern region, where to be born is to have the true susceptibility for the arts, but a simple traveller from an ungenial northern sky. Our Englishman has not failed to observe that host of uncouth youths and men only less numerous than the English themselves, who too are lookers on. The little cloth-caps, long locks of fair hair, bare necks and dress which would fright St. James'-street from her propriety, indicate the youths to be German *Burschen* just undergoing the process of reassimilation to a world of Philisters, down to which they are degraded by issuing from their university. Let him listen to a traveller of this nation; among the yearly swarm of them, old and young, he may be sure to find at least, one who can dissert scarcely less brilliantly than Winkelmann or Böttiger. If he be capable of receiving the ideas of such a person, he soon feels it to have been no airy assertion of the great critics, that the pure dominion of the fine arts is *ideal*. Painting is of the two arts of which we are speaking, the more concrete, but sculpture is undoubtedly only ideal. As far as the historic purport or the *morale* of sculpture reaches, sculpture is an imitative art. But it is not all imitative; at a certain point imitation of nature ends—a statue dare not resemble life. The proper glory of sculpture is its abstractive essence, like the colourless material it works on: now, this is within the resort exclusively of the intellect, we do not mean of the understanding, but of the pure imagination. Every traveller who has been so favoured as to hear such a person des-

cant, has noticed with delight how new beauties before unsuspected, start before his eyes, how fitnesses and harmonies are developed, and as a perception of the ideal enters his mind, he sees the field of the art expand, and the reach of his mind lengthen almost as if one hitherto limited to the touch in making acquaintance with external objects, had vision suddenly superadded to it. We are above the miserable affectation of originality in the above positions; they are common-places in all languages and infinitely better said by Englishmen themselves, by Smith and Reynolds if you will, than by us. But they are not the less needful to have been touched on in our estimate of English civilization. What we note is, that in other national tastes these doctrines have taken root—in the English, not in the least degree. Now it is amazing how far below, not merely the Italians, but the Germans, and not less the Swedes and Danes, are the English (we include the Americans) in this the true susceptibility for the arts which they carry to their travels. America may stand fairly excused, but England cannot, except she consent to throw the blame on ungente nature; and this is, we dare say, the literal truth. We have known many who conscious that they were lifted far above the illiterate and the obtuse, by learning enough to enable them to delight in the study of antiques, as an illustration of ancient literature, and by an acute sensibility for the passion demanded by the subject, had yet the mortification to perceive and the candor to admit, that nature had denied them the *entrée* to the sanctuary itself. That judicious instruction may do much to remedy this, is perhaps, truly alleged; but who would not sigh for the happy nature of the ancient Greeks, the people to whom the ideal was a native inheritance! And what do our English bring back with them from their travels? We would by no means deny the prevalence of an infinite deal of cant about styles—what else? Why, the same gold, which inspired the thought of transporting one of the marble palaces from the Grand Canal of Venice to London, has purchased a number of Canovas and Thorwaldsens for England, greater than exists in any country, save Italy and Denmark. Besides this,

it is just to add, that, among the younger school of sculptors at Rome, the English Gibson, Wyatt and Gott, are among the most distinguished. But what is sculpture to-day in England, but the carving of busts and profiles? What do the shelves of Chantrey's study display but mere likenesses of his contemporaries, almost exclusively busts? Few candid Englishmen, perhaps none, but Chantrey himself, would contradict us if we asserted that he dare not attempt a group, much less an ideal group, because he knows his incompetency. He himself would contradict us, point to his only group (the Babes of Lichfield) and allege that there is no encouragement in England for the high ranges of the art. Both are true. The amiable Allan Cunningham who does the honours of Chantrey's study, is known to have said when speaking of a young sculptor, who was one of the exhibitors at Somerset-House last year, that he was sorry he showed a turn for the ideal, for, he could not expect to make his bread in that path in England: just as one would discourage a clerk in a house of business from meddling with poetry.

This unsusceptibility of the English is neither unfairly charged, nor is it an isolated trait. It is of the very essence of her entire civilization; which civilization, we believe too, to be of the most perfect consistency with itself in all its parts. What is the ultimate reach of English music? The regulated perfection of harmony is unknown to it. Scotch music, which only lifts its modest head with pretension to melody and the popular charm of association, pleases from its concentrated nationality. But if any amateur should tell us, that he has discerned harmony or melody in living English music, we can only say, that we wonder what Mozart would have thought of such a phenomenon of taste as he is?

Another chief ground of this lower estimate of English civilization is, that a large class of the essential English opinions, of the present day, have their foundation, not in reason, but in prejudice. The evil here complained of is not that such opinions are therefore false, but that there exists a disposition to prefer prejudice as a foundation of vital

opinions. To allude to this idea, of course calls the thoughts of every reader to the renowned defence of prejudice, by *ὁ πᾶν* Burkius. If there be any passage more characteristic of the great master of political philosophy than all others, it is that passage. In so many words he professes to love a truth the more for the covering of prejudice which envelopes it—its long reception makes it lovely, and incurious custom consecrates it. There is an humble class in the world belonging to this school who seem to mortgage their whole understandings, with all their right of acquiring knowledge, for the consideration of a quantum of old sayings, and are all their lives wondering over the inexhaustible truth of their farthing maxims. We have too genuine a regard for Burke to count him among these. Can any sentiment, however, be more baleful to the cause of truth than this of Burke? There is something more respectable than universal belief, it is Truth; an arbiter far more imperial than Prejudice, it is Reason; a mistress of human life wiser than common sense, it is Good Sense. Is it for a moment doubtful what are the limits within which prejudice has an authority sanctioned by philosophy? That it “may safely be trusted to guard the outworks while Reason slumbers in the citadel,” but that Reason, awake, can rarely condescend to take Prejudice into her cabinet council, when she is sending out “her posters by sea and by land” to discover Truth. Often admitted, Prejudice corrupts, perverts, lethargizes, and straightway begins to erect herself into the Mayor of the Palace, the viceroy over the king. There is a tender age when all men are incompetent to investigate the foundations of the maxims necessary to guide them, and there is a large class of men of every age who are incompetent, or must be excused from this investigation. But what shall Philosophy say to the sage, whose business is with another circle of men, with thinking men, who yet pretends to recommend as their safest interpreter of Truth, not that High Priest who alone of all her ministers has ever entered her recesses or will ever see her unveiled visage, but a slave whose station is in the vestibule? Indeed, Reason

can never with safety take Prejudice even as an ally, as a mercenary recruit, except for special cases of necessity. It is all one, in the view of Philosophy, when you do confide in Prejudice, whether she be merely Unreason or Anti-Reason; doubtless you may find your account, on some occasions when you have no light to guide you, in surrendering to her blind guidance; but beware how you conceive a preference for her. Never was a truer *tormentum Mezentii* than you inflict on living Truth, by fastening it to decayed Prejudice. These may seem exaggerated generalizations, but to us they appear hardly adequate. English writers all acknowledge that the estimation which the pure search of Truth possesses in England, is very reduced: whether it was formerly very high we shall examine hereafter. What we have said is so far true at the present day, that it only needs a little specification to strike every one. What Prejudice is to Reason, compromise to right, the same is prescription to a legal title. True, among all reasonable men compromise and prescription must be bowed to—they are effectual bars of the rights and titles from which they derogate. But mark the turn of mind which, by preferring to rest in prescription and agreement in things which are their permitted domain, soon comes, and naturally too, to revere the authority of time and precedent more than of justice, in matters wholly without their domain. There needs no illustration of this, but the course of Whig argument for the last forty years in assertion of the freedom of the realm. They rarely do more than trace the genealogy of freedom anxiously up to the days of their Anglo-Saxon ancestors, or to the middle times of the bold Barons.¹ It is

¹ "Es erben sich Gesetz' und Rechte
Wie eine ew'ge Krankheit fort;
Weh dir, dass du ein Enkel bist!
Vom Rechte, das mit uns geboren ist,
Von dem ist, leider! nie die Frage."—FAUST.

Translation.—Laws and Right do but inherit themselves onward, like an eternal disease; wo to thee, that thou art born a grand-child! of the Right that is connate with us, of that alas! not once the question is.

sufficiently ridiculous in them to limit their titles to those semi-barbarous times, where concessions will be found in no wise adequate to the large demands of an age of perfected civilization. But then were they not justly rebuked by McIntosh for their manner of claiming more by descent than by original right? It was, indeed, somewhat a degradation of their client to make even a principal prop of her cause to consist in early precedent. If freemen are anxious to vindicate their fathers from the imputation of having lived without freedom, we applaud them; but as the lapse of time cannot deprive in such vital points, it is also a weak argument when favourable. If in geometry there be no prescription or foreclosure available against outstanding truth, so equally can there be no foreclosure in high matters of primary politics. That there is another class of asserters of the freedom of the realm, termed Radicals, we do not forget: but we fear philosophy would be as little disposed to own them for her votaries, as would fashion at Willis' rooms.

What is it which characterizes British metaphysical philosophy? There are illustrious names, none can deny, on its rolls; but neither English nor Scotch books, nor the writings of their French allies or opponents which alone the English consult for information or illustration besides their own, compose the whole school of true philosophy. The philosophy of true British growth and consonant with her whole civilization, the philosophy of Locke, *clarum nomen*, and of Reid and Beattie (we see no propriety in adding the epithet *clarum* or *venerabile* to these last) is that which "inaugurates Common Sense on the throne of Philosophy," restricts her own domain to the observation of the actions of the mind, regards all ontology (or the science of the nature of being) as an irreclaimable chaos, the fruitless exploration of which nature has forbidden to the wise by a Limbo of vanities interposed to warn, authorizes faith in no dogma which cannot be subjected either to experiment or observation for the purposes of induction, and encourages the pursuit only of such inquiries as lead to practical, sensible results. The host of useful and valuable truths, within these limits, with which

she has endowed the world, is not more characteristic of her system than the indication of that indefinite host of supposed truths which she calls indemonstrable, or those topics which she stigmatizes as without the limits of rational inquiry. We may state these in the words of Professor Jardine: "the general attributes of being, existence, essence, unity, bonity, truth, relations, modes of possibility, impossibility, necessity, contingency and other similar abstract conceptions of pure intellect," with the vast topics which must be treated and settled in order to attain self-knowledge. Is not the day come yet, when it may be uttered in the English language, that such a philosophy, so limited as the system we describe, though a legitimate portion of the science of spiritual truth, yet is not all of it, nay, is not by any means the highest part of it? We know that the absurdities of schoolmen of the middle ages, and the memorable lines of satirists have made the very name of *entity* ridiculous to English ears. Yet surely we forget that if theory was ridiculous in the schools, experiment was no less so in the laboratory, for experiment and observation were resorted to for the discovery of truth, before as well as after Bacon. Would any one twit us with Butler's wit against logical method, might we not retort, from Aristophanes, on physical philosophers? No choicer wit than that in 'the Clouds' on the experimenters in natural science, who, for aught we see, were Baconians, only not grave enough in their selection of subjects. Nay, may we not say that the most laughable errors of metaphysicians can be paralleled by the conclusions to which the Great Chancellor himself sometimes came by diligent induction? The sovereign efficacy of the inductive method, and its sway over all subsequent philosophy in Europe, are fixed ideas chiefly in the brain of the Scotch and French. Dr. Brewster has admirably treated this matter in his life of Sir Isaac, shown how greatly the claim of the method of induction to be the clue to all modern discovery must be qualified, and reminded us that neither Locke, nor Boyle, nor Newton have once mentioned Bacon in their works—nay, that Newton, so far from being the disciple of Bacon, was really the follower of Galileo

and Kepler. And all the learning of Lord Napier in the transactions of the Edinburgh Philosophic Society will do little to disturb these positions. The name of Bacon is inappreciable: but this credit he would not have claimed for himself. But to continue:—the question now is, whether there may not be inquiries made in ontology to-day, (under the illumination of modern wisdom) as far juster than those of Aquinas, as the induction of Davy is than that of Sir Kenelm Digby? It is in vain to strive to banish the mind from the investigation of the class of topics mentioned by Jardine. Whoever is at all gifted with the true philosophical imagination finds delight in them; feels that they are the native dominion of pure philosophy; that to deny himself their meditation is to curtail the dignity of man; that nature designed to lavish on our species a large birthright, and pronounced him her noblest child who goes farthest to enjoy it all. He knows that nature has given us a soul, and “Reason is her being, discursive and intuitive.” That noblest child is the philosopher, and philosophy in its most exalted department would be his occupation, “the science of ultimate truths—*scientia scientiarum*.”

Let us not be imposed on by those who would imprison the mind within the visible diurnal sphere. Let us not soil the dignity of this first of sciences by forbidding her to appear in the world, except under the person of popular philosophy which a wise man has pronounced, “the counterfeit and mortal enemy of all true and manly metaphysical research.” Let us allot to such as will be content with it, the limited range of empiricism; (the whole philosophy of experiment and observation—a large range but only too limited,) but then this school must consent to admit that it is “neither possible nor necessary for all men nor many, to be philosophers” in the highest sense. Should the empirical school, however, refuse to recognize the other sect, they do but convict themselves of what Bacon called “an arrogant pusillanimity.” The precept that descended from heaven was the whole *nosce te ipsum*, not so much of it only as the eye and the immediate consciousness could teach. And there are not

wanting a few men in England who have learned that all modern researches after ultimate truth have not proved either ridiculous or fruitless. The day is coming when auditors may be solicited even in England, for the discoveries of those Germans, who, learned in all systems, have presumed to think that they too may boast trophies, and of conquests in higher fields. Let the English, at least, from what they know of Goethe, of Schiller, of Schlegel, Heeren and Niebuhr, (and how much they have added to the world's stores of good sense) have the modesty to suspect that what their compatriots, the philosophers have written, is not wholly nonsensical. Nay, let them be a little solicitous, lest in their scorn for German metaphysics, of which they are wholly ignorant, they deserve the retort of Schlegel on the Scotch: that Scotch philosophy is a paltry, mechanical art, rather than a science.

In the first place, what can be said of those whose standard in metaphysics is the oracle of common sense, or the general consent of the world? Surely their philosophy is not that being whom Socrates brought down from heaven to dwell among men, but is a genuine *filia terræ*. How just is the remark of Coleridge, that "it is the two-fold function of philosophy to reconcile reason with common sense, and to elevate common sense into reason." He adds in another place, "would you assert the Newtonian system, such a pseudo-philosopher might vanquish you by an appeal to common sense, whether the sun did not move and the earth stand still." Secondly, does any one object that the empirical philosophy does in reality contain whatever can be designated by the name of knowledge? We answer that the results of pure philosophy are not of necessity less certain, because theirs is the certainty of reason. True, the wisest may make false moves in it, but this does not declare truth in it to be wholly unattainable. Indeed, if one certain truth has been discovered in it, that is sufficient to encourage progress in this the highest vocation of the mind. So might the portrait painters have objected to attempts to picture the ideal, and thus might they be shamed by a single successful work of Raphael.

The contempt for pure philosophy has naturally fallen heavy on logic, and the poor syllogism is held up to supreme scorn. That, before Bacon, it was not used for the discovery of new facts, some have candidly admitted; that induction was often resorted to by Aristotle for that object is also well known. It ought then to be owned, that the syllogism claimed to be an available instrument only as the *analytic test of reasoning*. Logicians say, that the theory of their syllogism is, that whatever can be affirmed of a class, may be affirmed of every individual in that class. Here English Common Law interposes—and this is the brightest feather in her cap—she declares that then the conclusion was wrapped up in the premises, and if so, it is but farcical to prove to a man by regular steps what he admits *totidem verbis* at first. To this profound objection logicians reply, that true it is, syllogisms cannot discover new facts in physics, though they may new relations in metaphysics; but they submit that, as far as all reasoning reaches, the sole process known to men is to evolve particular truth out of some general postulated truth. The logicians farther submit, that specification and definition are main instruments in all ratiocination, and that whether we reason with three propositions, or with two, or without regularity, all we ever do by ratiocination is to educe disputed truth out of admitted dogmas in which it lay unperceived. We will not hazard ourselves in this abstruse question, though we suspect the longest train of reflection will end in the confirmation of this last assertion of the logicians.

We reassert then that if the philosophy of a nation be the highest index of her civilization, the *Homo Sapiens Britannus* is not altogether the most exalted being possible. His is but the safe mediocrity of nature. And even in that branch of metaphysics wherein she allows her talents full scope, the science of the moral and intellectual function of the mind, she must suffer it to be said that she will not bear a very favourable comparison with the Germans.

Sir William Drummond, as we perceived, says, that the free and philosophic spirit of England was once the admira-

tion of Europe. For freedom in religious inquiry (which we suspect was his drift) certainly England has ever been eminent; and that the unbelieving side has been more ably maintained than that of the true faith, is as sure, as that in the war for and against materialism the English materialists exceed in ability their English opponents. The conclave of English orthodoxy is *tant qu'il soit peu* unsatisfactory in its reasoning and elliptical in its learning. What has the Bench of Bishops, with all the Presidents of Colleges and Divinity Professors cumulatively, done to purge the blood of the English language of the poison of Gibbon which circulates through every vein of it?

Before we take our leave of this branch, however, we are not afraid of being laughed at for offering to grapple more closely with this popular idol, this Cleon, Common Sense. For a definition we prefer to go to Tully. Ernesti (*clavis ad voc: sensus*) says that as used by Tully, "sensus communis continetur notionibus insitis, et naturali facultate intelligendi, judicandi, ratiocinandi, recti et boni cognoscendi"; it has also the secondary meaning of sensibility. Let us then proceed to distinguish it as a *ratio cognoscendi* into first merely intellectual, second merely ethical, third merely prudential. That the common moral sense is worthy of all homage, we admit; it is conclusive. Furthermore, we admit that the prudential common sense "*natum rebus agendis*" is an invaluable guide in life. The pity is that "*le sens commun n'est pas si commun.*" We have all due respect for those persons who are such bright concretions of this substantial quality, and only wish they did not think it their duty to scorn all poets, theorizers and other ingenious gentlemen who are lovers of curious and ornamental knowledge, as unproductive drones. Men whose talent is for affairs only, will do well oftener to inform their tenement of clay with a like spirit: they should have the grace to suspect that the assumed superiority of practical shrewdness over speculative wisdom, will never daunt speculation, but that only true theory can dispel false, and only much learning cure the errors of half learned speculators. But when we come to that

first branch of Common Sense, wherein it presumes to judge of the true and the false, we unhesitatingly assert that, save where it is perfectly identical with simple consciousness, it is no judge in the courts of Philosophy. A judge in the market and adequate to the market, she is. But where Reason designs to vindicate any province of the true and false as sufficiently enlarged to be worthy of her jurisdiction, the other must give way.

Finally, if the mistress of English opinion be Common Sense, and their dominant aim be practical utility, we must turn them over to Mr. Cooper, to astonish them with the undoubted superiority of the Common Sense of America over their own. But we intercede with the ingenious novelist to term the American quality not Common Sense, but rather *true good sense*. That the English Common Sense is not identical with shrewdness in affairs, or *finesse* of mind, we may perceive by this, that the world agrees, from Commynes' assertion down, that England never did produce one eminent diplomatic negociator. Even us the English upbraided, with having taken advantage of their weakness in this particular.

A word or two on some points of her literature. Her own critics have taken it on them to complain of the neglect of pure mathematics and science in general, at the very instant when her practical ingenuity is the miracle of the age. It is honorable to English candour that Professor De Morgan, in his translation of Bourdon's Algebra (we believe) stops at a certain elementary stage and avows, that if any one wishes to explore beyond that point he must study the French language. The contemporary classical criticism of England is not often quoted with honour in Continental auditories, though the Germans who are the most learned are the most liberal, insomuch that Thiersch confesses Bentley to have been the first of critics. Little that is enlarged on classical criticism is published in England except what comes out of the German; and that their German translations are not the ripest possible, we may guess from the fact that poor America has been pillaged (from him that hath not, &c.) of the credit of her only two valuable translations, Buttmann and

Heeren, (Pol. Ancient Greece,) printed in England as British translations, with a modest slur at the want of acquaintance with German manifested by Mr. Everett and Mr. Bancroft—a want which was not suspected in them in Germany.¹ The actual monopoly which the Germans enjoy of the glory of recent criticism in the provinces of ancient history, poetry epic and tragic, ancient philosophy and the genuine original mythic theology, is the loftiest of intellectual trophies, saving only the kindred spoils in the science of celestial mechanics, and such permanent conquest as it has been vouchsafed to mind to make, thus far, in the highest metaphysics. Every body now knows that by the perfect classical learning and taste of the Germans has the true merit of Shakspeare been first reached; that Lessing, Goethe, Schlegel, Tieck and Coleridge (for why not count him among the Germans, *plus Allemand que les Allemands*) have raised the English Poet to an eminence which no one of the editors in the Variorum Shakspeare had dared claim for him. There is even now a more Shaksperian taste in a German audience, when one of Schlegel's translations is played, than at Drury-Lane, as one will perceive by comparing Cibber's miserable patchwork of Richard III. with Schlegel's version which opens with the first line of the true Richard, and proceeds faithfully to the end. A similar critical acumen has rescued Don Juan from the degradation of resemblance to a Faublas, and placed him on a parallel with a Faust.²

Another legitimate topic is the actual degree of refinement in England. Observing travellers inform us that the aristocratic sentiment has even advanced with gigantic strides in English society in the last fifty years, while in France it is virtually extinct. That it pervades the Whigs as thoroughly

¹ Germans have several times called the writer's attention to a comical misapprehension of Lord Leveson Gower in his translation of Faust. When Wagner, in a scene with Faust, exposes the deceptions of demons, he says, "when they lie, they prattle like *angels*," not Englishmen, Lord Leveson; not *Angli*, but *Angeli*. We do not know that this is corrected in any recent edition.

² See the last chapter of Coleridge's Bio. Litera., ,

as the Tories, thus rendering that which was the most odious feature of Toryism an essential quality of the name Englishman. That it exhibits itself in its upward aspect servile, and in its downward supercilious and repulsive. Never saw the world such private fortunes, nor so many of them, never such perfection in the common arts of life, never greater luxury and certainly never so artificial a state of society. The leading alteration which manners have suffered in the present century, undoubtedly, is the appearance for the first time of a systematized coldness or apathy, which, beginning in the upper ranks, is spreading every where. Not to admire is all the art they know: were Horace, who was we take it the first of this school, to come among them now, he would be tartly reprimanded we fear for the positive buoyancy of his character. Enthusiasm is the single horror of these people. We wish we had a few specimens of the negative, passionless, unpretending style in our community, which is composed, in two great parts, of men perpetually intent on popular admiration, of over polite, bustling, enthusiastic people. But the stoicism of Grosvenor Square, in becoming national, will not fail to serve as an extinguisher of much vivacity of mind and heart, and may go far to reduce our *Inglesse* to a very dull, selfish person. What apology for dullness, and cloak for inferiority of soul, was ever invented equal to this? Of necessity, this new style is accompanied by the introduction of a perfect system of exclusive *castes*. It is quite true that the reign of the Exquisites is ended, and that of the Exclusives begun: the Dandies are voted to have been too violent pretenders, and a *recherché* simplicity is voted in. In the exclusive system the rival claims of blood and wealth have been nicely adjusted, and now people may associate without losing dignity, i.e. with their own set. To be sure the system makes one Englishman singularly afraid of another, or singularly rude to him, whom he meets without knowing him, at the same time that they both would agree to shower honour on a foreigner to whom they may attribute any sphere they please. We sadly suspect, however, that this artificial arrangement is a miserable servitude, that tortures like the

rack many a luckless monster with a sympathetic, social, communicative turn. The Englishman is still the best horseman and the gentlest sportsman in Europe—he claims to be the best dressed man: perhaps he is. Though he must be admitted to have the poorest national *cuisine* extant, yet he has the sagacity to hire foreign science, and avenges the unwillingness of *Minerve Gourmande* by unlimited cant. Though he never comes to speak French well, yet he manages to talk more French in his English than Old Burton would have cited of all his languages, in the same length of time. There is something, by the way, singular enough in the perversion which these foreign scraps suffer by transplanting into English use. It is to be well seen by reading a French translation of some book, say Lady Morgan's 'Boudoir,' where the only difficulty for the clever translator is to comprehend her French quotations. The difference between the English *piazza* and the Italian, is but one of many instances of the tendency of words to departure from their original meaning when adopted into English conversation, and may induce the suspicion of what whole sentences may lose by misquotation from mouth to mouth. After all, in point of whatever goes to make up manhood, we fear that the present apathetic, exclusive English, though they have passed the Catholic Bill, and may pass the Reform Bill, yet are hardly worth the men of Merton and Runnymede.

II. We come now to our second head. We are not of those who think it calamitous to America to have inherited the English language and literature. Still less of those who imagine that America has a vocation to make a new era in the mind. And least of all are we of those who believe that this new epoch is to be made by the abandonment of the literature of the ancient democracies, and the dedication of ourselves to what some call useful knowledge. This cant in an American mouth is the veriest unreason and the most pernicious charlatanism that can be conceived. Much rather, if America is destined to make a new era, should it be in the reception and faithful use of the peculiar riches of all nations and of all ages. Our situation is like that of the Colom-

bians, whose equatorial position enables them to behold all the stars of both hemispheres: our visible heaven, figuratively speaking, is the entire concave, and every star is either beneficent or harmless to us. The model of a republic for America is given by Pericles in the funeral oration in Thucydides: it must be a republic that can incorporate refinement, taste and luxury into its system of equality as available agents, or there must be provision made for them as for friction in a machine. Nature and an age too late—an age of commerce and wealth, of civility, of perpetual international intercourse and of contagious example on every side—both alike forbid as impossible either the revival of the *farouche* republicanism of Sparta, or the reduction to practice of the pastoral conceits of Raynal. But though America must submit to conform herself to the condition of the world, and may expect no more than a due share of credit for such accession to the general treasury, as the old modes of learning, experiment and meditation will enable her to collect, yet we have a distinct complaint to make. It is that those who furnish us our instruction feed our minds with hardly any knowledge but what comes through English hands. Now, it would not be too hazardous to assert that English literature (if exclusively taken) is not just the most salutary for republican study. But we will not press this. It is enough that her literature does not embrace all the wisdom, nor all the higher wisdom of the human species; golden temptations lead us into other literatures, to correct and supply for our own use the inherent errors and defects of this. Neither shall we ever be satisfied that the knowledge of foreign literatures, or information of foreign history should come to us exclusively or chiefly through the hands of England. Our country is already possessed of those who are competent, if they will, to furnish us proper information on the novelties of letters and science with which France, Italy and Germany are daily adorning the world. What would be the contempt we should deserve for remaining liable to such imposition as that of the sentiments of the Scotch Reviewer of the life of Goethe? As to intelligence of foreign events, the

English annalists and newspapers, of all others give the least accurate or complete accounts. Mr. Jefferson formerly was earnest that the Gazette of Leyden, a republican sheet, should be adopted by us as the chronicler of continental news for America. Circumstances are even more urgent now, than hitherto, for renouncing the English medium. The Prussian State-Gazette, and the Austrian Observer give best the authentic expression of the opinions of German cabinets, while the Universal Gazette of Augsburg, not an official organ of any party, though not immaculate, may yet be called the best repertory of news from Turkey, from Eastern, Middle and Western Europe that the world has ever seen. That these sheets should never reach America is lamentable enough: but what is unpardonable is, that so little use is made by our editors of the French papers. If we want the German papers for information on the passing history of Germany, Russia and the North, we want the French not merely for their own news, but for doctrine as to all. But from English papers, and from them alone, are we told every thing. What English journalists and historians tell better than others is only English history and news. Let one but study the disquisitions on Continental politics in the *Courier*, or *Morning Chronicle*, and in the *Journal des Débats*, or the *Constitutionnel*—even take the Tory *John Bull* and the Carlist *Gazette de France*, or any other contemporary remarks, and the superior fairness as well as sagacity of the French journals, is prominently conspicuous. Why cannot the American editors in the seaports spare time enough, or rather get learning enough to supply us with the detailed views of foreign affairs taken by the French?—not merely the debates of the Chambers, but also the essays of the journalists who are the virtual masters of French opinion. Take the English lucubrations on Germany, and submit them to any German statist: they are merely fit for his mirth. From no book in the English language is any just idea of the system of Germany (which is the balance point of that of Europe) to be obtained. Lord Brougham is doubtless one of the best informed of his countrymen on foreign affairs,

but even he does not rightly apprehend the relations in which the crown of Hanover stands to that of England: we say this in modesty, yet how avoid saying it, when he declared in the House of Commons two years ago, that "it seemed the Salique Law prevailed" as to the descent of the throne of Hanover. If we inquire either of Montesquieu or of the Archbishop of Canterbury, in the first act of Henry V. what the Salique Law is as to the crown of France, we learn that females are excluded wholly and forever, from the succession. But when all the male agnates are extinct in the line of Hanover, the females begin to succeed. Lord Brougham is a feudalist and should know what a fief male and female under this limitation would be called. To her journalists we apprehend Germany is still a Hyrcanian forest tenanted (besides the wild boar, which are capital hunting,) by serfs with a harsh guttural dialect, and a few Lords in *Chateaux*; (how many the German sovereigns are is only known at the foreign office, where credentials for the ambassadors are made out) the amusement of English journals is to shake the fetters of these serfs in the faces of their masters, and demand of them the promised constitutions, though we are not aware that the poor kings have ever yet been allowed a day in court.

To what is it to be attributed that of all European affairs only English politics are well understood in America? Who is to blame that the history of France from the restoration up to the accession of the Polignac ministry, a period as full of instruction for all constitutional governments as the entire period from 1688 until 1832 in the English annals, is scarcely better known in America than the contemporary events in Turkey? We suspect our insulars must bear the blame of keeping us in uncertainty and ignorance. The general mind of America faithful to the land that feeds it, takes delight in studying English concerns: we will specify a case, where curtailing itself to the acquisition of small things, it would suffice for learning the whole system of Europe. How many Americans know Debrett well, who could by no means count how many independent States there are in Europe? Suppose for Debrett were substituted the genealogical almanac of Gotha;

they would thus exchange petty information, no ways concerning them, for knowledge which is history. And thus it must obviously continue; for, if none but English knowledge is put in our reach, the most ingenious student will only become more English than his duller fellows. Let no one sneer at us, as trying to subtract the American mind from its only natural and mother-jurisdiction. We aver, before heaven, that we believe the instinct of liberty in America will one day be endangered by the uninterrupted influence of contemporary English literature and manners. Undermine a few principles, and efface this instinct the most vital of all, and our Republic could not sustain itself forever by its own weight. The sentiment of Aristocracy, with which her literature is at present more pregnant than it ever was before—and scarcely more in Scott than in Moore—once fairly introduced, in the train of fastidiousness and exclusiveness, would do the work of our destruction more effectually than sermons preached by a Sacheverell in every village in America for a century. But we should wrong ourselves if we said there was proximate danger of this: enough, that it is a possibility. We dare not go free of all care, knowing the deposit we bear.

The spirit which has animated us, in what we have written, is not of hostility to England, for we profess to fulfil scrupulously the maxim of public jurists, “nations at war are the only enemies, all others, friends.” We have only spoken to our countrymen for the interests of democracy. We could by no means permit ourselves to offer wanton reproach to England. What we desired to inculcate was that the dignity of human nature might be alike elevated by searching beyond the English limit, that justice to ourselves demands that we should sometimes follow another guide besides the English Sibyl, who neither knows every thing, nor is the fittest to conduct a democracy. Beyond this, we add: the closest bond of union which need bind us to England, is, perhaps, the treaty of commerce between us. Treaties of peace prescribe mutual comity, but do not enjoin companionship. In spite of the humane philosophy of Mr. Irving we cannot think England the most natural bosom companion of

America, or that we owe her more, in duty and affection, than is nominated in our bond. Nor, for the reason that we are the two freest people on earth, descended of a common stock, do we feel the touch of nature draw us to her embrace: for, perhaps, our respective liberties are not much akin to each other, and we are candidly of opinion that the two nations of European origin which are the most unlike, are Great-Britain and the United States. Produce your voucher! Captain Basil Hall. Then again, except the occasional blandishments of the *Edinburgh Review* and *Blackwood's Magazine*, we are half afraid the English are not more desirous of being the object of our romantic affection, than we, for our simple selves, are of seeing America proffer it. In candour, Captain Hall's book is one of sterling honesty—the genuine avowal of British sentiment with regard to America. It is what every thorough Englishman (and the sailors are the most thorough) must think of us, if they reason and feel logically. But it has done good for America among the aristocrats; for which of them will not blush to see how paltry the sum total of British detraction from our character is, and own with a smile that he never knew the claim of aristocracy to be so brainless a mask, as it is shewn to be by its favourite apologist. Let the English continue to think that Americans are nothing but the men of Liverpool, Birmingham and Glasgow transplanted into a new world: it is our fault if we either are, or long remain second-rate English. The deposit of democratic liberty is little safe in our hands, if we be.

We have thus far not paid any attention to the excellent book, at the head of this paper. Sir James knows that he has a sure place in the heart of America: but it is something more than this book which we expect from him. We are longing for a suitable history of England from the revolution of 1688 up to this day, and we respectfully complain that he is slow to fulfil the world's hope. He will be eagerly read in America, when he comes forth with that work. So far from neglecting the reading of English history, we even doubt if it is not a great deal too much studied in the United States.

It is, no doubt, of the first consequence to a practical law-

yer, that he should study well the civil history of England—but as for those speculators who with us usurp the high office of directing our judgments on political subjects, verily one is sometimes provoked to wish that they had never heard of that history at all. In the trackless desert, it is necessary sometimes to turn our eyes from the sands around us to the stars above us, but we are lost if we keep them there too long; in the untrodden wilderness it may be well to look to the way behind us, but it is better to ponder well the path before. Politics is, indeed, something better than a set of cunning rules often suspended by a miscounting selfishness, and ever flexible to every emerging circumstance: it is an art founded upon general, and, we believe, certain principles; but it is an art purely practical in its very nature, and it being once perceived that it should be the object of a statesman to provide real securities for the liberty and property of those whom he presumes to govern, it ought never to be forgotten that in choosing efficient means to effect this object, “he must ever have an eye to the place where, and to the men amongst whom he is.”

“In the monarchies of Europe different orders and ranks of society are established, large masses of property are accumulated in the hands of single individuals, and standing armies are necessary”; but the condition of these United States is in all these respects wholly different. And yet, let the question be how it is possible in a representative democracy to prevent the majority from abusing the power of laying taxes? Let the question be, whether a man who has two cows has not as good a right to vote as he that owns one horse? Let the question be, whether it is not reasonable that those who act for the people should do as the people tell them? Let the question be what it may, what is the first thing which most American politicians are sure to do? They spread their books—they are quite sure that whatever question may arise here, a question *in consimili casu* has already arisen in England; they hunt for an English authority, a case in point, and end with this. They take it all along for granted, that whatever it was prudent and just to do in old

England two centuries, or, if you will, two years ago, it is of course prudent and just to do in Virginia or Carolina now. Let no one suppose from all this, that we look upon history as nothing more than, what it certainly is to the common race of readers, the aliment of unthinking curiosity or the amusement of restless indolence. To those who consult it with minds fitted and prepared to learn, it were a silly paradox to deny that it is of all studies that most likely to furnish us with a solid knowledge of those things which concern our conduct. What we wish to say is that it is idle to light the lamp of experience, if we hang that lamp where it can be no guide to our feet; that however well it may be to question the oracle of wisdom, the responses of that oracle can after all be worth nothing to him who cannot interpret, or will not apply them. "History," says Mr. Burke, "is a great improver of the understanding by showing both men and affairs in a great variety of views. From this source much political wisdom may be learned; that is, may be learned as habit not as precept; and as an exercise to strengthen the mind, as furnishing materials to enlarge and enrich it, not as a repository of cases and precedents for a lawyer; if it were, a thousand times better would it be that a statesman had never learned to read—*vellem nescirent literas*. This method turns their understanding from the objects before them, and from the present exigencies of the world to comparisons with former times, of which after all we can know very little and very imperfectly; and our guides the historians who are to give us their true interpretation are often prejudiced, often ignorant, often fonder of system than of truth. Whereas if a man with reasonable good parts and natural sagacity, and not in the leading-strings of any master, *will look steadily on the business before him without being diverted by retrospect and comparison*, he may be capable of forming a reasonable good judgment of what is to be done."

THE SLAVERY QUESTION IN VIRGINIA

BY J. BURTON HARRISON

(From the *American Quarterly Review*, December, 1832)

The Speech of Thomas Marshall, in the House of Delegates of Virginia, on the Abolition of Slavery. Delivered, Friday, January 20, 1832. Richmond: pp. 12.

THE debate in the Legislature of Virginia at its last session is, beyond all question, the event which most materially affects the prospects of negro slavery in the United States. Every thing tells of a spirit that is busy inspecting the very foundations of society in Virginia—a spirit new, suddenly created, and vaster in its grasp than any hitherto called forth in her history. There is a serious disposition to look the evil of slavery (nothing less!) in the face, and to cast about for some method of diminishing or extirpating it. Causes not now needful to be named, have given birth to this disposition, so little to have been anticipated two years ago. The possibility of ridding Virginia of the evil of slavery in our generation, in that of our children, or of our grandchildren, is suddenly made the legitimate subject of temperate debate. We shall presume to speak of it therefore in a temper of becoming gravity, and we hope without danger of giving offence to any one.

It matters not though a majority of the people of Virginia be not, in the first moment, willing to adopt or even to consider plans already prepared for diminishing the mischiefs of slavery. It matters not, though it were conceded, that all the plans suggested last winter in the House of Delegates, were marked with the crudeness of inexperience, and the inadvertence of haste, and would all require to be abandoned for others more mature. It matters not, though it were con-

ceded, that a becoming regard for public decency forbade any final step on so perilous a subject in the very first year of its agitation. We fix our eyes on the single circumstance, that the public mind of Virginia permitted, nay encouraged, the open deliberations of the General Assembly, for weeks, on the momentous topic never before thought fit to be mentioned but in a whisper. The first blow has been struck: the greatest achievement that the cause of emancipation admitted, was then effected. *Le grand mot est lâché*—the great word is spoken out, and can never be recalled. Debate and speculation are on the instant made legitimate. The secret pulsation of so many hearts, sick with the despair of an evil they dared not propose to remedy, has now found a voice, and the wide air has rung with it.

We rejoice that we live to see this subject thrown into the vast field, in which are to be found so many of the prime interests of the human race—the same from which the ancient tragic poets derived their groundwork: the warfare between liberty and necessity, or more accurately, the sublime strife between the desirable and the actual. We rejoice, that full of doubts, embarrassments, and dangers, as is the thought of attacking the evil, as near alike to the attributes of Fate as seems its defiance of opposition, the obdurate unchangeableness of it even in degree, yet it is thrown open to speculation and experiment, and now stands fairly exposed to assault from the great Crusaders which have thus far redeemed our mortal condition from barbarism and misery—the unconquerable free will and undying hope. No mortal evil can for ever withstand this open war; these its antagonist principles will be like the undercurrent at sea, “that draws a thousand waves unto itself,” will strive against obstacle, repair disaster, and convert all the contemporary events into good for their cause. Recent occurrences in the political history of foreign countries abundantly exemplify this fact.

The seal is now broken. We exhort the sons of Virginia to toil for the diminution of this evil, with all the prudence, the delicacy, and gravity requisite in the application of a great public remedy to a wide-spread disease. And in the worst

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event, let them rest assured that history has few places more enviable than would be the lot of the last advocate, who, left without allies, should come, in the grand language of Milton's prose, "through the chance of good or of evil report, to be the SOLE ADVOCATE OF A DISCOURTENANCED TRUTH."¹

We fix not our expectations so much on legislative enactments: as far as these are compulsory and proceed only from a division in the minds of men, we deprecate them. But we direct our anticipations to the general will of the people of the state. Let reason and persuasion be the instruments of promoting a voluntary action. Until not merely a majority, but a great majority of the freemen of Virginia be convinced, persuaded, moved to demand liberation from the ruin that is consuming the land, there will be unworthy rudeness and indecorum in bringing in the violence of a new statute to begin the work of purification. She is now in the breathing space after the first mention of it; the spontaneous burst of agitated feeling of last winter shall either perish, or resolve itself into a wise, patient, judicious movement. The summer will have witnessed, by the temper it has matured in her, whether Virginia is capable—not of deep sensibility to supposed claims of patriotism; that the world knows her to possess—not of gusts of enthusiasm for purposes that are lifted above selfish cupidity; all, who know her, have witnessed her passionate attachment to abstract truth, her susceptibility of lasting emotions in its behalf, and her readiness for every mode of self-denial, of privation and self-sacrifice. —But we are to witness whether, recalling her affections from the distant objects to which they have certainly been too exclusively devoted, she is adequate to manage her own possible destiny for good; whether she is framed for that high sort of civil prudence which knows how to project a vast plan of heroic justice, that it will require generations of men of the same temper to execute. We do not hesitate to believe that the ultimate result is not dubious: we repose the fullest confidence in Virginia, the mother of so many colonized commonwealths.

¹ Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce.

Unhappy America! how portentous a fate has proved hers! It was not enough that the dowry which she brought to Europe when first discovered, the bountiful millions which her mines of gold and silver yielded in the first hundred years, served only to enable Ferdinand, Charles V., and Philip II., to establish the Inquisition, and to crush the freedom of conscience by long and bloody wars, which nothing but American gold could have supported! It was not enough that her fine race of generous barbarians, (the finest the world ever saw) were to perish before the face of civilizing man! But she must suffer too, the pollution of being used as if discovered solely for the wo of Africa! To the discovery of this continent is due the existence in the world to-day of a single slave with a Christian master.

It was in 1620, thirteen years after the first settlement of Jamestown, that a Dutch vessel from the Coast of Guinea sailed up James River, and brought the first slave into British America. We can almost see the hateful form of the slaver, as with her cargo of crime and misery, "rigged with curses," she bursts into the silent Chesapeake. We see her keel ploughing the pure, because yet free, waters, and now nearing the English plantations. Fatal, fatal ship!—What does she there? Can it indeed be that she comes (and so soon!) to pour the deadliest of hereditary woes into our cradle? How durst the loathsome freight she bears, the accursed shape of slavery intrude itself, of all lands on the earth, upon this vestal soil? How thrust itself among a race of Anglo-Saxon men in the seventeenth century? how bring its deformity athwart the bold and noble sweep of the common law, to mar it all? how mix its curses up (to a greater or less degree in all the British Colonies) with the mass of all our acts, at our hearths, our public councils, and our altars, and bring pollution to our childhood and decrepitude to our youth? On a land set apart by Providence for the best growth of manhood—where Magna Carta, the Petition of Rights, the Habeas Corpus, the Bill of Rights, and last, but greatest, the profession in their fulness and sincerity of the grand, transcendent rights of reason and na-

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ture, of liberty and equality, were to have their deepest roots;—a land the world's refuge and the world's hope;—how shall we not weep when the ineradicable seeds are here planted, that shall curse with contradiction and inconsistency all the height of its pride, and make the manly and dilated heart, in the midst of its triumph at one side of its condition, faint and sick, sick to the core with the dust and ashes of the other side!

We have put the truly statesmanlike speech of the son of the Chief Justice of the United States at the head of this article, because we believe it expresses the opinions of a majority of reflecting men in Virginia, and because it coincides more nearly with our own views than any of the other speeches in that debate. If it be inferior in fervid eloquence to some of the others, it possesses the rarer merit of coolness, impartiality, decision, and uncommon political sagacity. We cannot adequately express the satisfaction its perusal gave us, without running into panegyric, which we are sure would be little acceptable to him. Mr. Marshall voted as well against Mr. T. J. Randolph's motion for submitting the question of abolition at once to the people, and Mr. Preston's declaring immediate action by the legislature then sitting to be expedient, as against Mr. Goode's motion to discharge the select committee from the consideration of all petitions, memorials, and resolutions which had for their object the manumission of persons held in servitude under the laws of Virginia, and thus declare it not expedient to legislate at all on the subject. As regards the two first motions, Mr. Marshall believed that the public mind was not yet prepared for the question of abolition; that the members of that session were not elected in reference to it; and that there were other modes of ascertaining public sentiment on that great question, less agitating than would be the forcing it upon the people for promiscuous discussion. He objected further to Mr. Randolph's proposition (which embraced only one plan of abolition—that fixing the year 1840 as the time after which all slaves born should be declared public property,) because it was too specific, and instead of merely asserting a prin-

ciple, offered a peculiar plan obnoxious to many objections. But he had still greater objections to Mr. Goode's motion to dismiss the subject wholly from the consideration of the house, with the implied understanding that the legislature decidedly repelled all invitations to deliberate on the possibility of diminishing the evils of slavery. He declared himself entirely convinced that slavery was fruitful of many woes to Virginia, that a general sense of *insecurity* pervaded the state, and that the citizens were deeply impressed with the conviction that something must be done. He said that there were sure indications that some action is imperatively required of the legislature by the people—that the evil has attained a magnitude, which demands all the skill and energy of prompt and able legislation. He follows up this opinion with much valuable illustration and a number of useful practical suggestions. Without entirely assenting to the objections of Mr. Marshall to the two first motions above named, we are delighted with the general tone of his remarks.

Before beginning to unfold more fully our own views of the present exigency in Virginia, we take occasion to declare distinctly that our purpose is not by overcharged pictures of the iniquity of slavery, or the cruel lot of the slaves, to raise a storm of gratuitous indignation in the minds of the people of the United States against Virginia. We believe that there is not the slightest moral turpitude in holding slaves under existing circumstances in the south. We *know* too that the ordinary condition of slaves in Virginia is *not* such as to make humanity weep for his lot. Our solicitations to the slaveholders, it will be perceived, are founded but little on *the miseries of the blacks*. We direct ourselves almost exclusively to the injuries slavery inflicts on the whites. And of these evils suffered by the whites, the evil consequences of practising the immorality of slaveholding will not be our mark. Reproach and recrimination on such a subject would answer no good purpose; it would naturally provoke defiance from the slaveholders. All the eloquent invectives of the British abolitionists have not made one convert in the West Indies. This is no part of our humour. It is *our* object to

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lure Virginia onward in her present hopeful state of mind. We mean to confine every word we write to Virginia. The whole scope of this article will be *to show the necessity of her promptly doing something to check the palpable mischiefs her prosperity is suffering from slavery*. We design to show that all her sources of *economical* prosperity are poisoned by slavery, and we shall hint at its moral evils only as they occasion or imply destruction to the real prosperity of a nation. Unless we first make this position impregnable, we shall ask no one to sacrifice merely to abstract humanity and justice. Nor shall we insist on Virginia's beginning action on this momentous subject, until we have shown that her genuine ultimate interest will be promoted by it. The best way of persuading men of this world to deeds which involve the sacrifice of present interests, is to convince them that a greater prospective interest may be thereby secured. We shall strive then to procure the concurrence of self-interest as well as the approbation of humanity. Hence, even should we succeed in making out our case as to Virginia, it will be instantly remarked that we have said very little that will touch South Carolina and Georgia, and scarcely any thing applicable to Louisiana, Mississippi, and Alabama. If the prosperity of any of these is founded in circumstances of soil, climate, products, &c., of such nature and degree, as that it will not sink under the precarious specific (neck or nothing) of slave labour, *à la bonne heure*—let them go on. This is undoubtedly the case more or less of the sugar, cotton, and rice plantation states. But it is not the case of Virginia. We propose to treat

I. *Of the injury slavery does to the prosperity of Virginia*. Let us cursorily indicate some of the evils which the experience of the United States shows to be consequent on slavery under ordinary circumstances, some of which Virginia has suffered in common with other states, and of some of which she has been peculiarly the victim. 1. An inertness of most of the springs of prosperity—a want of what is commonly called public spirit.—2. Where slave labour prevails, it is scarcely practicable for free labour to co-exist with it to any great

extent. Not that the latter would not deserve the preference, both for cheapness and efficiency, but that many obvious causes conspire to prevent the rivalry being perseveringly sustained. Freedom being itself regarded as a privilege in a nation that has slaves, there is a natural tendency to consider exemption from manual labour as the chief mark of elevation above the class of slaves. In a republic this tendency is vastly increased. A disposition to look on all manual labour as menial and degrading, may safely be set down as a distemper of the most disastrous kind. We shall not dilate on this. It must instantly be admitted that nothing can compensate a nation for the destruction of all the virtues which flow from mere industry. Virginia has experienced this most signally: had her slave labour been ten times as productive as it has been, and grant that she possesses all the lofty qualities ever claimed for her in their highest degree, she would still have been the loser by contracting this ruinous disposition. Nothing but the most abject necessity would lead a white man to hire himself to work in the fields under the overseer, and we must say that we cannot refuse to sympathize with the free labourer who finds it irksome to perform hard work by the side of a slave.—3. Agriculture is the best basis of national wealth. “Arts,” says that eminent farmer Mr. John Taylor of Caroline, “improve the works of nature; when they injure it they are not arts but barbarous customs. It is the office of agriculture as an art not to impoverish, but to fertilize the soil and make it more useful than in its natural state. Such is the effect of every species of agriculture which can aspire to the name of an art.” Now it is a truth that an *improving* system of agriculture cannot be carried on by slaves. The negligent wasteful habits of slaves who are not interested in the estate, and the exacting cupidity of transient overseers who are interested in extorting from the earth the greatest amount of production, render all slave agriculture invariably exhausting. How many plantations worked by slaves are there in Virginia which are not perceptibly suffering the sure process of exhaustion? Perhaps not one, except a few on the water

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courses, composed of the alluvial soils which are virtually inexhaustible. The uncertainty of the profits of a crop generally deters the planters in Virginia from giving standing wages to their overseers—indeed, it has too often happened that the salary of the overseer has absorbed all the proceeds. Hence it is usual to give him, instead of salary, a share of the crop. The murderous effects of this on the fertility of the soil may well be conceived. An estate submitted to overseers entitled to a share of the crop, (who are changed of course, almost yearly) suffers a thousandfold more than would English farms put out on leases of one or two years to fresh lessees. Twenty-one years is thought too short a term there.—4. It is a fact that no soil but the richest, and that in effect inexhaustible, can be profitably cultivated by slaves. In the Legislature of Virginia it was repeatedly said that her lands were poor, and for that reason none but slaves could be brought to work them well. On the contrary, poor lands and those of moderate fertility can never repay the expense of slave labour, or bear up under the vices of that slovenly system.—5. In modern times, in most cases where slave labour prevails, it has been found in plantation states and colonies. There are many obvious reasons why, if profitable any where, it must only be there. Now, if this be the case, it would appear that slavery to be profitable is essentially incompatible with a dense population—at all events, with a relatively dense population of freemen. No country can afford to be given up exclusively to agriculture in the shape of plantation tillage, or to devote the entire attention of all the men it rears to that occupation, except its soil be extremely fertile and its products of the richest nature. Under other circumstances, the soil and products not making adequate returns, there is a vast waste of capabilities for other purposes, which the surface of many countries might well answer.—6. It seems agreed among the economists of the south that slaves are unfit for the business of manufactures. A most sensible essay was published in Philadelphia in 1827 by Dr. Jones, afterwards superintendent of the Patent Office at Washington, to show that slaves are not necessarily unfit for this em-

ployment. We were persuaded at the time, that, if his position were true, it would prove the most important of all suggestions in an economical view, to Virginia. It has surprised us, indeed, that the advocates of the perpetuity of slavery in Virginia have not seen the immense advantage of such an argument to their side of the question. But the entire current of opinion in the south (led by an invincible sentiment of hostility to the protective system) is that states where slave labour prevails, and where the whole capital for labour is vested in slaves, cannot manufacture. It will need no words to show what an injury this voluntary disability inflicts on a country which may happen to have the most felicitous capacities for manufactures.—7. Where slave labour prevails, it would appear that the rearing a large class of skilful mechanics is greatly discouraged. The slaves themselves of course never make mechanics except of the coarsest description. Although the whites in the cities are not entirely averse to becoming artisans, yet, in the country, the natural policy of the rich planters to have mechanics among their slaves to do all the needful business on their estates, deprives the white mechanics of their chief encouragement to perfect themselves in their trades, diminishes the demand for their services, and generally has the effect of expelling them from one neighbourhood to another until they finally expatriate themselves.—8. Slave labour is, without controversy, dearer than free. It suffices to state, that in the one case you have a class of labourers that have a direct interest in doing and saving as little as possible, so that they barely escape punishment; in the other a class, every member of which has a direct interest in producing and saving as much as possible. But this position is too well established to justify any one in an argument to prove it. The categories wherein the contrary holds true are cumulatively: *a.* it must be in a plantation country; *b.* it must be in a soil extremely and inexhaustibly fertile; *c.* where the products are of the greatest value; *d.* and after all, it must be where white men cannot endure the climate and the nature of the cultivation.—9. The experience of the United States has shown that slavery

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decidedly discourages immigration (to use Dr. Southey's word) from foreign countries into the sections of country where it is prevalent. It is not a sufficient answer to this to say that the emigrants are in general allured to the United States by the temptation of the rich country in the west, so that slavery cannot be said to repel them from the southern states. It is not true of the best emigrants that come to our shores, that they are intent on pushing into the pathless forest, to be there banished from all the blessings of a settled country. This is in fact the positive passion of none but the hardy native pioneers, the Boones of Vermont, of New-York, and Virginia. The Germans, for example, who are perhaps the most valuable of the emigrants to America, are not people who would prefer to make their home in the midst of the extreme discomforts and often cruel privations which the pioneers undergo. Besides, what repels all those emigrants who are not agriculturists, and whose occupations lead them among crowds of men? Of immigration into the slave-holding States, except in some of the western States, where the principle of slavery is not yet predominant, it may be said there is none. The emigrants understand that their hope of employment there is forestalled, that the only labour wanted is indigenous to the soil; they feel that that labour is incompatible with their own, and they shrink from the idea of giving their children, who are to live by manual labour, a home in a slave-labour land, while fair regions, dedicated as well to domestic as to civil freedom, tempt their adventurous footsteps. With this evil may be classed the tendency of the whites of these States to emigrate from the soil of their birth.—10. Slavery begets inevitably a train of habits and opinions which, to say the least, are destructive of all those springs of prosperity which depend on economy, frugality, enterprise. Young people bred up to be maintained by slaves are apt to imbibe improvident habits. Of its favourable operation on the spirit of liberty in the whites, we are not disposed to question the well known opinion of Mr. Burke: the passage we refer to, is itself an evidence of the profound knowledge he possessed of the human heart. We

consider it truer, however, of the spirit of liberty in its aspect of resistance to foreign oppression: in its home aspect it is, we think, comparatively just. But as relates to its operation in equalizing the whites with each other, we throw out the suggestion without note or comment, that *no property gives rise to greater inequalities than slave property*. We question, too, whether it could well be maintained that the *beau ideal* of a nabob—(we use the word in its fair, not invidious sense,)—endow him with nobleness of soul, sensibility, the utmost delicacy of honour, generosity, and hospitality—is the finest specimen of our species. There are many solid and essential virtues (wholly disconnected with those named) which could not so well be dispensed with as some of those, in going to make up the being of whom *par excellence* nature might stand up and say “this is a man.”

We can now venture to define pretty accurately what sort of a country that must be, which having regard solely to the economical principles, is adapted to be for a long term of years a prosperous slave-labour State. It must possess an extremely rich soil, hence under most circumstances be a comparatively small country, (otherwise the greater the difficulty of finding a uniformly fine soil, and consequently the impossibility of making the *whole* State flourish), in a latitude the products of which, from their scarcity in the world, the permanent demand for them, and the possibility of rearing them in but few spots on the globe, are sure of a market at high prices, where the culture of such crops requires that the slaves be worked together in bodies, so that the constant supervision necessary over them may be performed by a few whites, and finally in a climate so nearly tropical, or otherwise precarious, as to make the exposure and toil insupportable to free (say *white*) labourers. A country uniting all these requisites may be prosperous with slave labour. It possesses certain sources of wealth, by the help of which it may dispense with many others, that are the necessary resource of countries of moderate fertility, and which are under different general circumstances. Such a country seems to need the moral-economical springs less. It will of necessity contain a sparse

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white population, but it may be formidable in war from its superior relative wealth. The countries growing cotton, rice, and the sugar cane, bountifully, are of this description. For aught we know, Brazil may fall under the definition. The principal West India islands appear to be entitled to expect prosperity, (supposing no adverse adventitious circumstances) but Louisiana unites all the requisites more perfectly perhaps than any other country. South Carolina and Georgia do it but imperfectly, on account of there being so large a portion of both of them to which such description would not at all apply; Alabama and Mississippi do more perfectly than they. But it may boldly be said that *Virginia possesses scarcely a single requisite to make a prosperous slave-labour State.*

She has not the inexhaustible rich soils: her earth originally yielded fair returns to hard labour judiciously directed, but all such soils, as she has learned by bitter experience, are fated, under the hands of slaves, to deterioration down to utter barrenness. *She has too large a territory:* the curse of the presence of slaves and the monopoly of labour in their hands, is all over the State; the spots really adapted for profitable slave labour are few and scattered. *She has not the sort of products:* only a small part of the State produces cotton; the culture of tobacco, which was originally the general staple of Old Virginia proper, after destroying immense tracts of good lands, is shrinking into a very diminished compass, and scarcely repays the cost of production under the average prices of the last fifteen years. If any one would cast his eye over the list of the Tobacco Inspections established by law, in the revised code of Virginia, he would smile to see places mentioned for inspection warehouses, in quarters of Virginia where no man has ever seen a hundred weight of tobacco. Besides this, there is an unlimited competition springing up around her, to reduce prices to nothing. With regard to the crops of tobacco of the western states, we can say with confidence, that there is a regular annual increase in quantity, with great improvement in its curing and management; so that it is fast taking the place

of Virginia tobacco for consumption in the leaf in the north of Europe, and as strips in Great Britain. The article of tobacco is now cultivated in Ohio, Kentucky, Illinois, Indiana, Missouri, Tennessee, and in Canada, as well as Maryland, Virginia, the Carolinas and Georgia. The quantity raised is altogether too great for consumption. The other products of Virginia are the ordinary growth of all temperate, and most northern regions. *She has not the climate which would put slaves on the vantage ground above whites:* every part of her territory is adapted to the men of all climates, and she has not a foot of soil which nature declares that none but blacks shall cultivate, nor a product the cultivation of which demands lives and labours baser than those of white men. Tobacco is notoriously cultivated with success by whites in any part of the world, which is temperate enough to grow it. It is then a total miscalculation in every point of view—a false position for Virginia to have allotted to herself the exclusive labour of slaves.

But appeal is made to the history of the economy of Virginia to contradict this assertion. Is it demanded for instance, why Virginia should prosper before the Revolution as she did, with her slave labour, if there be a fatal error in her adoption of slavery? We may answer, that there is no great mystery in that. Virginia while a colony never did furnish the miracles of great and sudden fortunes which the West India and South Carolina nabobs used to exhibit in England. Adam Smith in his day made this remark. At that time fine tobacco was an article only grown in Virginia and Maryland, and the prices were relatively to the times very high; whereas now, and for all future time, a competition wholly beyond the conception of that day has completely revolutionized the market. But admit that the colony was very prosperous: if from this it is meant to argue that Virginia may again be so under the same system, we hope it will not at least be denied that the Revolution found almost all the lands which had been opened nearly or quite exhausted, showing plainly that the preceding hundred years had been passed in fits of profitable planting from the frequent resort

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to successive new lands. Mr. Taylor of Caroline had understood that 60,000 hogsheads of tobacco were exported from Virginia, when the whole population did not exceed 150,000. Had the fertility of the country by possibility remained undiminished, (as he says it would, if her slave agriculture had been any thing else than "a barbarous custom," not an art,) Virginia ought in 1810 to have exported 240,000 hogsheads, or their equivalent in other produce, and at present nearly the double of that. Thus the agricultural exports of Virginia in 1810 would, at the estimated prices of the Custom House at that time, have been seventeen millions of dollars, and now at least thirty-four, while it is known that they are not of late years greater than from three to five millions! This will at once show that the great crops of the colonial times were forced, or we may say *exaggerated* by the possession of means, which will never again be in her hands.

The fact that the whole agricultural products of the State at present, do not exceed in value the exports eighty or ninety years ago, when it contained not a sixth of the population, and when not a third of the surface of the State (at present Virginia) was at all occupied, is however a very striking proof of the decline of its agriculture. What is now the productive value of an estate of land and negroes in Virginia? We state as the result of extensive inquiry, embracing the last fifteen years, that a very great proportion of the larger plantations, with from fifty to one hundred slaves, actually bring their proprietors in debt at the end of a short term of years, notwithstanding what would once in Virginia have been deemed very sheer economy; that much the larger part of the considerable landholders are content, if they barely meet their plantation expenses without a loss of capital; and that, of those who make any profit, it will in none but rare instances average more than one to one and a half per cent. on the capital invested. The case is not materially varied with the smaller proprietors. Mr. Randolph of Roanoke, whose sayings have so generally the raciness and the truth of proverbs, has repeatedly said in Congress, that the time was coming when the masters would run away from the

slaves and be advertised by them in the public papers. A decided improvement in the Virginia system is taking place in some parts of the State, which consists in the abandonment of the culture of tobacco for that of wheat, Indian corn, &c., which can be produced on soil too poor for tobacco, requires fewer labourers, and will not be so apt to reduce the fertility of the soil still lower. This is a judicious thing in itself, but here again recurs the truth we have already set forth: plantations with such products as these never can be profitably managed with slave labour. Wheat and corn will not do for this; let the planter turn his sons in to work his lands, and then these products will suffice. Tobacco was the only article which ever could by possibility justify the expense of slave labour in Virginia; and now we see that the wiser planters are to a great degree withdrawing their lands from it.

There is however one way in which capital invested in slaves may be said to be productive. We will now let the reader into a secret of slave-holding economy. The only form in which it can safely be said that slaves on a plantation are profitable in Virginia, is in the multiplication of their number by births. If the proprietor, beginning with a certain number of negroes, can but keep them for a few years from the hands of the sheriff or the slave trader, though their labour may have yielded him not a farthing of nett revenue, he finds that gradually but surely, his capital stock of negroes multiplies itself, and yields, if nothing else, a palpable interest of young negroes. While very young they occasion small expense, but they render none or small service; when grown up, their labour, as we have already seen, hardly does more than balance the expense they occasion. The process of multiplication will not in this way advance the master towards the point of a nett revenue; he is not the richer in income with the fifty slaves than with twenty. Yet these young negroes have their value: and what value? The value of the slaves so added to his number is the certain price for which they will at any time sell to the southern trader. Should the humanity of the proprietor, however, and his rare fortune in keeping out of debt, prevail on him never to

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treat his slaves as live stock for traffic, he finds himself incumbered with the same unproductive burden as before. That master alone finds productive value in his increase of slaves, who chooses to turn the increase of his capital, at regular intervals, into money at the highest market price! There are, we make haste to say, very many masters with whom it is a fixed rule never to sell a slave, except for incorrigibly bad character, so long as the pressure of necessity does not compel it. There are some who would feel it to be the wanton breach of a tie next in sanctity to the most sacred of the domestic relations. But such sensibility cannot be supposed to be universal. Accordingly, the State does derive a tangible profit from its slaves: this is true to the heart's content of the adversaries of abolition, and that by means of yearly sales to the negro traders. An account, on which we may rely, sets down the annual number of slaves sold to go out of the State at six thousand, or more than half the number of births! The population returns show only a yearly addition of four thousand eight hundred to the slaves remaining in the State. If all these sales were the result of the necessities of the masters, while it must for ever be lamented, it would at the same time be the most portentous proof of the financial ruin of the planters of the State. But if otherwise, if but a common course of business regularly gone into for profit, what volumes does it speak of the degradation to which slavery may reduce its supporters! And will "the aspiring blood of Lancaster" endure it to be said that a Guinea is still to be found in America, and that Guinea is Virginia? That children are reared with the express object of sale into distant regions, and that in numbers but little less than the whole number of annual births? It may be that there is a small section of Virginia (perhaps we could indicate it) where the theory of population is studied with reference to the yearly income from the sale of slaves. Shall the profits to Virginia, from this contaminated source, be alleged as an economical argument to magnify the sacrifice involved in the abolition of slavery, and this too by statesmen who profess to execrate the African slave trade? For

ourselves, we can see but little difference between this form of the internal slave trade and the African trade itself. But we have too deep a stake ourselves in the good name of the land of Washington and Jefferson, to be willing to admit that this form of profit from slaves is cherished by any but a very few persons. This is not then an income which Virginia loves to reap. She scorns those who resort to it, and will count lightly of the sacrifice which the extinction of this fountain of impure wealth would involve.

Banishing this then out of view, there is no productive value of slaves in Virginia. Shut up all outlet into the southern and southwestern States, and the price of slaves in Virginia would sink down to a cypher. Without the possibility of deriving from slave labour any of the benefits, by which in some countries it seems to compensate (whether adequately or not) for its pernicious moral effects, Virginia is cursed with an institution unproductive of good to her, and potent in mischiefs beyond all her fears. If ever there was a specific, which failing of its possible good effects, would induce irremediable pains, it is slavery. We check the struggling inclination to paint the woes Virginia has suffered from its miscarriage, in their true colours, but the truth would seem exaggeration. Take then the following temperate detail from the speech of Mr. Marshall, every word of which is true by the experience of Virginia:

“Wherefore, then, object to slavery? Because it is ruinous to the whites—retards improvement—roots out an industrious population—banishes the yeomanry of the country—deprives the spinner, the weaver, the smith, the shoemaker, the carpenter, of employment and support. This evil admits of no remedy; it is increasing and will continue to increase, until the whole country will be inundated with one black wave covering its whole extent, with a few white faces here and there floating on the surface. The master has no capital but what is vested in [slaves;] the father, instead of being richer for his sons, is at a loss to provide for them—there is no diversity of occupations, no incentive to enterprise. Labour of every species is disreputable because performed

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mostly by slaves. Our towns are stationary, our villages almost every where declining, and the general aspect of the country marks the curse of a wasteful, idle, reckless population, who have no interest in the soil, and care not how much it is impoverished. Public improvements are neglected, and the entire continent does not present a region for which nature has done so much, and art so little. If cultivated by free labour, the soil of Virginia is capable of sustaining a dense population, among whom labour would be honourable, and where 'the busy hum of men' would tell that all were happy, and that all were free."

Virginia has suffered, and is now suffering under all the ten specifications just given, and in a greater degree than any other of the slave-holding States could. Her statesmen and engineers mourn over her inertness of spirit for public improvements; her economists mourn over the little inclination of her citizens to labour of any kind; her agriculturists upbraid her for letting the soil sink into irrecoverable exhaustion, that she is burdened with the dearest sort of labour, and persists in applying to a country of originally moderate fertility, a system absolutely ruinous to any but the richest alluvial soils; that industry and frugality are banished; that she renders it virtually impossible to open a new source of wealth in manufactures, and that while the principle of population is almost stagnant among her whites, and her own sons are departing from her, she repulses by her domestic relations all the emigrants to America from the old world, who might else come in to repair her ruin. It is ridiculous to talk of the prosperity of a country wholly agricultural, with slave labour and exhausted lands. The proud homes of Virginia, from the Revolution down to this day, have been passing from the hands of their high-minded proprietors, to the humble overseers that used to *sit below the salt* at their board, and from them in their turn to some other newer *parvenus*: agriculture has failed to enrich. Of the white emigrants from Virginia, at least half are hard working men, who carry away with them little besides their tools and a stout heart of hope: the mechanic trades have failed

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to give them bread. Commerce she has little, shipping none, and it is a fact that the very staple of the state, tobacco, is not exported by her own capital—the state does virtually a commission business in it. All the sources of prosperity, moral and economical, are deadened; there is a general discontent with one's lot; in some of the first settled and choicest parts of her territory, symptoms are not wanting of desolate antiquity. And all this in youthful America, and in Virginia too, the fairest region of America, and with a race of people inferior to none in the world in its capacity to constitute a prosperous nation.

There are some facts disclosed by the population returns for 1830, which we are not aware have been fully brought to the public notice. Every one is now acquainted with the uncomfortable truth, that the whites east of the Blue Ridge had in 1790 a majority of 25,000, and that in the course of forty years they have not only lost it, but suffered the blacks to get an ascendancy in number to the extent of 81,000: thus the advance of the blacks is 106,000 in that half of the State in that period. But we may see by the subjoined table that there are not a few counties of middle as well as lower Virginia, (component parts of eastern Virginia) which have actually diminished in white population in the last ten years! The first five are counties between the Blue Ridge and the head of tide-water; the others below the head of tide-water.

<i>Whites in</i>	1820.	1830.	<i>Whites in</i>	1820.	1830.
Brunswick	5889	5397	King & Queen	5460	4714
Amelia	3409	3293	King William	3449	3155
Goochland	3976	3857	Lancaster	2388	1976
Loudon	16144	15516	Northumberland	4134	4029
Mecklenburg	7710	7543	Sussex	4155	4118
Fairfax	6224	4892	Stafford	4788	4713
James City	1556	1284	Warwick	620	619

These counties at an average annual increase of three per cent. (which is sufficiently moderate) would have added more than 20,000 to their aggregate numbers; they have sus-

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tained a loss of near 5000 in ten years, which is fully one twelfth of their capital in 1820. Conjecturally the people in these counties are as prolific as elsewhere; emigration, the result of the characteristic ills of Virginia, has done most to occasion this loss. All of these are fine counties.

We freely grant that a slow increase of population is possible in a country where the utmost is made of all its resources, and that in certain cases it implies a higher degree of civilization, for prudence in such matters denotes civilization it seems. But unless the employment of prudential checks be suggested by danger of an overcrowded population, certainly they are little to be desired by statesmen. The unnecessary introduction of prudential checks leads to the application of means destined by Providence for the subsistence of men, to a thousand less worthy purposes; as, when that food, which would support the same number or double of human beings, is bestowed on pleasure, horses, and dogs. Where population has not yet approximated the capacity of the country to furnish subsistence, it is premature and unhappy to begin the employment of too much prudence, to discourage marriages. In fact, this never will occur, unless some powerful agents have been at work to benumb, not merely the spring of population, but all the springs of prosperity. A very slow increase, or a diminution, would be an indication of want of prosperity not to be mistaken in most parts of the United States; for example, where subsistence is easy to obtain, and population can scarcely any where be said to have pressed on subsistence. It is said by some persons that the preventive checks (prudential) are in fuller operation in Virginia than in the north. We confess we had entertained an opposite idea. What is the usual age of marriages in Virginia and what in New England? Is forecast indeed more prevalent in Virginia than in New England? If this be indeed so, then unhappy causes must have been at work to produce it.

But it has been further said that the *standard of comfort* is higher in Virginia than in the northern states, that this denotes higher civilization, and thus the inertness of the prin-

ciple of population is her highest eulogy. If this be her reliance for a high eulogium, we are sorry to say that the ground is rapidly slipping from under her feet, for the standard of comfort in Virginia has greatly lowered and is daily lowering. All the chief glories of Virginia style are faded: gone is the massy coach with its stately *attelage* of four and six horses, shut is the beneficent hall-door, which, as if nailed wide open, once welcomed all comers to its princely hospitality! The watering places no longer blaze with the rich but decent pomp of the Virginian, the cities but rarely bear witness to his generous expense. Every thing indicates that he has reduced his idea of a becoming style of living to a very moderate scale. This ingenious supposition, therefore, will not account for the stagnation of population. The actual state of the standard of comfort, in effect, is itself a part of the universal evidence of her decline. If you would assert of any part of the United States, where the population was very slowly increasing, stationary, or retrograde, that it is not the worse off for that, you must at least exhibit proof that the positive amount of wealth of that part has been augmenting; and we may add, that, to be conclusive, the augmentation must be in the inverse ratio of the difference between the average activity of the principle of population in the United States, and its very reduced activity in that particular part of the country. If Massachusetts or Rhode Island could be said to be stationary in population, it might unquestionably be said of them too, that their augmentation of wealth and general prosperity was in this or a greater ratio.

But we look on this whole subject of the increase of national wealth, population, &c., in the case of Virginia, from a somewhat more elevated point. There are involved herein high and solemn obligations on Virginia if she would ever strive to fulfil her destiny. The introduction of industry and enterprise is matter to her of moral obligation; the endeavour to add to the stock of wealth of the state, as a token and source of general prosperity, is even a moral duty in her case. It is the distinguishing glory and responsibility of the American States, that

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“In *their* proper motion *they* ascend;
 ————descent and fall
 To *them* is adverse.”

It is only by "compulsion and laborious flight" that they sink at all. The fitting herself for the rivalry in prosperity and moral dignity, which the Old World beholds in North America with awe and wonder, is the most august of all interests and duties, it seems to us, in the appointment of the Providence of the Almighty, save only one: *conscience* and *liberty* are the highest concerns to her and to every people! Let any one select for himself out of the pictures of the prosperity of the United States drawn in the books of travelers, of public economists, or of political speculators: Europe sighs at these bright sketches of transatlantic felicity; yet, of all these brilliant traits, how few are true of Virginia! Indeed though literally true of some parts of America, they are scarcely at all descriptive of this, or of any among the older slave-holding States. Suppose the war of American Independence had resulted in nothing but the establishment of the Atlantic slave-holding States as new sovereignties:—the world would have been still to seek for a home for the emigrants of all nations, and for the grand series of spectacles which are said to be the dearest sight in the eyes of the powers above: that of men congregating together to found new cities under just laws. Even as early as the date of the Federal Constitution, eastern Virginia had begun to show many of the symptoms of an old commonwealth: a tendency to decline, under the influence of an apathy almost on a level with that of the people of the Pope's dominions; while New-York appeared manifestly the cradle of a vast nation. It seems to us, we must confess, that of all the States, none is more unequivocally marked out by nature for the prosperous abode of a homogeneous race of freemen than Virginia. Hers is not a land which should have been stained by the tread of a slave. A philosopher who had surveyed the map of Virginia, noted between what degrees she is placed, with what a wealth of land and water she is endowed, and how she is

rounded off into an empire to herself, would hear with amazement that she had suicidally adopted slave labour. We extract the following faithful picture from the official report of the principal engineer of Virginia for the year 1827:—

“No where has the kind hand of Providence been more profusely bountiful than in Virginia; blessed with a climate, and a fertile soil, producing cotton and the best tobacco, besides the common staples of the northern States, to which she even exports her flour; abounding with rich mines; her coal nearer to tide water than that of any other State. Virginia is no less favoured in her geographical position: she occupies in the Union an important central position, and the mouth of the Chesapeake; that fine harbour, always open, strongly protected against aggression, is equal even to that of New-York. [Add to this that no State is more blessed in the number, character, and distribution of her rivers.] She possesses, besides, perhaps more than any other State, the elements of manufactures; she has in abundance water power, coal, iron and raw materials. With these immense resources Virginia may ask why she is not the most flourishing State in the Union? Why she does not occupy the commercial station for which nature designed her? Circumstances purely accidental and temporary can alone have produced this state of things.”

It is food for irony, aye very bitter irony, to know that a country, thus made the fittest in the world for freemen, is not in fact good enough to be worked by slaves! We seem to have before us in her the image of a youthful power of the world lapsed from her high destiny, and in the homage of filial awe and grief we bow down with trembling over her decay! It is to us men of the western world as if the “Prince of the lights of heaven, which now as a giant doth run his unwearied course, should, as it were through a languishing faintness, begin to stand and to rest himself.”¹ Yet, we fondly imagine, it is but for a moment: the fiery vigour shall soon work off the corruption, and the celestial origin shall quickly show itself in a career of unclipsed beauty. And

¹ Hooker, I. 3.

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when Virginia, by disembarassing herself of all checks on her prosperity, and purging off all her evils, is fully girt for the race she has appointed to her, we are persuaded that there is not one wholesome feeling, not one patriotic principle, which might gain her the affection of the southern states, (let her not fear this), and the admiration of all, and that could make her eminent among commonwealths, which she would be found to want.

If such be the evils under which Virginia has already languished, it remains to consider whether they are likely to increase. They must increase; they are rapidly corroding all the hitherto sound elements, and they will go on to spread mischiefs of their own kind until they will be felt by all to have effected absolute ruin. But as soon as slavery has grown to a great extent, there comes in a new evil of a different cast: this is *danger*, physical danger. On this subject we forbear to touch except with a scrupulous hand. We feel all the delicacy of urging any considerations addressed to the fears of a gallant people. But there is that in the nature of a servile war, which sets at nought as well the most chivalrous courage, as the security of civil police and of military discipline. We may go on to say then, that in 1830, the whole population of Virginia was 1,211,272, of which 694,445 are whites, 469,724 are slaves, 47,103 free blacks; that 457,000 blacks are east of the Blue Ridge, while only 375,935 whites are east of the mountains.¹ We do not believe that in any short time to come the blacks will be able to rise and overpower the whites. But the experience of 1831 teaches what an amount of calamity in fact, and misery from alarm, may be the result of the insurrection of a contemptible handful of slaves. These partial risings may occur at any time:

¹ It will be perceived that we have studiously avoided making invidious distinctions between Virginia east and west of the Blue Ridge, and this even at the risk of doing much injustice to the west. Once for all, it is to be understood that the mischiefs of slavery are much less in the west than the east. But we are determined to regard the State as *one*, and the ills suffered by one part as the common calamity, proper for the deliberation of every county.

are they not worthy of anticipatory apprehension? But that the time will come when the blacks will be so numerous and so concentrated in a section of the State, as to be truly formidable to the whites, we cannot doubt, if the fixed principles of our species prove but faithful to themselves. We have seen how slow is the increase of the white population in Virginia, and we must not overlook the fact of the rapid increase of the black. Notwithstanding the constant drain of her slaves (say 6000, or one-half of their increase) to supply the plantations of the new States, the slaves have so multiplied, that though east of the Blue Ridge in 1790 the whites had a majority of 25,000, in 1830 the blacks had grown to a majority of 81,000! The emigration of whites in this period has by no possibility equalled that of blacks. What are the presages to be drawn from this? But some flatter themselves that this relative inequality will not increase—perhaps will not be even so great in 1840. Mr. Marshall has told us, that by the census of 1830, the number of slaves in Eastern Virginia under ten years of age, exceeds that of whites of the same age, more than 31,000! What can more solemnly show that the disparity existing in our generation is small compared with that which will in all probability exist in the generation of our children?

But it has been said by some that even this probable increase portends no danger, if the whites do but go on increasing, though in unequal proportions. It is proved thus:

The police necessary to keep order in a community is never greater than one man out of every hundred;—thus while the population is one hundred, the hundredth man may not be able to enforce obedience;—when grown to a thousand, the one hundred police men may succeed better, and when arrived at a million, the decimal ten thousand is certain to maintain order under all circumstances. In this way it is pretended that the security goes on increasing. It is all a mistake, then, that rebellions have ever triumphed in countries where the police (civil or military,) amounted to ten thousand! But every one sees up to what point it is true, that the safety increases *pari passu* with the materials of

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danger, and how as you pass that point the security diminishes. Virginia herself has already passed this point. We recommend this security to England in her police in Ireland: she will find the two millions of Protestants able to furnish twice ten thousand men, who demonstratively can keep down the five millions of Catholics without aid from England; but if they cannot do it to-day, they surely will, when the two parties have each doubled their numbers. This method of deriving increasing security from redoubling danger, is parallel to Hermes Harris's definition of the indefinite article: "a method of supply by negation." It follows from it that Virginia was all along mistaken, when, before the Revolution, she essayed three and twenty times to gain the royal assent to a law to provide for her domestic safety by prohibiting the further introduction of slaves from Africa; that she but exposed herself to ridicule, when she taunted the king in the preamble to her constitution, with "the inhuman use of the royal negative;" and that Louisiana has wholly blundered in laying so many obstacles in the way of the introduction of slaves from the other States, under hope to save herself from future civil war. But the example of Brazil is pointed out to us: it is true that Brazil is imbruted by a proportion of four millions of slaves to one million of whites, and her unnatural empire still exists. Yes, and her existence hangs by a hair. If we are not misinformed, the German recruits that mutinied for ill treatment, and were quelled by the slaves being turned loose on them, (they were proclaimed free game to any slave that would massacre them—what the poor Germans would have called *vogelfrei*), might give our speculatists a lesson on the terrors of the Brazilian slave population.

But grant it true, that the multiplication of the slaves will not go on at the present rapid rate, in Virginia: when we consider that there are adequate causes working which are certain to keep back the whites, it is impossible not to regard the increase of the slaves at any probable rate as full of danger. It is the simple case of a distinct race of people within our bosom, now nearly equal, soon to be more numerous than

ourselves, exposed to every temptation (we do not say inducement) to become our deadliest foe. This is the danger which reasoning cannot check nor argument avert. Police can never save harmless against an enemy that is at your hearth and in the most confidential relations with you. Besides, what profit does slavery confer on Virginia to make any one willing to see established a standing force of five or ten thousand men, at an expense equal to that of the whole peace establishment of the army of the United States?

The only rational ground for believing that Virginia will never contain the vast number of slaves, given by the estimates for the end of the next hundred years, is that the impoverishment of the state will make it impossible to maintain them.¹

II. *The practicability of greatly diminishing the evil of slavery, in Virginia. Are these ills incurable? Or if they can never be wholly remedied, may their disproportionate progress not be checked? May they not in fact be diminished?*

Before we proceed to speak of any particular plan for effecting this, let us briefly recount the objects which are proposed to be accomplished by any such schemes. It is expected to afford sensible relief to Virginia by withdrawing her slave labour, and substituting free labour in its place, by the superior cheapness and efficiency of which an impulse will be given to the inertness of the principles of prosperity. It builds on the supposition that the State can afford the gradual withdrawal of her present labour, which it has been fully shown can never prove profitable to her, (though it may to other States,) and that she can afford it, because she has immense capabilities which could not fail to draw to her an

¹ We have omitted all mention of the Protective System as a source of ruin to Virginia. For the ills which we have specified, slavery seems to us an adequate cause. It seems at least reasonable to attribute no ills to the Tariff except such as can be shown to have arisen since 1824. None of those enumerated have had so late an origin. The previous disabling of Virginia by slavery, has doubtless rendered her much more susceptible of injury from the errors of that system.

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adequate supply of productive labour, of a very different class, which would more than compensate her for the loss of the former. It counts on the hope of rearing in Virginia and inviting from abroad a yeomanry to till the large plantations of the rich proprietors, but much more to give new life to her husbandry, by the introduction of a large class of diligent faithful small farmers not interested to impoverish the soils further, but who would soon repair their present decay. It cherishes the hope of creating an extensive class of mechanics, and of tempting the establishment of manufactures; and, by a general revivification of the habits and spirit of the State, to build up cities, and render Virginia one of the most flourishing, as she is perhaps the most favoured, of all the Atlantic States. It is to be hoped that a fund for compensating the individual masters may be obtained, and thus that value in hand may be left, at the same time that the slaves are withdrawn; yet so thorough is the conviction of the ruinous character (in an economical view) of exclusive slave labour to Virginia, that it is believed, if the masters could be tempted to a gradual deportation of the slaves, without a farthing of compensation from government, there would be ultimate gain, and not loss, from it. The very last cases to which we would compare such gradual withdrawal, of what is in fact not a source of wealth, would be the expulsion of the eight hundred thousand Jews from Spain under Ferdinand and Isabella, or that of nearly a million of Moors under Philip III., or that of the Huguenots from France; in all which cases the persons expelled carried with them greater personal wealth in proportion to their number, finer skill, and more thriving habits than were left behind them, besides that in them, the expulsion was virtually immediate. Such comparisons, to say the least, are not supported by very cogent analogies.

We are fully persuaded ourselves that the emancipation of the slaves, and their transportation out of the limits of the State, will be the only mode of action on the subject which will be beneficial either to the blacks or the whites. We, too, are of opinion that a general emancipation of the slaves, on

the supposition of their remaining principally among us, would engender evils, the aggregate of which would be greater than all the evils of slavery, great as they unquestionably are.¹ We shall therefore make no further allusion to this idea.

We think that most of the arguments of the opponents of all action, on the ground of its futility, err from a mistake of the terms of the problem. The problem is not, with those projectors who offer no compensation to the masters, to prevail on Virginia to deprive herself in one day of one hundred millions of property, and to expel from her borders at once half a million of labouring hands. This would indeed be ruin to every class of interests, and would be an impossibility in terms. Still it is pretended that a gradual plan for the same object, no matter how slow and how wisely directed, though it operate not on the certain interests but the contingent, not on the actual but the potential, no matter though, by asking a small sacrifice to-day, it give ample opportunity, and put in the master's reach new means, of making the future sacrifices supportable, yet that it makes no difference; that it implies the total wreck of that amount of capital, and the loss of that amount of productive labour. Now, we humbly conceive that time is of the very essence of a problem like this. It is true that in any view of the case, some sacrifice would be involved, but we wholly reject the idea that it rises to that degree. On the other hand, when compensation is talked of as possible, it is not meant by any one that there is any fund in America which could purchase at once, at the actual price, all the slaves in Virginia and transport them.

¹ While this is true of African slaves in a community of white men of the European species, we are by no means persuaded that such would be the necessary result in a case of masters and bondsmen of the same race. Such we *know* is not the opinion of German statistis or the experiments of the last forty years in middle and eastern Europe. English travellers have treated of the Teutonic and Slavonic sections of Europe (the last are not to be studied rightly except through the medium of German books and the German language,) with a wrong headedness only equalled by their fashion of travel-writing in the unlucky United States; always except Russel's Tour in Germany.

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The proposition we mean to discuss is, to relieve the State of the annual increase of the blacks, with the hope of benefit in a double aspect: first, by keeping the black population stationary to check the *increase* of the evils and dangers; second, to prepare in this way a method of finally extirpating the great evil itself. But the pecuniary amount of this annual sacrifice (supposing such sacrifice to be supported wholly by her own means, or to be gratuitous) is by no means the measure of the loss to be suffered by Virginia. The loss to the wealth of the whole State from the abstraction annually of five or six thousand slaves, productive as they are of mischiefs of an economical nature, may not be at the time very great, and in a very few years may, by countervailing benefits, not otherwise to be obtained, be rendered merely nominal.

For ourselves, we desire to be distinctly understood to dissent from the opinion of Mr. Faulkner and others, *that property is the creature of civil society*, and from all the consequences deduced therefrom as means of arriving at the authority to deprive the master of his slave. Nor do we consider, however perfect the right of a community to abate nuisances, that the right of peremptory action on this subject can well be rested on that ground. Nor yet do we consider that the requirement of the Bill of Rights of Virginia, that private property shall not be taken for public uses without due compensation, is to be evaded by the plea of public necessity: the provision of the Bill of Rights (which in this case is merely declaratory of the law of nature) is intended as well for exigencies as for common occasions, and is meant to be equally sovereign over both. Necessity gives the public a right to take private property—this is undeniable; but under condition of compensation. If compensation cannot be made to-day, it is due to-morrow; if impossible for the present generation, it is just to impose a share of it on posterity; if it cannot be made in full measure, it is at least due so far as it can be made. This we take to be the rationale of the operation of the right of necessity. We will tell these gentlemen, that there is one ground, and only one, which could ever be a logical justification (we do not speak of its moral propri-

ety) for peremptorily depriving the master of his slaves without compensation: any such bill must make its own defence by reciting, in its preamble, that the claim of property in slaves is unfounded. But we, for our part, earnestly hope that no one may ever think any such law expedient.

We also decline assenting to the opinion of some of the abolitionists, that, though the master's right over his living slaves should be conceded, yet he has no claim of property in the unborn, for the reason that there can be no property in a thing not *in esse*. This position is wholly untenable under any jurisprudence. All systems lay it down that there may be a present right to a future interest: it is potential if not actual, and is many times saleable for a valuable consideration. The civilians treat the increase of slaves as precisely on the footing of the fruits of any other *thing*. Let it be avowed, then, that the State has only a right to do with the future increase what it has a right to do with the living slaves. We do agree, however, that the public mind will be much more ready to yield to a plan, which is to begin its operation with the children yet to be born, than if it began with the slaves now existing. The difference between the potential value of these contingent births and the value of actual lives, it is superfluous to say, is very great. Mr. Jefferson had the true view of it, when he said, the sacrifice would not be felt to be very great, being the surrender "of an object which they have never yet known or counted as part of their property."

Having made these disclaimers, we venture to lay down some principles of our own. First, it is to be assumed that no human being has an abstract right to hold another in a state of perpetual involuntary bondage, much less with a descending power over the posterity of that other. It is quite impossible to conceive of any rational being's holding the contrary of this proposition. No two men could look each other in the face and assert it. This truth being postulated, its proper use is not to lay it aside and never let it be remembered again in the course of an argument on the subject of abolition. Our adversaries in words universally admit it as readily as we

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demand its acknowledgment. But almost the whole train of their reasoning involves a total forgetfulness of it. The true use of it is to introduce the element of moral duty into the problem of the economist, and to furnish the *motif* of virtue, as one of the ways and means in solving the complication of difficulties, which appear to obstruct all the plans of abolition that can be proposed. While, then, we promised not to claim a sacrifice to mere abstract justice, we can by no means consent to its being wholly cast out of view. We hope to be pardoned for adding here, that should Dr. Whately ever have a clever disciple in logic in America, we trust he will favour us with a treatise on the true functions of general truths in moral reasoning. We really believe that there are some politicians in our country, who could be persuaded to define abstract principles, to be propositions which are true in terms, but false in every conceivable instance of their application! Second, we admit, nay we will maintain against any adversary, the innocence of slaveholding, under present circumstances, in Virginia. But it is with this qualification: we have always held the opinion that almost every master in Virginia believed it his duty to emancipate his slaves, whenever he was convinced that it could be done to the advantage of the slave, and without greater injury to the master than is implied in the continuance of the bondage. Such we still believe to be the general sentiment there. If there be a single owner who neither hopes that, in some future day, this occasion may occur to him or his posterity, nor intends should it occur to avail himself of it, then we must confess that we cannot hold his sentiment to be entirely innocent. We defy contradiction when we say that in Virginia, from the year 1776 down to 1832, the prevalent sentiment ever has been that slavery was not entailed on the State for ever. None of her economists has ever defended the abstract right over the slaves, none has ever been willing to believe in the perpetuity of slavery, as far as we know, except that Mr. Giles has expressed in his golden casket (*mons a non movendo*) certain opinions which are, it must be admitted, incompatible with the future possibility of renouncing the dominion over them.

Third, we admit that slavery does not exist in Virginia in any thing like the rigour which some misguided persons connect with the very idea of slavery. An inhuman master is rare, and cruelty to slaves is as little habitual as other crimes. But if an anti-abolitionist who regards domestic slavery as the optimum among good institutions, while asserting the benign and sacred character of the relation of master and slave as observed in Virginia, should boast that Virginia is "in fact a *negro raising State for other States*," and that "she produces enough for her own supply and six thousand for sale," we must say that this is a material subtraction from the truth of his picture of the sanctity of the relation. It would be well to recall it and thrust it out of view.

We proceed now to speak of the practicability of devising some plan for the relief of the State. One main point to be gained is this: that the people of Virginia be impressed with a thorough conviction of the exceeding desirableness and the urgent necessity of *doing something promptly*. The great triumph will be when, on the fullest view of the present interests, moral and economical, of this generation, and of its duty to the posterity who are to inherit the "fee simple" of Virginia, there shall be, in the minds of a great majority, the clear and unalterable opinion that slavery is not a source of prosperity to her, and that it will not do for this generation to attempt nothing to bring about a change.

Another great point is, *that some plan be adopted with the sanction of the State*. It is of vastly more importance to the final deliverance of the State, that a mode be selected and come forth to the world with the crowning sanction of the State, than it is what that mode may be. For, it is certain that the public opinion, thus solemnly announced, will be an instrument for the execution of the plan, the power of which we cannot exaggerate to ourselves. The public once predisposed to its success, half the task is done. This brings us at once to the consideration of the first among our ways and means for diminishing the evils of slavery: the moral elements which will be at work for its accomplishment. These elements are powers as well known in political economy as

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others which seem more substantial. We utterly protest against this question being argued as if the emancipation were in fact a mere money speculation, and the success of the adopted plan were to rise and fall according as its pecuniary temptations were greater or less than those from some other accidental quarter—as if there were no other reasons likely to have the slightest effect on the master, but such as went to show that he was thereby to make a good bargain, so far as his poor, circumscribed, present and personal interest was concerned. It will be monstrous indeed, if, in a problem like the present, of which the very terms are instinct with moral forces, a calculator should leave wholly out of his estimate of means of working it, the value of a little virtue, a slight sense of justice, and a grain of common honesty, as agents. It is most true that we too propose to advance the interests of those who now hold slaves, and believe that this will be effectually done by some radical plan of emancipation: but it is by the help of the moral considerations that the masters must be led to look on their higher and ultimate interests as worthy of some sacrifice of present inferior interests. We readily assent to the opinion that the enthusiasm of abstract virtue is not the true temper in which a great work, like the present, should be undertaken, or carried on; and we cannot more distinctly express our views on the matter, than by citing the following passage from the *African Repository* of September 1827:

“This is not the age of enthusiasm: far from it. Too large a part of the talent of the age is devoted to caricature, to ridicule; and what is more, too large a part of the good sense and good learning of the day is in the hands of those who look for the ludicrous part of every plan, by much too large to permit the public mind to be heated with unnecessary zeal, even in the best cause, or to uphold for a long time any grave farce. It is the age of practical reason, of great moral truths rigidly established by cool practical experiment, the age which has relieved human nature from the apprehension that any of the baneful evils in society are sealed and fated on us by our own imbecility, by proofs which are intended for the

most plodding, the most determined enemies of novelty. Enthusiasm is not fit to be trusted with any great scheme, unsteady, blind, and indiscriminating as it is. The most anxious zealot is little wise who would not rather trust his cherished plans to that state of devotion to principle so naturally rising up in this age, which, tempered by prudence and restrained by fear of the charge of absurdity, takes its course calm, collected, and like the cloud of the poet, 'moveth altogether, if it move at all.' Public opinion and public feeling, when thus informed, are indeed the voice of God."

But we must be understood to be far from deeming lightly of the power of philanthropy. A senator from South Carolina once said with much piquancy, that "benevolence somehow was rather an unsuccessful adventure in the south." There, as elsewhere, avarice and ambition seem to come of a healthier stock, and last their day and generation: but do not let us libel poor nature in the south so scandalously as to suppose that when the disinterested feelings are in question, "there is no throb under the left breast," as Persius has it. It was hitherto said that avarice has been more successfully pelted by the satirists than any other passion; but we doubt if philanthropy has not had quite a sufficient share of worrying. We do not love to see any one succeed in discrediting all reliance on philanthropy. Whether philanthropy has ever proved competent to carry through, unassisted, any one great work, matters very little: it is happily the fact that it rarely fails of commanding a thousand auxiliary interests to lend it subsidy. But among the successful agents in any undertaking for ameliorating the condition of human life, one of the chief, and that which could least be spared, will always, as hitherto, prove to be those feelings which are founded in sympathy for others, and in a sense of duty. "Many," says an English moralist with great force, "are the modes of evil—many the scenes of human suffering; but if the general condition of man is ever to be ameliorated, it can only be through the medium of belief in human virtue." But even suppose that all change in the world is to be effected merely by the triumph of one sort of interest or another. What then?

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We need but ask of our theorists of human nature, that we be permitted to believe that man's selfishness is distinguished from that of the brutes by a power of large discourse in his calculations; that he is capable of balancing a contingent interest against one certain, a future interest against a present; that he is capable of weighing one species of valuable interest, such as money, against another such as the acquisition of moral habits which would prove in their turn more profitable; that he is capable of the conception that individual interest is often best promoted by generosity to one's country; and that it is one of the commonest of human propensities to be prodigal of wealth, of ease, and of life, for the welfare or the honour of one's country, so that the age which is to come after may not receive an inheritance profaned by hereditary disgrace. Give us these capacities in human nature, and upon them we will build you up a hope for the noblest undertakings. But were we to suppose a large body of men elevated to this *enlightened pitch of self-interest*, and united for some great purpose, we much fear that we should be parasitical enough to offer them the adulation of ascribing to them a spirit a little more disembodied than selfishness—"of the earth, earthy." If it be meant to assert, that the immediate and personal interests are the only safe reliances in any problem of human action, we boldly deny the assertion. Remote, prospective interests have often been the dominant motives over a whole nation. But the labours of mere philanthropy have been, in fact, invaluable, and when combined with the holy impulse of conscience, it has proved in our own day, that it is capable of success in enterprises of the vastest scope, and beset with the most obstinate difficulties.

By the aid of these moral elements, we are able to dissipate the apprehension which has been expressed by some, lest, even if the number of five or six thousand were annually deported, it should be found that the operation proved wholly nugatory, *under the stimulated influence of the spring of population*. Some have imagined, that, if government were possessed of means to compensate the masters, at the present

average price of slaves, the desire of government to purchase would elevate the price beyond the natural value, and that consequently the *raising* of them would become an object of primary importance throughout the State, thus inducing a general resort to every means of rendering the race more prolific. It might be answered, first, that to those who know the state of things in this respect in Virginia, it would seem not easy, even for Euler himself, to imagine more liberal encouragement than is at present afforded to the blacks. Besides, it by no means appears that the best way to succeed in giving a perfect elasticity (a property in practical mechanics hitherto wanting) to this delicate spring, would be to devise special plans for its improvement. Any increased propensity to promiscuous intercourse would of course not add very much to the production. But all this objection is futile in the extreme. If the day is ever to arrive when a bill is to pass the Virginia Legislature for the purchase and deportation of the annual surplus, it will naturally be an expression of the sentiments of the State, that slavery is an evil to the commonwealth. No one will thank the Legislature for passing a bill through the forms under favour of accidental circumstances, whereby the public sentiment is not embodied, and a large majority of the citizens pledged to a hearty co-operation in its execution. Surely we must be pardoned for saying that we shall on no account believe that every scheme which ingenious cupidity can contrive to render its operation nugatory, will be unscrupulously resorted to throughout the State. That some slaveholders would avail themselves of the most immoral means of encouraging the spring of population, and thus *pro tanto* thwart the law, may of course be expected, but never that such shifts would be the general resort.¹ It is

¹ It is no reply to this to say that such an abolition bill will only pass by being forced on eastern Virginia by the valley and western Virginia. The whole argument assumes that the State has a fair compensation to offer to the master; for the quickening of the *spring* is to be occasioned by a great market demand. When compensation becomes possible, the east will be as willing to yield as the west. Moreover, in any form of abolition, it is a woful delusion to suppose that the parties for and

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superfluous to add, that such a moral phenomenon would itself point out the remedy, which would be found in a different tone of legislation.

While we are on this head, (the probability of such a law's proving nugatory,) we may notice another objection. It has been said, as we have already noticed, that Virginia produces enough slaves for her own supply, and six thousand for sale. It may be subjoined to that statement, that, if motives of humanity did not prevent many masters from selling negroes who could most advantageously be spared, she would be able to sell five times that number, were there purchasers for them. Now, suppose the government of Virginia enters the slave market resolved to purchase six thousand for emancipation and deportation, is it not evident, they say, that it must overbid the southern slave trader, and thus take the very slaves who would have gone to the south? Not in the least likely. The average estimate of \$200 per head, has been made under the stimulus of a large demand from the south, as great as it is ever likely to be hereafter, (doubtless greater,) and of the competition of slave traders in every parish. The price of slaves in Virginia has always been regulated more by foreign demand (of late years, entirely regulated by it) than by the home value. In this situation of things, if a new buyer were to come into the market (we blush to use these words as applied to the operation of the government under the beneficent law of which we are speaking) resolved to buy at any cost every slave whom any owner might be desirous of selling, it is true that the slaves who would else have been sent to the south, would, among the rest, fall into his hands. But were our new buyer only resolved to purchase as many as six thousand, and the southern traders were desirous of buying six thousand more, it would only be for the former to wait till the demand of the latter was supplied, and then buy his own number; for, as soon as the inducement of the not in-

against the movement will be all the non-slaveholders on the one side, and all the slaveholders on the other. Did we not think it indecent to speak of divisions in the State, we would say we have entire reliance on middle Virginia, as well as the valley and the west.

human destination of the slaves, who might be sold to the new buyer, had been brought into play, we dare say that Virginia would willingly, as she well could, spare twelve thousand per annum at the same price. This shows at once, that as long as the demand exists in the south, the due quota can be annually furnished from Virginia, and that this drain for the relief of Virginia will not *in this way* be stopped. Thus much to show that putting money into the hands of the State, to purchase from willing masters, would not at least prove nugatory by merely enabling the State—*actum agere*—to buy the very slaves, none other, who would otherwise have departed from the State. The fund will manifestly act as auxiliary to the operations of the southern traders, and in the precise measure of its magnitude will extend additional relief to the overburdened State. It is not irrational to suppose, if the State were to fix a fair maximum price, beyond which it would not buy, that it would find many more slaves offered at that price than it could yearly take, and thus masters would come to offer them at even lower than the average price. Should, unhappily for Virginia, (for however mortifying it is, this outlet is her only safety valve at present) the southern markets ever be closed by the legislation of the southern States, then we may indeed thank the supposed fund for supplying their place. If no substitute for that outlet be then found, the present sources of danger and ruin are frightfully increased indeed!

We confess that we count largely on the operation of the moral elements, to induce many masters to surrender their slaves voluntarily and gratuitously, if the State would provide the means of colonizing them out of the United States. In the year 1816, when slave labour was infinitely more profitable than it is now, as all know from the inflated prices of tobacco, &c., &c., Mr. Randolph of Roanoke, who is, perhaps, better qualified to speak for the slaveholders of Virginia than any other man, said: "if a place could be provided for their reception and a mode of sending them hence, there were hundreds, nay thousands, who would by manumitting their slaves, relieve themselves from the cares atten-

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dant on their possession." We repeat most emphatically the declaration of General Brodnax, and add that there can be no mistake in asserting that "there would be again another class, (he had already heard of many) while they could not afford to sacrifice the entire value of their slaves, would cheerfully compromise with the State for half of their value."

It is not denied by us, too, that the adoption of some plan with the sanction of the State will have the moral effect (not to excite a feeling of insecurity and apprehension as to this kind of property, and so incline the owners to dispose of it at a loss)—but to weaken the almost exclusive attachment of the master to this species of property, to make him cast about for means of making his other resources more available, and to set him upon certain broad and liberal calculations, whereby he may satisfy himself that more prosperous and more valuable interests may be had in exchange for this property. In the beginning, and for several years, there would, we do not doubt, be as many furnished for transportation (exclusive of the present free blacks) as would be wanted, without any cost for their freedom; and after the experiment of colonizing a large number annually is fairly tried with success, then we would draw to an almost unlimited amount on this bank of humanity without fear of protest.

Will any one say that the inefficiency of moral restraints to check commercial cupidity, is shown in the impossibility of checking the African slave trade? We reply, that we know that this impossibility was urged as one of the best reasons against its prohibition by laws in England and other countries; but that it was clearly wise nevertheless to prohibit it, for the following if for no other reason: the law would effectually prevent all men who were not desperately depraved from lending their future countenance to it. It is known that men like the excellent Mr. Newton of Olney were owners of slave ships—the public voice of Christian England once expressed, such men and all others with a single spark of virtue, abjured it for ever, and left it to pirates alone.

Besides, even as to this example, we are content to say, that in America, with a coast the most tempting in the world to smugglers, yet since 1808 we are not aware that attempts have been made to violate the laws against the introduction of slaves from Africa. Indeed we hope that Edwards's apprehension, that their importation into the West Indies could never be stopped, has not proved altogether just as to the British possessions.

But it is time to proceed to the other means, on which we rely, for the liberation of Virginia from her exigency, and in so doing to unfold more distinctly what practicable mode of action there is. Once for all, we declare that we have, however, no confidence in any plan except under condition that it be accompanied with the public favour: if the people of Virginia really desire relief from their slaves, we believe most solemnly that it can be obtained without ruinous consequences to themselves. Touching the specific project of Mr. T. J. Randolph, we refer to what we have already cursorily said, both as to the reasoning by which some have supported it, and as to the merit of the conception of beginning with the after born. We believe that means may be found to colonize the annual surplus of the slaves of Virginia, and to purchase such a portion of that surplus as it may be necessary to purchase.

The annual increase of slaves in Virginia (leaving out of view the 6000 supposed to be taken off to the southern markets) is less than 5000. If this number of slaves be valued at the average of 200 dollars per head, the sum necessary to purchase them will be about a million of dollars. To defray the expense of their deportation to Africa and subsistence there for some months will, on the satisfactory calculation of Mr. Mathew Carey, to which we must refer, at 25 dollars per head for adults and children, require 125,000 dollars—add to which the cost of deportation of 1200 free blacks (their annual increase,) 30,000 dollars, and we have the sum of 150,000 dollars. That the State of Virginia has no possible means of purchasing 5000 slaves *per annum* is obvious. But were the entire cost that of transportation only,

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150,000 dollars, we should insist that the Legislature take it into serious consideration how far that expense exceeds its means. In any event, our adversaries will allow us to set down the item of transportation to the charge of the State: if this be all, it is to offer no insurmountable embarrassment. Perhaps it may be thought best to deport the free negroes first, and then the whole expense is that of transportation. Where, however, shall we find that greater fund which will presently be needed for the purchase of the surplus of the slaves, and before long for the purchase of a part of the capital number? There is not far off a fund to which we believe our eyes may be turned. We have come to the conclusion that such a fund is the proceeds of the public lands in the Treasury of the General Government; and we do now invite the friends of the removal and colonization of the negroes to fix hereafter their thoughts and to press their pretensions on this fund. The annual income to government from the public lands is now estimated at three millions. Let one-third of this amount be demanded for this object, *to be under the entire management of the State authorities.*

In coincidence with the known opinion of Virginia, we are not willing to demand a simple appropriation of money from Congress. But we are inclined to think, that an appropriation from the receipts of the public lands would not be liable to the constitutional objection, which would forbid a grant of money raised by taxes. The public lands belong to the United States in absolute ownership; as to that part of the public domain obtained by cession from the States themselves, it will be found that the Acts of Cession uniformly declare that the territory is given "as a common fund for the use and benefit" of the United States. Such are the words of the Acts of Virginia, New-York, and Georgia. The grants of the two former were made during the time of the old Confederation; of the latter, subsequently. In the Constitution of the United States it is provided that "Congress shall have power to dispose of and make all needful rules and regulations respecting the territory or other property belonging to the United States." This certainly seems to

import a complete right to grant the public lands, under the sole condition that it shall be faithfully and *bona fide* for the common use and benefit. And we are free to confess, that we should regard the temporary appropriation of the proceeds of the public lands, to one embodied purpose that might be said to come up to the definition "for the common use and benefit" of all the States, as a more faithful execution of the condition, than the distribution of the same to the States for application to any purpose in their discretion. The lands have hitherto been pledged for the public debt, but are soon to be released. It will then remain a question, whether the removal of the negroes deserves to be termed a measure demanded for the common benefit of the United States? We have an unfeigned respect for constitutional scruples, but we are not ambitious ourselves of entertaining more scruples than Mr. Madison. Let us hear then what that greatest living authority says upon the subject, in his letter to Mr. Gurley, of December last:—

"In contemplating the pecuniary resources needed for the removal of such a number to so great a distance, my thoughts and hopes have been long turned to the rich fund presented in the western lands of the nation, which will soon entirely cease to be under a pledge for another object. The great one in question is truly of a national character, and it is known that distinguished patriots not dwelling in slave-holding States have viewed the object in that light, and would be willing to let the national domain be a resource in effecting it. Should it be remarked that the States, though all may be interested in relieving our country from the coloured population, are not equally so; it is but fair to recollect, that the sections most to be benefited are those whose cessions created the fund to be disposed of. I am aware of the constitutional obstacle which has presented itself; but if the general will should be reconciled to an application of the territorial fund to the removal of the coloured population, a grant to Congress of the necessary authority could be carried, with little delay, through the forms of the Constitution."

Before any one condemns us for looseness of construction

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of the Constitution, we beg further that he will read Mr. Jefferson's letter to Mr. Sparks, (vol. iv. p. 388-391.): we adopt all the qualifications therein mentioned.

Judge Marshall most properly suggests that the objection, in a political view, to the application of this ample fund, is very much lessened, in his estimation, by the fact that our lands are becoming an object for which the States are to scramble, and which threatens to sow the seeds of discord among us, instead of being what they might be—a source of national wealth.

A great part of the proceeds of the public domain once appropriated to this object, there would soon be found no insurmountable difficulty in the removal of the necessary number in Virginia. But it is said that were Congress disposed to give a million annually for the specific object of the removal of the slaves, it would feel bound to bestow it proportionally on all the slaveholding States, or if all be not inclined to receive it, then on those which would be. We answer, that, if Congress should consent to pledge a certain share of the revenue from the lands for the purchase and removal (under the laws of the States) of the slaves of the United States, we have no doubt it would be thought wise to begin with the effectual relief of the greatest sufferer first. A minute's attention to the following statement of General Brodnax will show the immense claims of Virginia.

“The State of Virginia contains, by the last census, less than one fifteenth part of the whole *white* population of the United States; it contains *more* than one seventh of the free negroes; and it possesses between a fourth and a fifth of all the *slaves* in the Union.

“Virginia has a greater number of slaves than any other State in the Union—and more than Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama and Tennessee, all put together; and more than four times as many as either of them. Louisiana and South Carolina are the only States in which the slaves are more numerous than the white population; and Virginia has more slaves, without estimating her great and unfortunate proportion of free persons of colour, than both these States put

together. Nay, one half of the State, that which lies on the east of the Blue Ridge of Mountains, itself contains nearly as many.”

But if Congress should decline to grant from this fund for the specific purpose of the removal of the blacks, and prefer to distribute among the States the portion of money severally assignable to them, let such portion as would fall to Virginia be earnestly claimed of the Legislature for this object. The annual receipt of between two and three hundred thousand dollars, which Mr. Clay’s bill (limited to five years’ duration) would assign to her, would not be adequate for compensating masters on the foregoing plan, but it might suffice for doing an immense deal of good on the plan in Mr. Jefferson’s letter to Mr. Sparks, the *purchase of the children* at a small but just price, the children to be disposed of either according to the particulars of that plan, or under any other plan which might be speedier, and less burdensome to the persons to be charged with rearing them.

We believe that before half a million of blacks were conveyed to Africa, there would not remain a master obstinately resolved to retain his slaves, except in the most southern and south-western States, where slave labour is next to essential (we hope not absolutely) for the cultivation of the good lands!

We exhort the people of Virginia then, first to seek aid from their own Legislature to the extent it can be afforded; second, to insist on the passage of permanent laws going as far in the subject as public opinion will justify; and third, to assert their claims to a share of the proceeds of the public lands. Let it not, by her fastidiousness, be made true, that she ceded an empire to the General Government, under a virtual condition that she alone was to derive no benefit from it.

Suppose then means to be thus found to defray the expense of emancipating and transporting them to some other country, the next question is, where a suitable asylum may be found to which to convey them? We answer, that Africa affords the most eligible situation for such an asylum,

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and that we hope Virginia would avail herself of the noble beginning which has been made by the American Colonization Society at Liberia. We have thus reached our third division, in which we design to say,

III. *A few preliminary words on the position of the Colonization Society with reference to the Virginia question, and then to show the possibility of finding a refuge for the blacks in Africa.*

Justice to the Society demands that it should be distinctly stated, that it has no share whatever in the abolition question. Its whole sphere of operations is voluntary and peaceful; it is no propagandist of agitating opinions. It has its own private, independent course marked out, which it will pursue, though the abolition of slavery should never be mentioned again in any legislature. Let no adversary of abolition charge on it the odium (since with some it is odium) of that discussion any where. It has confined itself in all sincerity to the removal of free persons of colour (who may desire the same) to Africa, and to the preparation of means for the reception there of such slaves as might be manumitted by their masters under the laws of the States. Except by the peaceful and modest persuasive of the practicability of its scheme, (now made manifest,) and the certainty of its easy adaptation to the largest possible demand, it has not had, and never will have any agency in creating an inclination to abolition. All such action, too, will plainly pass far beyond the limits of the Society's views. Indeed, in the midst of all the doubts and fears encompassing that subject, how naturally might both of the parties which contest it, turn their thoughts to that Society! How soothing after the agitation of the momentous opinions which separate them from each other, is the invitation to peaceful concert which it holds out to them! In the plan of this Society they can both find large room for the exercise of the patriotism they both boast. It may claim the ardent co-operation of persons of both opinions on the subject of abolition, without expecting those of either opinion to violate in the least their own consistency. Popular writers in South Carolina formerly

declared that the Society would become the nucleus for all the mischievous incendiaries through the United States—*now*, it can with ease be demonstrated, that on a subject about which the public mind neither can, nor will be indifferent, the only absolutely certain security against intemperance and rashness, is to be found in the scheme of that Society. The incendiaries find it not at all suited to their taste. The Society was once denounced as hostile to the interests of the slave-holding States, and made of meddling theorists ignorant of the evil they sought to remedy:—*now*, it begins to be noted that it originated out of the passage, at different periods, of resolutions by the Virginia Legislature, projecting the identical scheme which the Society was established to promote. Formerly it was declared that the Society tampered with the public safety: what is the fact? Why that the very first mention of an American colony of emancipated negroes in Africa, was made in the Virginia Assembly, at a date which we beg every one to notice—it was in 1801. A plan for the acquisition of lands in Africa, for this purpose, was the result of the anxious secret sessions of the Assembly immediately subsequent to the rebellion of Gabriel! In a word, it may be made manifest, that it is not only a safe, a wise, a practicable scheme, but that it was originally the deliberate policy of slaveholders, and is peculiarly fitted as a relief from exigencies of an alarming nature. Give it then but the right to impute to any one a single sentiment of patriotism in the range of the subject of slavery; give it but a concession of one right idea in that man's reasoning on the probable future career of Virginia, and the Society may plant the foot of its rhetoric and its logic on these, so as to move the whole mass of his sentiments and opinions into subjection to itself.

The history of the first suggestions about the expediency of a colony on the coast of Africa is briefly told. In the last century it was distinctly proposed by several individuals, and was even talked of, it is believed, in the Virginia Assembly. But its chief events are the resolutions of the sessions of that body in 1801–3, when the governor was desired

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to open a correspondence with the president, on the means of finding an asylum in the European colonies already established, or of purchasing a suitable territory; and the passage of similar resolutions in 1816, the correspondence under the former having proved fruitless. The direct object of these two attempts was the establishment of a colony under the proprietorship and dominion of Virginia, or of the United States. It was after this last attempt that it was suggested by certain philanthropists, among whom Dr. Finley and Mr. Caldwell were most conspicuous, that the benevolent project would take a more vigorous beginning, and succeed better under the control of a private society, and thereupon the present Society was instituted at Washington, as the more convenient agent in the prosecution of the conception of the Virginia Assembly.

The fixed object of the labours of the Society was at once declared to be the removal to Africa of the free blacks, with their own consent, and of such blacks, then slaves, as might after that time be set free, under the laws of the States. Were there no other object in view but the providing a foreign place of refuge for the existing class of free negroes, we are sure that that of itself would be found an end quite worthy of the labours of a Society spread over the whole country; and this chiefly as a measure of police. So pernicious a class, (we admit many honourable exceptions), the source of so much vice and the prey of so much misery, so beset with an inaptitude to habits of virtue, so tempted to petty misdemeanors and so subject to be dragged into crime; a class so seemingly born for the rolls of vagrancy and the calendar of felonies, exists no where perhaps in the world. No wise government can, for a moment, regard the existence of such a class without uneasiness. We admit that the whites are under a sacred duty to them: one of two things must be done. Either their condition must be radically changed, and bettered, by the grant of such privileges in this country as may induce them to become useful citizens, or they must be prevailed on to accept elsewhere a home under a sky of more friendly influences. That the whites in the

slave-holding states should ever consent to grant them here enough privileges to be a sufficient temptation to them to reform the character of their *caste*, is wholly improbable and unreasonable. It is true that in the domestic police of the West Indies, where they are highly privileged, it is thought they serve as a barrier class between the masters and slaves, to protect the masters; but were we to give a list of their privileges there, it would go high to create a revulsion in the mind of the reader from all the humanity he at present feels towards the *caste*. The approach to equal rights with the whites, in some of the non-slaveholding States, has indisputably made them a more pestilent population in those States, than elsewhere. In a memorial prepared by the Pennsylvania Colonization Society and presented to the Legislature of that State three or four years ago, (referred to in an earlier number of this journal,) it is stated that of the whole population of Pennsylvania, then estimated at 1,200,000, about 40,000 or one thirtieth are people of colour; and the following statement taken from the records of the State Penitentiary is then given: "in 1826, of 296 convicted and brought to the Philadelphia prison, 117 were coloured: being nearly in the ratio of 3 to 7. Had the number of coloured convicts been proportional to the coloured population of the State, there would have been but 6 instead of 117. The average of the last seven years proves a similar disproportion." Nothing short of complete citizenship can ever elevate them: but the danger of the example to our slaves is an insuperable barrier to this in the slave-holding States, and the strong disgust of nature every where absolutely forbids the thought in America. Elsewhere then, they must seek the advancement of their degraded condition. Their emigration from one State to another, already restricted, may one day be forbidden, and it is almost to be hoped it may. When once transferred to another land where their freedom is no longer maimed and their privilege no longer ineffectual, they prove as fair subjects of moral and social discipline as the citizens of any government.

There is however another branch of the Society's plan.

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Every one will observe how benignant and void of offence this first part of it is. The second, while it is of vaster compass, is equally harmless. It next fixes its view on such slaves as may be voluntarily manumitted by their masters under the temptation of an opportunity to have them removed out of the United States, and most munificently provided for, on another soil. We think the Society is most deeply indebted to Mr. Archer, for the support he lent it last winter, at its anniversary meeting. He may rest assured that he has not mistaken the neutral character of the Society in the midst of the troubled opinions of the times: that *it* attacks no man's conventional rights, and tramples on no pardonable prejudices. It waits with patience the slow ripening of public opinion; it prepares with quiet diligence a reservoir for the voluntary outpourings of individual patriotism, and gathers up the random impulses of States and citizens into a concentrated impetus. Legislatures may speak with the power of law, and statesmen may by their courageous eloquence hurry on the day of relief, but the most benign agent in behalf of master and slave will be acknowledged to be the unobtrusive Colonization Society, to which they will all turn in the moment of their success. In the end, that Institution shall have the benedictions of all, for it will have shown that "they also serve, who only stand and wait." Such (we have thought necessary to say) is the position of the Society with reference to the abolition question. It now only remains to see whether Virginia can avail herself of the labours of the Society. The following details are, of course, familiar to every one who has given much attention to the reports of the Society; but in the hope that these pages may meet the eye of some who are yet unacquainted with the facts, we shall make a simple recital of some of them.

We will suppose every one persuaded that some point on the African coast is the best position for an asylum for the emancipated blacks. We will suppose too, that the appropriateness of our making to Africa herself a tribute of the reparation which we design to render to humanity, is not merely a fanciful consideration. Although we are ready to

admit that, should it seem advisable hereafter, other places in Africa or America may also be selected for colonizing them, we presume the policy of planting the first and largest colony in Africa will be conceded. There it will be distant enough (as it should be) from all possibility of intrusion from the whites; there it need neither dread the jealousy of civilized governments, nor can it become itself, when grown to be a powerful nation, in any manner dangerous to the peace of the United States. To combine these qualities, we think no settlement of blacks can be planted any where at less expense, or in a happier position than at Liberia.

The colony of Liberia extends about two hundred and eighty miles along the coast, and from twenty to thirty inland. It lies between $4^{\circ} 30'$ and 7° north latitude. This proximity to the equator by no means subjects it to a torrid climate; on the contrary, the climate is mild and uniform, the thermometer never being lower than 68° , nor higher than 88° , save perhaps one day in the season, when it has been known to rise to 91° . To the health of the colony the managers have directed their chief thoughts, and they express confidently the opinion that people of colour from most of the southern States will experience no serious injury from the African climate, and that such persons from any section of the United States will soon be able to settle on the elevated lands of the interior, where there exist, it is believed, no special causes of disease. The process of acclimation is gentle, fatal to comparatively few. The character of that climate, we are assured by those who know it best, is not well understood in other countries. Fatal as it may be to whites, its inhabitants are as robust, as healthy, as longlived to say the least, as those of any other country. Nothing like an epidemic has ever appeared in Liberia, nor is it learned from the natives that the calamity of a sweeping sickness ever yet visited this part of the continent. The managers have of late sent out experienced physicians, supplies of medicines, appropriated a fund for the erection of a hospital, and taken every measure which experience has suggested. The residents of Liberia declare that "a more fertile soil, and a more

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productive country, so far as it is cultivated, there is not on the face of the earth. Its hills and plains are covered with a verdure that never fades: the productions of nature keep on in their growth through all the seasons of the year. Even the natives of the country, almost without farming utensils, without skill and with very little labour, make more grain and vegetables than they can consume, and often more than they can sell." All the best products of the tropics, with many others which are favourites in temperate countries, flourish either spontaneously or under moderate labour. From the testimony of Englishmen we are assured that "the character of these industrious colonists is exceedingly correct and moral; their minds strongly impressed with religious feelings; their manners serious and decorous, and their domestic habits remarkably neat and comfortable." A sum of money has recently been given by a gentleman of New-York to found a high school there. A distinguished British naval officer has recently published his conviction, that the success which has attended the American colony in Africa is a complete proof that such experiments are not of a fanciful, or impracticable nature. Already are there about 2400 inhabitants of Liberia, of whom, (we have often been assured by voyagers thither,) not one repines at his condition, or would consent to return to live in America. Preparations are on foot for a vastly increased body of settlers. It may be satisfactory to compare the planting of Liberia with that of Jamestown. In the year 1624, after more than 150,000 pounds sterling had been expended, and more than 9000 persons had been sent from England, its population did not exceed 1800 persons. From tables given in Mr. Jefferson's Notes, it appears that, after several fluctuations, sometimes rising as high as 400 and again sinking as low as 60, the whole number in 1618 (the eleventh year of the settlement) was only 600. So far then as the trial of the experiment of a negro colony was concerned, this is success—the most brilliant success. Those who were fearful of it from the analogy of the failure of Sierra Leone (a most remarkable instance certainly in the history of British enterprise, which, above

all things, has succeeded in planting foreign colonies) may now dismiss all fear. The American negro, unchanged by the residence of generations in America, has proved that in the native latitude of his ancestors he is for the first time at home, and, in the words of the same British officer, "the complete success of this colony is a proof that negroes are, by proper care and attention, as susceptible of the habits of industry and the improvements of social life, as any other race of human beings." And this is our answer to all the theorizing on the principle of idleness being essentially dominant in the negro; for the present settlers can hardly be said to be picked men.

No one has been so irrational as to suppose that the business of planting colonies is an easy thing. We are not blind to the lessons that the many disastrous adventures in it have left in history. The fatal errors which ruined the Duke de Choiseul's great expedition to Kourou, when 1000 or 1200 men, very much unprovided with the most common necessities, and at the most rainy and unhealthy season, were sent out at once to people the immense deserts of French Guiana, are not very likely to be incurred to-day. The most cautious and wary trial of the seasons, climate, soil, &c., of Liberia, and of the fitness of negroes for the discipline of laws, has first been made; repeated experiments have shown what sort of discipline must be used, what means each emigrant must bring with him, and what habits he must be expected to adopt when arrived, to prevent his bringing the burden of pauperism on the colony. The present settlement virtually supports itself: the introduction of new settlers involves all the expense to the Society. This may fairly be expected to be always the case. All the uncertainties relative to a country so different from our own, and so distant, have been explored by forerunners: we know what are the real dangers to be guarded against, and are not to be alarmed by unfounded imaginations. Besides, all the circumstances connected with the planting of colonies are not disadvantageous: Adam Smith with his usual wisdom remarks, that the colony of a civilized nation which takes possession of a

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waste country, for many causes is apt to advance more rapidly to wealth and greatness than any other human society. Nay, we do know that failure is not the certain issue even under the most sinister auspices. It was a fine idea of Mr. E. Everett's, when describing the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth from the May Flower, to suppose that a reader were to shut up the book after seeing this fated company debark, and conjecture the result: how soon and how naturally the political economist would have imagined their destruction! Yet all calculations were baffled, and the sons of those Pilgrims yet flourish in that bleak and stony region, with a prosperity healthier than the Saturnian earth itself ever gave. But, indeed, the political economist who should do Liberia the justice to survey it well, would pronounce that this colony cannot fail—every thing is in its favour, if there be but prudence.

Still, the adversaries of abolition, incredulous, deny that the successful experiment of a small colony of American negroes affords sufficient grounds for the belief that it can be expanded into a populous State; that by the admission of the Society itself its colony could not now receive the annual addition of 6000 without utter destruction, and that the area of the colonial territory could contain but a small part of the slave population of the United States. On the subject of these objections, we have taken means to procure the most authentic information of the views of the leading friends of the Colony. The following particulars are so judicious and succinct that we give them in their original form: they are from the *best source*.

“I have not a doubt that the Colony of Liberia can receive emigrants in any number which the Society, or the States, or the National Government may be able to transport. We have thought, it is true, that the slow growth of the Colony hitherto has been advantageous to it, but its affairs are now so settled and prosperous as to admit of a much larger annual accession to its numbers. Several thousands might now be annually colonized, provided some *preparation* were made for their reception by the erection of buildings for them, and

some provision for their temporary support after their arrival. I would say that from ten to fifteen dollars would be enough to allow to each emigrant for such preparations and support. Perhaps no country is more productive and fertile than Liberia; probably one hundred thousand people might derive their subsistence from the territory already purchased, and additional territory to any desirable extent may be easily obtained.

“Suppose then we had \$100,000 at command annually, it might all be judiciously expended in a single year in removing emigrants and in *preparing* for the emigrants of future years. I should think the *wisest* course would be to send, say one thousand or fifteen hundred the first year, and double that number the next, and at the end of five years I should judge ten thousand might be annually sent with advantage in every respect to the interests of the Colony. It would certainly be desirable to make some *selection* among those who might first offer, as much might depend on their character and habits. It may not be easy to discriminate sufficiently in this matter, and we must depend principally upon the moral means which may be set in operation in Liberia to improve and elevate the population.—The new circumstances, in which emigrants find themselves there, work remarkable and most favourable changes in their character. They give them enterprise, invention, self-reliance, and high purposes and hopes!”

People in the United States are hardly aware what degree of attention and admiration the founding of this colony has excited in Europe. We have ourselves the very best reason to know that extreme interest is expressed in its prospects by learned Professors and eminent Ministers of State in Germany. The Bulletins of the Geographical Society of Paris have often heralded the rising greatness of our little African republic, and paid some of the advocates of the Society the flattering compliment of translating large extracts from their speeches. It is not long since the Chancellor of the British Exchequer, Lord Althorp, declared in Parliament that he regarded the founding of Liberia as one

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of the most important events of the century. It is impossible to mention without emotion the two next English names, whose approbation carries with it a blessing of great unction. The aged and venerable Thomas Clarkson is said to have listened to the details of the Society's operations with an enthusiastic delight, such as he has not manifested for twenty years: he wrote to Mr. Cresson: "For myself I am free to say, that of all things that have been going on in our favour since 1787, when the abolition of the slave trade was first seriously proposed, that which is going on in the United States is the most important. It surpasses every thing which has yet occurred." And Mr. Wilberforce, a spirit coequal with Howard and the Premier name on the rolls of humanity when she speaks with authority, (we mean when philanthropy having taken its seat in parliaments and privy councils puts on the authoritative character of state policy,) Mr. Wilberforce declares: "You have gladdened my heart by convincing me that sanguine as had been my hopes of the happy effects to be produced by your institution, all my anticipations are scanty and cold compared with the reality. This may truly be deemed a pledge of the divine favour, and believe me no Briton, I had almost said no American, can take a livelier interest than myself in your true greatness and glory." Very handsome contributions to the Society's funds have also been made in England, chiefly by the Society of Friends, a body of people enviably distinguished among religionists by the exclusive title of *sectaries of domestic freedom*.

This colony thus cheered on by the enlightened sentiment of Europe, is obviously destined to prove the best means of putting an end to the African slave trade. The attempt to crush this piracy by guardian fleets on the coast has had but indifferent success. The whole number of Africans recaptured by the British cruisers from 1819 to 1828, was only 13,287, being on an average 1400 per annum, while the number kidnapped is supposed to have amounted to 100,000 yearly. The British officers have borne the most honourable testimony to the great benefit rendered to the service by the

Colony of Liberia. For a great distance north and south of it, the trade is effectually stopped, and this not merely by show of hostile interference, but by the surer measure of luring the natives to the more profitable business of peaceful commerce. Several powerful tribes have wholly renounced the trade of slaves, and have put themselves under the protection of the colony. The sole means of shutting up for ever the gate of this satanic mischief, is the planting of a number of colonies of free American blacks along the coast; the ardent approbation and co-operation of England, France, and the Netherlands, may readily be had to give them security, and perhaps the Spanish Bourbons and the divided house of Braganza may one day be tempted to a show of a little good faith in behalf of Africa, on this plan. England is fully sensible of the reparation she owes to humanity for her deep participation in the Spanish Assiento, and for her having done her utmost to render slavery immortal in these United States. Her unrelaxed intercession with all the European powers, and with the South American, ever since the Congress of Vienna, to procure the extinction of the slave trade, has gone far to redeem her, we admit, and will cover a multitude of sins of the Castlereagh policy. All the other powers are likewise most deeply implicated in the complex guilt of that trade.

But besides its agency in suppressing the slave trade, we are not ashamed to confess that we look on the hope of spreading civilization to a great extent around Liberia, perhaps the regeneration of the whole western coast, by means of this colony, as by no means chimerical. Who shall say that a colony of half a million of civilized black men in the centre of the west coast, (and we dare believe that not less will be the population of Liberia and its sister settlements before the close of the present century), exhibiting to the nations about it the spectacle of a well ordered State, owing its prosperity to the arts of peace, to laws, and to religion, may not spread a peaceful influence, for hundreds of leagues, never equalled in power by any impulse felt in any quarter of Africa, except in the propagation of Mahommedanism by

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the sword? History and tradition give us to believe that the civilization of the world had its source in the heart of Africa: why may not the reverted current be poured into a land itself once prolific of so benign a stream? Are not we, who are at this moment doubting of the possibility of civilizing a dark quarter of the world, ourselves an alien race, colonists on a land the farthest distant from the ancient seats of Christendom, which yet in the course of three centuries has become a continent redundant with civilization? It was truly said at the Anniversary of the Society in 1832, that a thousand instruments for the diffusion of improvement may now be employed, which were unknown even at the time of the first founding of colonies on this continent. But all other hopes are feeble compared with a just reliance on the example of a large community of people of the *same colour*, the same descent, the same nature with the people of the coast. Indeed, the Continent of Africa is, at the present day, before all others in the romantic interest it inspires. No speculation engages more cultivated minds than the Geography of the Interior, and no object is thought worthier of the sacrifice of precious lives, than its exploration for the satisfaction of merely scientific curiosity. Who has not glowed with the enthusiasm of Herodotus, of Burckhardt, of Denham, or with the humbler zeal of the Landers? Who has not brooded over the imagination of her vast deserts, her beautiful oases, her aromatic gales? Who has not grown romantic with thoughts of her gorgeous heavens, the tropical glory of her vegetable kingdom? Above all, who is a stranger to the uncertain image of her *fabulous* old waters? To sow the principal and mother elements of human life in this land, to found society, to introduce polity, religion, morals, and laws, and to plant the arts—why shall not this be the portion of our Colony? We believe, as firmly as that we now live, that at least the Coast of Guinea is, in no great lapse of time, to undergo a purification by the instrumentality of Liberia. The philosophic imagination loves to feast itself with these hopes, and to believe that, in a century perhaps, there shall be in the orphan homes of Western Africa, an odour richer

ARIS SONIS FOCISQUE

than that mentioned in the divine lines of Milton, in one of those familiar geographical passages which it is always a charm to repeat:—

—————“When to them who sail
Beyond the cape of Hope, and now are past
Mozambic, off at sea north-east winds blow
Sabean odours from the spicy shore
Of Araby the blest; with such delay
Well pleased they slack their course, and many a league
Cheered with the grateful smell old Ocean smiles.”

Should the day ever come, when, from the mouth of the Gambia to the equator, not a slave-market exists, but peace, good faith, commerce, and an increasing mental light have sway, then shall indeed the mariner, as he plies through these now infamous latitudes, slack his course, well pleased to join with the nations in the villages and the plains, in the solemn litany they offer to Heaven to deliver them for ever from the scourges they have escaped!

But a land dear to our hearts is too to be redeemed: it is our own native America, and first of all Virginia. If an exigency ever existed, and inducements to a step of deliverance were ever too forcible for reasonable men to withstand, that exigency and such inducements now stand clear in her view. But after all, it has been asserted, that, be the present condition of Virginia bad as it may, her very existence depends on retaining her slaves:—that, take but these away and she becomes desolate! Are they indeed essential to her existence, even though it be true that she never can prosper with them, and must deteriorate from day to day while she keeps them? Has she but one possible *mode of existence*, and is she condemned to live out that through all its descending stages? Ruinous fatalism! Is it not, on the contrary, the exclamation of every observer, that no country in the world was ever more blessed than Virginia originally was: that the chief of her blessings being in their nature indestructible, (such as consist in the climate, Atlantic and cen-

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tral position, the number, magnitude, and arrangement of rivers and their estuaries, natural adaptation to manufactures, &c. &c.) are not yet marred, and that others, (such as fine soils, &c.,) though greatly injured, may yet be considered reclaimable by the same system that makes the cold and rocky soils of New England as productive as the Delta of Egypt? Eminent agriculturists have given the opinion that it is cheaper to reclaim reduced lands than to clear new ones. We shall never believe that Virginia would not have a thousand temptations for different sorts of emigrants, for capitalists, for free labourers, and for her own sons who meditate emigration, were but measures resorted to to take the whole labour of the State out of the hands of slaves. Can any one make us believe that, with a free white population, the unparalleled facilities of water power on James river would not ere this have been made the means of fabricating manufactures to an amount greater than the whole product of tobacco of the State? But it is still maintained that Virginia can never draw the emigrants from other countries, because her inducements can not be as great as those of the new States. A great deal might be said to show, that, in a balance between Virginia without slaves, and the untenanted quarters of the west without the blessings of human neighbourhood, without proximity to the sea, without markets, without the vicinity of the church, the school-house, the mill, the smith's shop, &c.—not quite all the advantages are on the side of the west. It may be puerile to suppose, as each slave is withdrawn, that by any principle of population a freeman will take his place: doubtless the tide of free labour would not instantly begin to flow in. But as soon as the operation of removal had taken an irrecoverable tendency towards its intended results, we dare believe that an adequate supply of free labour would be at hand. Perhaps the whole amount of labour now done in the State could be performed by one third of the number of white labourers. The question, whether free labourers would come, however, to supply the place of that of slaves, is solved with greater or less ease, according as it presumes that the abstraction of the slave is

to be accompanied with compensation to the master, procured from a source without the State, or that the master gives away his slave. Under the first presumption the question solves itself. Under the second, the whole question depends on one's opinion whether Virginia possesses any superior capacities for the application of any extensive classes of industry. But of this we have already sufficiently treated under our first head.

We leave this momentous question now with the people of the counties of Virginia: it is for them to decide what effort they will make to diminish the evils of slavery among themselves. That slavery is not an evil to their prosperity they cannot, will not say. Will they say a remedy is impossible? It is any thing but impossible—it tempts, lures them, and will force itself on them. Will they say that the evil will cure itself? It will not cure itself—it ravages with increasing violence, and there is no hope of its decrease, but from its soon reducing the energies of Virginia to such a state of imbecility as to be incapable of furnishing *matériel* for such an amount of evil. Let them not assent to the view of the eloquent Mr. Brown, (*utinam noster esset*) who seems to wish them to wait (some centuries!) until the Mississippi Valley, now but sprinkled with population, is full, and the ebb of population begins towards poor, effete, decrepid Virginia. Will they say they are afraid to touch the mighty evil—they leave it to their children? They will have learnt what must then be the heritage of their children. Or will they fold their arms in torpid indifference to the utmost depth of the calamities they provoke? Then we shall understand them; they are prepared, not merely for enduring the present evil, but for that “worse,” when the gloom of to-day shall thicken into a deep darkness, and upon that darkness shall rush down an awful cloud of domestic war, like another night shut in upon midnight!

To the young men of Virginia, who have lately pledged their future manhood and age to the prosecution of this work of deliverance, we say, let them remember in the presence of what a host of witnesses their championship is to be

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exhibited. In a community where popularity is essential to public usefulness, let them yet not fear, lest the popular favour desert them. The name of the Great Democrat is once more in the van:—a power that never failed in Virginia. Many indeed are the subjects of unhappy conflict in the United States, on which we have but too much reason to wish that Mr. Jefferson were still alive to give his umpirage. Let us at least hail the unexpected appearance, that offers guidance on this domestic theme, the greatest perhaps of all. Let them be cheered by such auspices; again “he heads the flock of war.” But we should be disloyal to the grandeur of their cause, if we did not forearm them with fortitude to meet odium, to suffer desertion, and to bear with mortifying reverses of every shape. The cause is great enough to deserve these testimonies of its importance. They have before them no easy career, but their destiny to run it is the more enviable. Let the words of Petrarch to Stephen Colonna sink into their heart of hearts: “few companions shalt thou have by the better way: so much the more do I pray thee, gentle spirit, not to leave off thy magnanimous undertaking.” Or would they man themselves to the proper pitch, with the wisdom of a better moralist than Petrarch, let them know: *alii de vita, alii de gloria, et benevolentia civium in discrimen vocantur.*—*Sunt ergo domesticæ fortitudines non inferiores militaribus.* (Cic. de Off. I. 24. 22.)

When, some years ago, upon a public occasion, a young Virginian¹ complained of the tone in which an American Senator boasted that he had read himself out of all romantic notions on this subject, he ventured to declare that might he but humbly sit at the feet of Charles Fox, and glow with kindred feeling to his, (for he was at no time forgetful of the thought of giving freedom to the African, and spent his last breath in achieving the suppression of the slave trade, though the bill received the royal signature after his death), he should not envy the American who was so very free of that fine enthusiasm. Since that day it has been that Virginian's lot to stand at the grave of Fox, and had he dared

¹ J. B. H. in *African Repository*, September, 1827.

attempt to chasten his feelings into a worthiness for the auspices he had thus chosen in his boyhood, he might have found a scene so literal as to startle him! There may the foes and the friends of that great statesman see how the passions of transient events give way before the immortal essence of one deed for general humanity! By his foes let be forgotten the Coalition and the East India Bill; by his party friends, forgotten for a moment the struggle to diminish the influence of the crown, and to uphold liberty under all the disgrace of the French excesses in her name. Behold what the sculptor chooses, out of all Mr. Fox's claims to renown, to transmit to posterity! He has carved the dying statesman recumbent on his tomb, and at his feet the most conspicuous figure is a liberated African on his knees, raising his shattered chain with clasped hands, and joining with his first hymn of freedom, a prayer to avert the death of the vindicator, assertor, liberator¹ of Africa. To our mind, that is the most eloquent marble in Westminster Abbey!

¹ The two former are titles given in the Civil Law to the advocates for liberty, when the right of any one to freedom was in suit. Hein. II. p. 381, ed. Dupin.

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